

Wit and Mirth
O R,
PILLS
TO PURGE
Melancholy :

B E I N G

A Collection of the best Merry BALLADS
and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their
proper TUNE for either Voice, or Instrument:
Many of the SONGS being new Sett.

With several New SONGS by Mr. D'Urfey.
Also, an Addition of Excellent POEMS.

The Third Edition carefully Corrected.

Vol. II.

The first kind Dose may purge off Dreags impure,
And fit the sickning Body for a Cure;
But should no Second Pills the Cure Compleat,
Disease would rally, and regain its Seat,
Deriding the Physician's thoughtless Care,
Who could not perfect what he could Prepare.

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The Preface.

Since a long Series of Blood and Slaughter abroad,
And party Feuds and Contentions at home, have
begot in Mankind such a quarrelsome Disposuion, that
nothing from the Press of late Years hath met with
any Encouragement, but what has had a tendency to
widen our Divisions, by humouring the Frenzy of
over heated Brains, or gratifying the revengeful
Temper of a disappointed Faction: And her sacred
Majesty like a Compassionate and tender Mother, ha-
ving by the Blessing of God put a timely stop to those
crying Evils, which had almost reduc'd her Kingdoms
into a State of irrecoverable Calamity; and by a safe
and Honourable Peace establish'd her own Glory, and
the Welfare of her People. Doctor Merryman there-
fore for the Benefit of the publick, has thought fit now
the storm is over, to present the World with a new
Volume of his incomparable Pills, and carry off those
choleric Dregs, which may as yet lie lurking in both
parties, and if not thrown off, may prove so very
harmful under a lunary Influence, that Whig and
Tory at the Full of the Moon, will scarce be able to
drink a Bottle together without Bickering. But if
they will but vouchsafe to use the following Pills accor-
ding to Direction, that is to swallow them heartily
without Kecking, and freely to administer the same to
one another when you happen into Company: They will

The Preface.

certainly answer the end of a Custard at my Lord-Mayor's Feast, and stop the Mouth of an angry Zealot, from profaning the Church, or talking Treason against the State: Two contagious Evils that are grown almost Epidemical, will also in a great measure prevent those unhappy Disorders, which so frequently arise between Party and Party at all publick Meetings; and inspire their Conversations with such mutual Amity, that even Opposite Partizans will put on their friendly Faces, and behave themselves over the Bottle with so much neighbourly good Humour one towards another; that all Idle Distinctions will lie bury'd in Oblivion, and nothing pass round the Table, but Love, Mirth, and Harmony. Therefore as a great Part of this divided Nation have been long since bit by that venomous Spyder the Tarantula; the ill Effects of which always terminate in Madness, incurable by any Art, but by the Power of Musick: It is humbly desir'd, that all true Lovers of their Queen and Country, who are willing to suppress Discord, promote Concord, and restore weak Brethren once more to their Senses; would endeavour to encourage the wholsom use of the following Pills, and it need not be doubted, but they will extirpate all party Malice, carry off superfluous Zeal, unite Whig and Tery in the same Interest, and make a hum drum Saint as merry as a Cricket.

Yours,
Doctor Merryman.

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A
DOG of WAR
 O R,

The Travels of *Drunkard*, the famous Curr
 of the Round *Woolstaple* in *Westminster*.

His Services in the *Netherlands*, and lately in
France, with his return home.

The Argument.

AN *Honest, Well-knowing, and well-known Souldier*, (whose Name for some Reasons I conceal) dwelt lately in *Westminster*, in the round *Woolstaple*, he was a Man only for *Action*, but such *Action* as *Lyalty* did always justifie, either for his Prince, Country, or their dear and neer Friends or Allies, in such noble designs he would and did often with courage, and good Approvement employ himself in the Low-countries, having always with him a little black Dog, whom he called *Drunkard*; which Curr would (by no means) ever forsake or leave him. But lately in these French Wars, the Dog being in the Isle of *RHEA*, where his Master (valiantly fighting) was Unfortunatly slain, whose death was griev'd for by as many as knew him; and as the Corps lay dead, the poor loving Masterless Dog would not forsake it, untill an English Souldier pull'd off his Masters Coat, whome the Dog followed to a Boat, by which means he came back to *Westminster*, where he now remains. Upon whose fidelity, (for the love I owed his deceased Master) I have writ these following lines, to express my Admiration to the Proverb, Love me and Love my Dog.

To the Reader.

R Eader if you expect
 from hence,
 An overpluss of Wit
 or Sence,
 I deal with no such
 Traffique:
 Heroicks and
 Iambicks I,
 My Buskinde Muse hath
 laid them by,
 Pray be content with
 Saphicke.

Drunkard the Dog my
 Patron is,
 And he doth love me
 well for this,
 Whose love I take for
 Guerdon ;
 And he's a Dog of Mars
 his Train
 Who hath seen Men and
 Horses slain,
 The like was never
 heard on.

Drunkard or the faithful Dog of War.

Stand clear, my Masters
 'ware your shins,
 For now to bark my
 Muse begins,
 'Tis of a Dog, I
 write now:
 Yet let me tell you
 for excuse,
 That Muse or Dog, or
 Dog or Muse,
 Have no intent to
 bite now.

In doggrel Rimes my
 Lines are writ,
 As for a Dog I thought
 it fit,
 And fitting best his
 Carkas:

Had I been silent as
 a Stoick,
 Or had I writ in
 Verse Heroick,
 Then had I been a
 Stark ass.

Old *Homer* wrot of
 Frogs and Mice,
 And *Rabblaies* wrot of
 Nits and Lice,
 And *Virgile* of
 a Flye.

* One wrot the Treatise
 of the Fox,
 Another prais'd the
 Frenchman's Pox,
 Whose praise was but
 a Lye.

Great *Alexander* had
 a Horse,
 A famous Beast of
 mighty force
 Ye cleap'd *Buce-*
phalus.

He was a stout and
 sturdie Steed,
 And of an ex'lent Race
 and Breed,
 But that concerns
 not us.

I list not write the
 babie praise
 Of Apes, or Owles, or
 Popinjaies,
 Or of the Cat
Grammalkin.

But of a true and trusty
 Dog,
 Who well could fawn,
 but never cog,
 His praise my Pen must
 walk in.

And Drunkard he is
 falsely nam'd,
 For which that Vice he
 ne'er was blam'd,
 For he loves not god
Bacchus :
 The Kitchen he esteems
 more deer,
 Then Cellars full of
 Wine or Beer,
 Which oftentimes doth
 wrack us.

He is no Mastiff, huge
 of lim,
 Or Water-spaniel, that
 can swim,
 Nor bloud-hound or
 no Setter :
 No Bob-tail Tyke, or
 Trundle-tayl,
 Nor can he Partridge spring
 or Quaile,
 But yet he is much
 better.

No Daintie Ladies
 sitting-Hound,
 That live's upon our
Britain Ground,
 Nor Mungrel Cur or
 Shogn :

Should Litters, or whole
 Kennells dare,
 With honest *Drunkard*
 to compare,
 My pen writes, *marry*
fough.

The Otter Hound, the
 Fox-Hound, nor
 The swift foot Grey-hound
 car'd he for,
 Nor *Cerberus* Hells
 Bandogg;
 His service proves them,
 Curs and Tikes,
 And his renown a
 terror strikes,
 In Water dog and
 Land dog.

'Gainst brave *Buquoy*, or
 stout *Dampiere*,
 He durst have bark'd
 without fear,
 Or 'gainst the hot
 Count *Tilly*;
 At *Bergen* Leaguer and
 Breda,
 Against the Noble
 Spinola,
 He shew'd himself not
 filly.

He serv'd his Master
 at commands,
 In the most warlike
 Netherlands,
 In *Holand*, *Zealand*,
 Brabant,

He

He to him still was
 true and just,
 And if his fare were but
 a Crust,
 He patiently would
 knab on't.

He durst t'have stood
 sterne *Ajax* frown,
 When wife *Ulysses*
 talk'd him down
 In grave *Diebus*
illis,
 When he by cunning
 prating won
 The Armour, from
 fierce *Tellamon*,
 That longed to
Achilles:

Brave *Drunkard*, oft on
 God's dear ground,
 Took such poor lodging
 as he found,
 In Town, Field, Camp
 or cottage:
 His Bed but cold, his
 dyet thin,
 He oft in that poor case
 was in,
 To want both Meat and
 Pottage.

Two rowes of Teeth for
 Armes he bore,
 Which in his mouth he
 alwayes wore,
 Which serv'd to fight and
 feed to:

His grumbling for his
 Drum did pass,
 And barking (lowd) his
 Ordnance was,
 Which help'd in time of
 need too.

His Taile his Ensign
 he did make,
 Which he would oft display
 and shake,
 Fast in his Poope

uprear'd :
 His Powder hot but
 somewhat dank,
 His Shot in (sent) most
 dangerous rank,
 Which sometimes made him
 feared :

Thus bath he long serv'd
 neer and far,
 Well known to be a
Dog of War,
 Though he ne'er shot with
 Musket,
 Yet Cannons roar or
 Culverings,
 That whizzing through
 the welkin sings,
 He slighted as a
 Pus-Cat.

For Guns, nor Drums,
 nor Trumpets clang,
 Nor hunger, cold, nor
 many a pang,
 Could make him leave his
 Master :

In joy, and in
adversitie,
In plentie, and in
poverty,
He often was a
Taster.

Thus serv'd he on the
Belgia Coast,
Yet ne'er was heard to
brag or boast,
Of services done by
him :

He is no Pharisey
to blow
A Trumpet, his good
deeds to show,
'Tis pittie to belie
him.

At last he home return'd
in peace,
Till wars, and jarrs, and
scars increase
'Twixt us, and *France*,
in malice :

Away went he and
cross't the Sea,
With's Master, to the
Isle of *Rhea*,
A good way beyond
Callice.

He was so true, so good,
so kind,
He scorn'd to stay at home
behind,
And leave his Master
frustrate ;

For which, could I like
Ovid write,
 Or else like *Virgil* could
 endite,
 I would his praise
 illustrate.

I wish my hands could
 never stir,
 But I do love a
 thankful Curr,
 More than a Man
 ingrateful:
 And this poor dogs
 fidelity,
 May make a thankless
 Knave discry,
 How much that vice is
 hateful.

For why, of all the
 faults of Men,
 Which they have got from
 Hel's black den,
 Ingratitude the
 worst is:
 For treasons, murders,
 incests, rapes,
 Nor any sin in
 any shapes,
 So bad, nor so
 accurst is.

I hope I shall no
 anger gain,
 If I do write a word
 or twain,
 How this dog was
 distressed:

His master being
wounded dead,
Shot, cut and slash'd, from
heel to head,
Think how he was
oppressed.

To lose him that he
loved most,
And be upon a foreign
Coast,
Where no man would
relieve him :
He lick'd his Masters
wounds in love,
And from his Carkas
would not move,
Although the fight
did grieve him.

By chance a Souldier
passing by,
That did his Masters
Coat espy,
And quick away he
took it.
But *Drunkard* followed
to a Boat,
To have again his Masters
Coat,
Such theft he could not
brook it.

So after all his wo
and wrack,
To *Westminster* he was
brought back,
A poor half starved
Creature ;

And in remembrance of
 his cares,
 Upon his back he
 closely wears,
 A Mourning Coat by
 Nature.

Live *Drunkard*, sober
Drunkard live,
 I know thou no offence
 wilt give,
 Thou art a harmless
 Dumb thing ;
 And for thy love I'll
 freely grant,
 Rather than thou shouldst
 ever want,
 Each day to give thee
 something.

Thou shalt be *Stellifide*
 by me,
 I'll make the *Dog-Star*
 waite on thee,
 And in his room I'll
 seat thee :
 When *Sol* doth in his
 Progress swing,
 And in the *Dog-days*
 hotly sing,
 He shall not over
 heat thee.

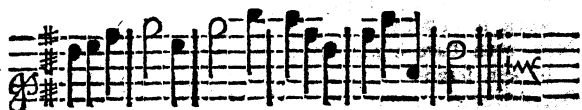
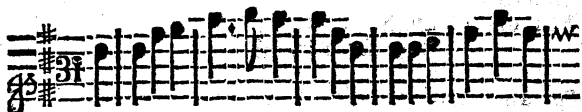
I lov'd thy master, so
 did all
 That knew him,
 great and small,
 And he did well
 deserve it :

For he was honest,
 valiant, good,
 And one that Manhood
 understood,
 And did till death
 preserve it.

For whose sake, I'll
 his Dog prefer,
 And at the Dog at
 Westminster,
 Shall *Drunkard* be a
 Benchers;
 Where I will set a
 work his chops,
 Not with bare bones, or
 broken scraps,
 But Victuals from my
 Trencher.

So honest *Drunkard*
 now adue,
 Thy praise no longer
 I'll pursue.
 But still my love is
 to thee:
 And when thy life is
 gon and spent,
 These Lines shall be thy
 Monument,
 And shall much service
 do thee.

The Jolly Broom-man, or the unhappy Boy turn'd thrifty.



THere was an Old Man, and he liv'd in a Wood,
 and his Trade it was making of Broom,
 And he had a naughty boy, *Jack* to his Son,
 and he lay in bed till 'twas noon, 'twas noon,
 and he lay in bed till 'twas noon.

No Father e'er had, so lazey a Lad,
 with sleep he his time did consume,
 In bed where he lay, still every day,
 and would not go cut his green broom, green broom,
 and would not go cut his green broom.

The Father was vext, and sorely perplext,
 with passion he enter'd the Room;
 Come Sarrah he cry'd, I'll liquor your hide,
 if you will not go gather green broom, green broom,
 if you will not go gather green broom.

Jack lay in his Nest, still taking his rest,
 and valu'd not what was his doom,
 But now you shall hear, his Mother-drew near,
 and made him go gather green broom, green broom,
 and made him go gather green broom.

Jack's Mother got up and fell in a Rage,
 and swore she would fire the Room,
 If *Jack* did not rise, and go to the Wood,
 and fetch home a bundle of broom, green broom;
 and fetch home a bundle of broom.

This wakened him straight, before it was late,
 as fearing the terrible doom,
 Dear Mother, quoth he, have pitty on me,
 I'll fetch home a bundle of broom, green broom,
 I'll fetch home a bundle of broom.

Then *Jack* he arose, and he slipt on his Cloaths,
 and away to the Wood very soon;
 To please the old Wife, he took a sharp knife,
 and fell to the cutting of broom, green broom,
 and fell to the cutting of broom.

Jack follow'd his trade, and readily made,
 his goods up for country Grooms;
 This done honest *Jack*, took them at his back,
 and cry'd, will you buy any brooms, green brooms,
 and cry'd, will you buy any brooms.

Then *Jack* he came by a Gentleman's house,
 in which was abundance of Rooms;
 He stood at the door, and began for to roar,
 crying, Maids will you buy any brooms, green brooms
 crying Maids will you buy any brooms,

*I tell you they're good, just fetch'd from the Wood,
and fitted for sweeping of Rooms;
Come handle my ware for Girls I declare,
you never had better green brooms, green brooms,
you never had better green brooms.*

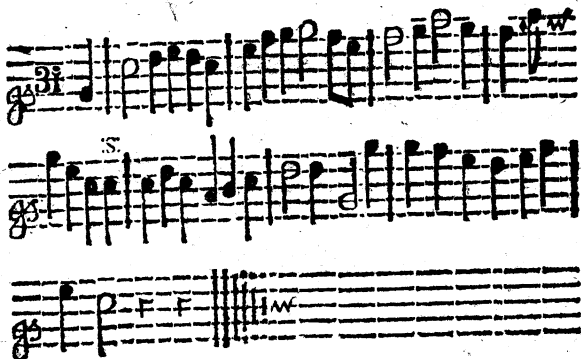
*The Maiden did call, the Steward of the Hall,
who came in his silks and perfumes,
He gave Jack his price, and thus in a trice,
he sold all his bundle of brooms, green brooms,
he sold all his bundle of brooms.*

*Likewise to conclude, they gave him rich Food,
with liquor of spicy perfumes;
The hot boy'd and Roast, did cause Jack to boast,
no trade was like making of brooms, green brooms,
no trade was like making of brooms.*

*For first I am paid, and then I am made,
right welcome by Stewards and Grooms,
re's money, meat and drink, what trade do you think
compares with the making of brooms, green brooms,
compares with the making of brooms.*

*I have a good trade, more goods must be made,
to furnish young Lasses and Grooms,
Wherefore I shall lack a Prentice, quoth Jack,
I'll teach him the making of brooms, green brooms,
I'll teach him the making of brooms.*

*The Three Merry Travellers, who paid their shot where
ever they came without ever a Stiver of Money.*



THere was three Travellers, Travellers three,
with a bye down, bo down, Lanktre down derry,
And they wou'd go Travel the North Country,
without ever a stiver of Money.

They Travelled East, and they Travelled West,
with a bye down, bo down, Lanktre down derry,
Where ever they came still they drank of the best,
without ever a penny of Money.

At length by good fortune they came to an Inn,
with a bye down, bo down, Lanktre down derry,
And they were as Merry as e're they had been,
without ever a penny of Money.

A Jolly young Widdow did smiling appear,
with a bye down, bo down, Lanktre down derry.
Who drest them a Banquet of delicate cheer,
without ever a penny of Money.

Both Chickens and Sparrow-grass she did provide,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 You'r Welcome kind Gentlemen, welcome (she cry'd
without ever a stiver of Money.

They called for liquor, both Beer, Ale, and Wine,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 And every thing that was curious and fine,
without ever a stiver of Money.

They drank to their Hostess a merry full bowl,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 She pledg'd them in love, like a generous Soul,
without ever a stiver of Money.

The Hostess, her Maid, and Cousin all three.
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 They Kist and was merry, as merry cou'd be,
without ever a stiver of Money.

Full Bottles and Glasses replenisht the Board,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 No Liquors was wanting the house cou'd afford,
without ever a stiver of Money.

When they had been Merry good part of the day,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 They called their Hostess to know what's to pay,
without ever a stiver of Money.

There's Thirty good Shilling, and Six pence, (she cry'd)
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 They told her that she should be soon satisfy'd,
without ever a stiver of Money.

The Handsomest Man of the three up he got,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 He laid her on her Back, and paid her the shot,
without ever a stiver of Money.

The middlemost Man to her Cousin he went,
with a bye down, ho down, Landtre down derry,
 She being handfom, he gave her Content,
without ever a stiver of Money.

The last Man of all he took up with the Maid,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 And thus the whole Shot it was Lovingly paid,
without ever a stiver of Money.

The Hostess, the Cousin, and Servant, we find,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry.
 Made Courchies, and thank't them for being so kind,
without ever a stiver of Money.

The Hostess said, welcome kind Gentlemen all,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 If you chance to come this way be pleased to Call,
without ever a stiver of Money.

Then taking their Leaves they went merrily out,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 And they'r gone for to Travel the Nation about,
without ever a stiver of Money.

The Maids Conjuring Book.





A Young Man lately in our Town,
 He went to Bed one Night;
 He had no sooner lay'd him down,
 But was troubled with a Sprite ;
 So vigorously the Spirit stood,
 Let him do what he can,
 Sure then he say'd
 It must be lay'd
 By Woman, not by Man.

A handsome Maid did undertake,
 And into the Bed she leap'd,
 And to allay the Spirits Power,
 Full close to him she crept,
 She having such a Guardian care,
 Her Office to discharge,
 She open'd wide her Conjuring Book,
 And lay'd the Leaves at large.

Her Office she did well perform,
 Within a little space ;
 Then up she rose, and down he lay,
 And durst not shew his Face.
 She took her leave and away she went,
 When she had done the Deed ;
 Saying, if't chance to come again,
 Then send for me with speed.

The Presbyters Gill.

HAng the Presbyters Gill,
 Bring a Pint of Sack *Will*,
 More Orthodox of the two ;
 Though a slender dispute,
 Will strike the Elfe Mute,
 He's one of the honefter Crew.

In a Pint there's small heart ;
 Sirrah, bring us a Quart ;
 There's substance and vigour met,
 'Twill hold us in play,
 Some Part of the Day,
 But wee'l sink him before Sun-set.

The daring old Pottle
 Does now bid us Battaile,
 Let's try what his strength can do ;
 Keep your Ranks, and your Files,
 And for all his Wiles
 Wee'l tumble him down Stairs to.

The Stout Brefted Lombard
 His Brains ne'er incumbred,
 With drinking of Gallons three,
Trycongius was named,
 And by *Cæſar* Famed,
 Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pe.

If then Honour be in't,
 Why a Pox ſhould we ſtint
 Our ſelves of the fulneſs it bears ?
 H' has leſs Wit than an Ape
 In the Blood of the Grape
 Will not plunge himſelf o're Head and Ears.

Then Summon the Gallon,
 A ſtout Foe, and a Tall one,
 And likely to hold us to't ;
 Keep but Coyn in your Purſe,
 The word is Diſburſe,
 I'll warrant he'll ſleep at your foot.

See the bold foe appears,
 May he fall that him fears,
 Keep you but cloſe order and then,
 We will give him the Rout
 Be he never ſo ſtout,
 And prepare for his Rallying agen.

Let's drain the whole Cellar,
 Pipes, Buts, and the Dweller,
 If the Wine flotes not the faſter ;
 Will, when thou do'ſt ſlack us
 By Warrant from *Bacchus*,
 We will Cane thy Tun-belly'd Maſter.

The Banditti.

Ban. 1. **T**HE joys of Court, or City,
 The fame of Fair, or Witty,
 Are toys to the Banditti,
 Whilst our Cups we drein.

Ban. 2. We love, we laugh, we lye here,
 We eat, we drink, we dye here,
 And valiantly defie here
 All the power of Spain.

But

But when by our Scout, a Prize we find,
We all run out to seize him,
Stand, stand, we cry, or ye Dog, ye dye
Without any more ado.

Chorus.

All this brings us to slander,
Each Conquering great Commander,
And mighty *Alexander*,
Were Banditties too.

Ban. 1. Some we bind, and some we gag,
Some we strip and plunder,
Some that have store of Gold,
Into our Cave we draw.

Chorus.

Thus like first moulded Matter,
Our Principles we scatter,
'Twas folly made good Nature,
And fear that first made Law.

Ban. 2. And when we come home, our Doxies run
To bid us kindly welcome,
Plump, Fresh, and Young, all down do lye,
On Beds of Moss, to sport.

Chorus.

Thus every valiant Ranger,
Lies at rack and manger,
And he that's past, most danger,
Has most kisses for't.

Ban. Fools do whine, and sigh, and pine,
Fools fall sick of Feavers,
Fools doat on fleeting joys,
That oft does ruin bring.

Chorus.

Whilst without begging pity,
Of the wise, the fair, or witty,
The brave, the bold Banditti
Has the self same thing.

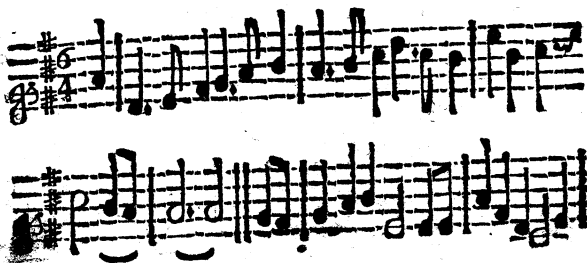
The Good Fellow.

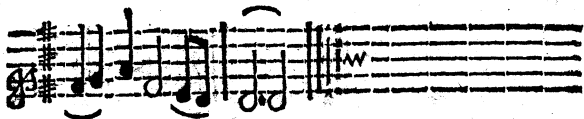
A Pox on the times,
 let 'em go as they will,
 Tho' the Taxes are grown so heavy;
 Our Hearts are our own,
 And shall be so still,
 Drink about, my boys, and be merry;
 Let no man despair,
 But drive away care,
 And drown all our sorrow in Claret;
 We'll never repine,
 So they give us good Wine,
 Let 'em take all our Dross, we can spare it.

We value not Chink,
 Unless to buy drink,
 Or purchase up innocent pleasure :
 When 'tis gon we ne'er fret,
 So we liquor can get,
 For mirth of it self is a Treasure :
 No Miser can be
 So happy as we,
 Tho' compass'd with Riches he wallow ;
 Day and night he's in fear,
 And ne'er without care,
 While nothing disturbs the good fellow.

Come fill up the Glas,
 And about let it pass,
 For Nature doth vacuums decline ;
 Down the spruce formal As,
 That's affraid of his Face,
 We'll drink till our Noses do Phæbus out shine :
 While we've plenty of this,
 We can ne'er do amiss,
 'Tis an Antidote 'gainst our ruin ;
 And the Lad that drinks most,
 With Honour may boast,
 He fears neither death, nor undoing.

The Jovial Prisoner, by S. P.





A Pox on such fools ! let the scoundrels rail,
 Let 'em boast of their liberty :
 They're no freer than we, for the World's a Jayl,
 And all men Prisoners be.

The Drunkard's confin'd to his Claret,
 The Miser to his Store :
 The Wit to his Muse and a Garret,
 And the Cully-Cit to his Whore.

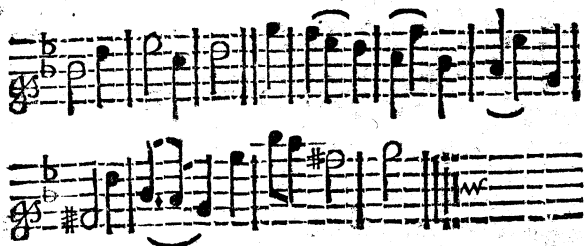
The Parson's confin'd to his Pigs,
 The Lawyer to hatred and strife :
 The Fidler to's Borees and Jiggs,
 And the Quack to his Glisten-pipe.

The Church-man's confin'd to be civil,
 The Quaker's a Prisoner to light :
 The Papist is bound by the Devil,
 And the Puritan's fetter'd with spite.

Since old Adam's race are all Prisoners like us,
 Let us merrily quaff and Sing :
 Z——s why shou'd we pine for Liberty thus,
 When we're each of's as free as a King.

Love given over : Being a young Lady's reply
 to her Parents, who would have forc'd her to
 Marry one she had an Aversion against.





As Cupid many ages past,
Went out to take the Air :
And on the Rosy Morning Feast,
He met *Ophelia* there.

A while he gaz'd, a while survey'd
Her Shape and every part :
But as his Eyes run o'er the Maid,
Hers reach'd his little Heart.

His Quiver straight and Bow he took,
And bent it for a flight :
But then by chance she cast a look,
Which spoil'd his purpose quite.

Disarm'd he knew not what to do,
Nor how to Crown his Love :
At last resolv'd, away he flew,
Another shape to prove.

A lustful Satyr strait return'd,
In hopes his form wou'd take :
• For many Nymphs for them have burn'd,
Burn'd 'cause they cou'd not speak.

Ophelia had no sooner spy'd
His Godship, Goat and Man :
But loudly for assistance cry'd,
And fleetly homeward ran.

Perplex'd

Perplex'd at her affright, but more
 At's own defeat, he shook
 The Monster off; then fled before,
 And fraight man's aspect took.

He smil'd, intreated, ly'd, and vow'd,
 Nay offer'd her a Sum:
 And grew importunate and rude,
 As she drew nearer home.

At last when Tears nor ought cou'd move,
 He thus bespoke the Fair,
 Know Cruel Maid I'm God of Love,
 And can command Despair.

Yet Dame to sue, oh ! bless me then,
 As you regard your ease :
 For I am King of Gods and Men,
 I give and banish Peace.

Or be thou love, or be thou hate,
 Enrag'd *Opheha* swore :
 I'll never change my Virgin state,
 Nor ever see thee more.

Exploded Love resisted so,
 In pitty to Mankind :
 His Arrows broke, and burnt his Bow,
 And left his Name behind.

A S O N G.



Lay by your pleading,
 The Law lies a bleeding, (ing.
 Burn all your Studies down, and throw away your Read-
 Small Power the World has,
 And doth afford us,
 Not half so many Priviledges as the Sword does.
 It fosters our Masters,
 It plaisters disasters, (sters.
 And makes the Servants quickly greater than their Ma-
 It ventures, it enters,
 It circles, it centers,
 And sets a 'prentice free despite of his Indentures,

This takes up all things,
 And sets up small things,
 This masters Money, tho' Money masters all things.
 It's not in season,
 To talk of Reason, (son.
 Or count it Loyalty, when the Sword will have it Trea-
 This

This conquers a Crown too,
 The Cloak and the Gown too, (too?
 This sets up a Presbyter, and this doth pull him down
 This subtle deceiver,
 Turn'd Bonnet into Beaver,
 Down drops a Bishop, and up steps a Weaver.

It's this makes a Layman,
 To Preach and to Pray man, (man?
 And this made a Lord of him which was before a Dray-
 For from this dull-pit,
 Of *Saxbey's* Pulpit,
 This brought a holy Iron-monger to the Pulpit.
 No Gospel can guide it,
 No Law can decide it,
 No Church or State can it debate,
 Till the Sword hath Sanctify'd it.
 Such pitiful things be,
 Happier than Kings be,
 This brought in the Heraldry of *Thimblesby* and *Slingsby*.

Down goes the Law-trix,
 For from this Matrix,
 Sprung holy *Hufon's* power, and tumbld down St. Pa-
 It batter'd the Gun-kirk,
 So did it the Dum-kirk,
 That he is fled and gone to the Devil in *Dun-kirk*.
 In *Scotland* this waster,
 Did work such disafter, (Master.
 This brought the Money back for which they sold their
 This frightened the Flemming,
 And made him so befeeming,
 That he doth never think of his lost Lands redeeming.

But he that can tower,
 Over him that is lower,
 Would be counted but a fool to give away his Power.
 Take Books and rent them,
 Who would invent them,
 When as the Sword replies *Negatur Argumentur*.

The grand Colledge Butlers,
 Must vail to the Sutlers,
 There's not a library like to the Cutlers.
 The Blood that is spilt, Sir,
 Hath gain'd all the Guilt, Sir,
 Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the Hilt, Sir.

Queen Dido.



VV *Hen Dido was a Carthage Queen,*
She lov'd a Trojan Knight :
Who sail'd about from Coast to Coast,
Of Metal brave in Fight.

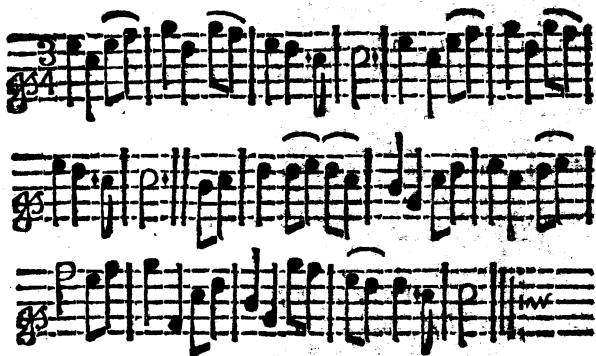
As

As they a Hunting rid, a Shower,
 Did on their Heads with fury pour,
 Drove 'em to a lonely Cave,
 Where *Aeneas* with his charms,
 Caught fair *Dido* in his Arms,
 And got what he wou'd have.

Then *Dido* Hymens rites forgot,
 Her Love was won in haſt ;
 Her Honour ſhe conſider'd not,
 But in her breaſt him plac'd :
 Now when their Loves was juſt began,
 Great *Jove* ſent down his winged Son,
 To fright *Aeneas* ſleep :
 Make him by the break of Day,
 From Queen *Dido* ſteal away,
 Which cauſ'd her wail and weep.

Poor *Dido* wept but what of that ?
 The Gods would have it ſo ;
Aeneas nothing did amiſs,
 When he was forc'd to go :
 Cease Lovers ceaſe your vows to keep,
 With your true Loves, but let 'em weep,
 'Tis folly to be true :
 Let this comfort ſerve your turn,
 That tho' wretched *Dido's* mourn,
 You'll daily Court anew.

Love will find out the Way.



Over the Mountains,
 And over the Waves ;
 Over the Fountains,
 And under the Graves :
 Over Rocks which are steepest,
 Which do *Neptune* obey ;
 Over Floods which are the deepest,
 Love will find out the Way.

Where there is no place,
 For the Glow-worm to lie :
 Where there is no space,
 For receipt of a Fly :
 Where the Gnat she dares not venture,
 Left her self fast she lay ;
 But if Love come he will enter,
 And will find out the way.

You may esteem him
 A Child by his force ;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward which is worse :

But if he whom Love doth Honour,
 Be conceal'd from the Day ;
 Set a Thousand guards upon him,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind ;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor Heart to be blind :
 But if ne'er so close you wall him,
 Do the best that you may ;
 Blind Love, if so you call him,
 Will find out the way.

Well may the Eagle
 Stoop down to the fift ;
 Or you may inveagle,
 The Phoenix of the East :
 With tears the Tiger's moved,
 To give over his Prey ;
 But never stop a Lover,
 He will post on his way.

From *Dover* to *Barwick*,
 And Nations throughout ;
 Brave *Guy* of *Warwick*,
 That Champion stout :
 With his Warlike behavior,
 Through the World he did stray ;
 To win his *Phyllis* favour,
 Love will find out the way.

In order next enters,
 Bevis so brave ;
 After Adventures,
 And Policy grave :
 To see whom he desired,
 His *Fosian* so gay ;
 For whom his Heart was fired,
 Love found out the way.

The Second Part.

THe gordian knot,
 Which true Lovers knit ;
 Undoe you cannot,
 Nor yet break it :
 Make use of your inventions,
 Their Fancies to betray ;
 To frustrate your intentions,
 Love will find out the way.

From Court to Cottage,
 In Bower and in Hall ;
 From the King unto the Beggar,
 Love conquers all :
 Though ne'er so stout and Lordly,
 Strive do what you may ;
 Yet be you ne'er so hardy,
 Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over Princes,
 Or greatest Emperor ;
 In any Provinces,
 Such is Love's Power :
 There is no resisting,
 But him to obey ;
 In spite of all contesting,
 Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
 and all men that are ;
 Were strictly forbidden,
 That place to declare :
 Winds that have no abiding,
 Pitying their delay ;
 Will come and bring him tydings,
 And direct him the way.

If the Earth should part him,
 He would gallop it o're ;
 If the Seas should over thwart him,
 He would swim to the Shore :
 Should his Love become a Swallow,
 Through the Air to stray ;
 Love would lend wings to follow,
 And would find out the way.

There is no striving,
 To cross his intent ;
 There is no contriving,
 His Plots to prevent.
 But if once the message greet him,
 That his true Love doth stay ;
 If Death should come and meet him,
 Love will find out the way.

The Folly Trades-men.



Sometimes I am a Tapster new,
 And skilful in my Trade Sir,
 I fill my Pots most dully,
 Without deceit or froth Sir :

A spicket of two handfuls long,
 I use to Occupy Sir :
 And when I set a Butt abroatch,
 Then shall no Beer run by Sir.

Sometimes I am a Butcher,
 And then I feel fat ware Sir ;
 And if the Flank be fleshed well,
 I take no farther care Sir :
 But in I thrust my Slaughtering Knife,
 Up to the Haft with speed Sir ;
 For all that ever I can do,
 I cannot make it bleed Sir.

Sometimes I am a Baker,
 And bake both White and brown Sir ;
 I have as find a Wrigling-pole,
 As any is in all this Town Sir :
 But if my Oven be over hot,
 I dare not thrust it in Sir ;
 For burning of my Wrigling-pole,
 My skill's not worth a Pin Sir.

Sometimes I am a Glover,
 And can do passing well Sir ;
 In dressing of a Doe-skin,
 I know I do excel Sir :
 But if by chance a flaw I find,
 In dressing of the Leather ;
 I freightway whip my Needle out,
 And I tack 'em close together.

Sometimes I am a Cook.
 And in *Fleet-street* I do dwell Sir,
 At the sign of the Sugar-loaf,
 As it is known full well Sir :
 And if a dainty Lads comes by,
 And wants a dainty bit Sir ;
 I take four quarters in my arms,
 And put them on my Spit Sir,

In Weaving and in Fulling,
 I have such passing skill Sir ;
 And underneath my weaving beam,
 There stands a fulling mill :
 To have good Wives displeasure,
 I would be very loath Sir ;
 The water runs so near my hand,
 It over thicks my Cloth Sir.

Sometimes I am a Shoe-maker,
 And work with silly bones Sir ;
 To make my Leather soft and moist,
 I use a pair of stones Sir :
 My Lasts for and my lasting sticks,
 Are fit for every size Sir ;
 I know the length of Ladies feet,
 By handling of their Thighs Sir.

The Tanner's Trade I practice,
 Sometimes among the rest Sir ;
 Yet I could never get a Hair,
 Of any hide I dress'd Sir :
 For I have been Tanning a Hide,
 This long seven years and more Sir ;
 And yet it is as hairy still,
 As ever it was before Sir.

Sometimes I am a Taylor,
 And work with Thread that's strong Sir ;
 I have a fine great Needle,
 About two handfuls long Sir :
 The finest Sewster in this Town,
 That works by line or leasure ;
 May use my Needle at a pinch,
 And do themselves great pleasure.

*The slow men of London : Or, The Widow Brown,
To the same Tune.*

THere dwelt a Widow in this Town,
That was both fair and lovely ;
Her Face was comely neat and brown,
To pleasure she would move thee :
Her lovely Tresses shin'd like Gold,
Most neat is her behavior ;
For truth it has of late been told,
There's many strove to have her.
There were three Young men of this Town,
Slow men of *London* ;
And they'd go woo the Widow Brown,
Because they would be undone.

The one a Taylor was by Trade,
An excellent Occupation ;
But Widows love doth waste and fade,
I find by observation :
The second was a Farrier bold,
A man of excellent Metal ;
His Love to her was never cold,
So firm his thoughts did settle.
There were, &c.

The third a Weaver was that came,
A suiter to this Widow ;
Her Beauty did his heart inflame,
Her thoughts deceit doth shadow.
Widows can defemble still,
When Young Men come a Wooing ;
Yet they were guided by her will,
That prov'd to their undoing.
There were three, &c.

This Widow had a dainty Tongue,
And words as sweet as Hony ;

Which

Which made her suitors to her throng,
 Till they had spent their Money :
 The Taylor spent an Hundred Pound,
 That he took up on credit ;
 But now her knavery he hath found,
 Repents that are he did it.
 These were three, &c.

Threescore Pounds the Farrier had,
 Left him by his Father ;
 To spend this money he was mad,
 His dad so long did gather.
 This Widow often did protestt,
 She lov'd him best of any ;
 Thus would she swear when she did least,
 To make them spend their Money.
 These were three, &c.

The Weaver spent his daily gains,
 That he got by his labour ;
 Some thirty Pounds he spent in vain,
 He borrow'd of his Neighbour :
 She must have Sack and Muscadine,
 And Claret brew'd with Sugar ;
 Each day they fed her chops with Wine,
 For which they all might hug her.
 These were three, &c.

The Second Part.

SHe went apparel'd neat and fine,
 People well might wonder ;
 To see how she in Gold did shine,
 Her fame abroad did thunder :
 A water'd Camlet gown she had,
 A scarlet coat belaced ;
 With Gold which made her suiters glad,
 To see how she was graced.
 These were, &c.

The

The Taylor was the neatest lad,
 His cloaths were oft perfum'd ;
 Kind entertainment still he had,
 Till he his 'state consum'd :
 The Farrier likewise spent his 'state,
 The Weaver often kiss'd her ;
 But when that they in 'state were poor,
 They sought but still they miss'd her.
 These were, &c.

The Farrier and the Weaver too,
 Were fain to fly the City ;
 The Widow did them quite undoe,
 In faith more was the pity :
 She of her suiters being rid,
 A Welchman came unto her ;
 By night and day his suit he plid,
 Most roughly he did woo her :
 For wooing tricks he quite put down,
 The Slow-men of *London* ;
 He over reach'd the Widow *Brown*,
 That had so many undone.

He swore he was a Gentleman,
 Well landed in the Country :
 And liv'd in reputation there,
 His Name Sir *Rowland Humphry* :
 The Widow did beleive him then,
 And Love unto him granted ;
 Thus he her favour did obtain,
 Welchmen will not be daunted.
 By cunning tricks he quite put down,
 The Slow-men of *London* :
 That came to woo this Widow brown,
 Because they would be undone.

The Welchman ply'd her night and day,
 Till to his bow he brought her ;
 And bore away the Widow quite,
 From all that ever sought her :

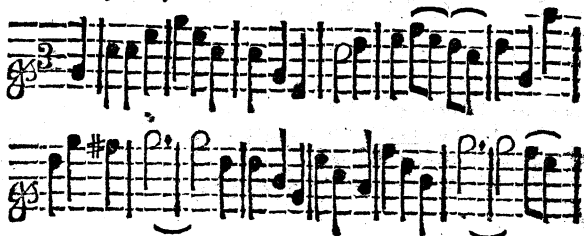
She

She thought to be a Lady gay,
 But she was sore deceiv'd ;
 Thus the Welchman did put down,
 The Slow-men of *London* :
 For they would woo the Widow *Brown*,
 Because they would be undone.

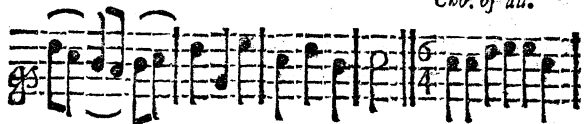
Thus she was fitted in her kind,
 For all her former Knavery ;
 The Welchman did deceive her mind,
 And took down all her bravery :
 It had been better she had ta'en,
 The Weaver, Smith, or Taylor ;
 For when she sought for State and Pomp,
 The Welchman quite did fail her :
 Then learn you Young Men of this Town,
 You Slow-men of *London* ;
 Which way to take the Widow *Brown*,
 For least you all be undone.

*A Ligg of good Noses set forth in a Jest,
Most fitly compared to whom you think best.*

First Nose.



Cho. of all.



1st. N.

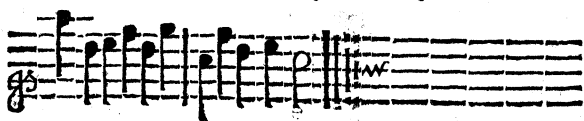
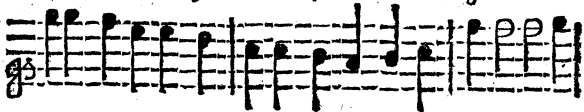


2d.

3d.

4th.

All shake Hands.



The

The L A R G E S T.

MY Nose is the largest of all in this place,
 Mark how it becometh the midst of my face,
 By measure I take it from the end to the Brow,
 Four inches by compass, the same doth allow.

Likewise it is forged of passing good metal,
 All of right Copper the best in the Kettle,
 For redness and goodness the virtue is such,
 That all other Metal it serveth to touch.

Old smug, nor the Tinker that made us so merry,
 With their brave Noses more red than a Cherry,
 None here to my challenge can make a denyal,
 When my Nose cometh thus bravely to Tryal.

All Sing.

Room for good Noses the best in our Town,
 Come fill the Pot Hostis, your Ale it is brown,
 For his Nose, and thy Nose, and mine shall not quarrel,
 So long as one Gallon remains in the Barrel.

The L O N G E S T.

My Nose is the Longest no man can deny,
 For 'tis a just handful right, mark from mine eye,
 Most seemly down hanging full low to my Chin,
 As into my Belly it feign would look in.

It serves for a Weapon my mouth to defend,
 My teeth it preserveth still like a good friend,
 Where if so I happen to fall on the Ground,
 My Nose takes the burthen and keeps my face sound.

It likewise delighteth to peep in the Cup,
 Searching there deeply till all be drank up,
 Then let my Nose challenge of Noses the best,
 The longest with Ladies are still in request.

All Sing.

Room for, &c.

The

The THICKEST.

My Nose it is Thickest and Roundest of all,
 Enriched with Rubies the great with the small,
 No Gold-smith of Jewels can make the like show,
 See how they are planted here all on a row.

How like a round Bottle it also doth hang,
 Well stuffed with liquor will make it cry twang.
 With all, it is sweating in the midst of the Cold,
 More worth to the Honour than ransoms of Gold.

You see it is gilded with Claret and Sack,
 A food and fit cloathing for belly and back,
 Then let my Nose challenge of all that be here,
 To sit at this Table as cheifest in cheer.

All Sing.
 Room for, &c.

The Second Part.

*We have the best Noses that be in our Town,
 If any bring better come let him sit down.*

The FLATEST.

MY Nose is the Flatest of all that be here,
 Devoid of all danger and bodily fear,
 When other long Noses let fly at a Post,
 My Nose hath the advantage, well known to my Host.

For 'tis of the making of *Dunstable* way,
 Plain without turning as Travellers say,
 Though no Nose but approveth to some disgrace,
 It bringeth less trouble unto a good face.

Then let me do homage to them that have best,
 For all Nose and no Nose, are both but a Jest,
 Yet my Nose shall challenge although it be flat,
 A place with my Neighbours at whipping the Cat.

All Sing.

Room for good Noses the best in our Town,
 Come fill the Pot Hostis, your Ale it is brown,
 For his Nose, and thy Nose, and mine shall not quarrel,
 So long as one Gallon remains in the Barrel,

The S H A R P E S T.

My Nose is the Sharpest good Neighbours mark well,
 The smoak of a Banquet three Mile I can smell,
 Forged and shaped so sharp at the end,
 Makes known that I pass not what others do spend.

Yet must my Nose spiced most orderly be,
 With Nutmegs and Ginger, or else 'tis not for me,
 And so to the bottom the same I commit,
 Of every man's cup whereas I do sit.

My Nose is the formost you see at each Feast,
 Of all other Noses the principal Guest,
 Then let my Nose challenge as sharp as it shows,
 The cheifest of every good an bad Nose.

All Sing.

Room for, &c.

The B R O A D E S T.

My Nose is the broadest how like you Sir that,
 It feeds on good Liquor and grows very fat,
 For like to a Panack it covers my face,
 To make other Noses the more in disgrace.

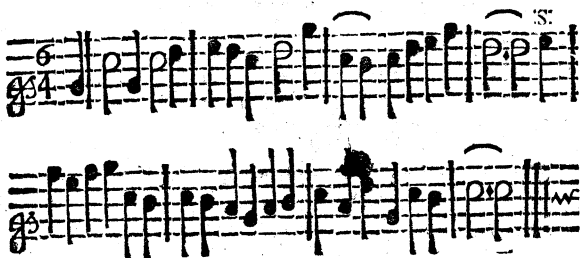
And look how it glitters like Copper-smith's-hall,
 To which our good Noses are summoned all,
 When if that the colours hold out not good red,
 A fine must be levied and set on their Head.

For having the broadest and fairest to the eye,
 The Sergeant of Noses appointed am I,
 Then let my Nose challenge the cheifest from the rest,
 Of all other Noses the broadest is the best.

All Sing.

Room for good Noses the best in our Town,
 Come fill the pot Hostis, your Ale it is Brown,
 For his Nose, and thy Nose, and mine shall not quarrel,
 So long as one Gallon remains in the Barrel.

The Ludgate Prisoners.



NOble King Lud,
 Full long hast thou stood,
 Not framed of Wood but of Stone :
 Of Stone sure thou art,
 Like our Creditors heart,
 That regards not our sorrowful Moan.

Within the Gate,
 They cry at the Grate,
 Pray Remember our fate and shew Pity :
 The poor and distress'd,
 Who in bonds are oppress'd,
 Entreat the relief of the City.

In Threadbare Coats,
 We tear our Throats,
 With pitiful notes that would move :

All Creatures but Brutes,
To give ear to our suits,
And themselves like true Christians approve!

But in vain we cry,
With a Box hanging by,
Good Sirs cast an eye on our case :
Nor Beau nor Town Mistress,
Are touch'd with our distress,
But hold up their Nose at the Place.

The Lawyer jogs on,
Without looking upon,
Th' Afflicted whose moans he gives being :
Nor thinks on us Cits,
But Breviats and Writs,
And demurrs an Exorbitant Feeing.

The *Serjants* and *Yeomen*,
Who seek to undo men,
Though Good-men and True-men ne'er mind us :
But rejoyce they get,
By our being in Debt,
And that where they have brought us, they find us.

The Merchant alone,
Makes our sorrows his own,
And allows there is none but may fail :
Since he that is free,
By losses at Sea,
May himself be immurr'd in a Goal.

His Purse and his board,
With Plenty are stor'd,
Due Relief to afford to the Needy ;
While the Priest in his Coach,
Joggs on to Debauch,
To cloath us or feed us too Greedy.

Others go by,
 And hearing our cry,
 They cast up their Eye in disdain :
 Affirming that we,
 If once get free,
 Should quickly be Prisoners again.

But let 'em take heed,
 That reproach us indeed,
 And thus at our need go by grinning :
 Since it is so man,
 That there is no man,
 Knows his End that may know his beginning.

Room for Gentlemen.



R O O M for Gentlemen, here comes a Company,
 Room for Gentlemen, here comes my Lord Mayor ;
 You Barons, you Knights, and also you 'Squires,
 Give Room for Gentlemen, here comes my Lord Mayor.

First comes the Worshipful Company,
 Of Gallant *Mercers* into this Place ;
 With their worthy Caps of Maintenance,
 Upon their Shoulders to their great grace :
 Side by side do they go as you see here,
 Room for, &c.

Next to them here comes the *Grocers*,
 A Company of Gallants Bold ;
 Who willingly do give attendance,
 As all the People may behold :
 In their Gowns and their Caps with gallant Cheer,
 Room for, &c.

Then the *Drapers* they come next,
 With their Streamers flying so fair :
 And their Trumpets sounding most loudly,
 Attending still upon my Lord Mayor :
 Their Whiffers, their Batchelors, and all they have there;
 Give room, &c.

Then comes the Company of gallant *Fishmongers*,
 Attending his Lordships coming here ;
 As duty bindeth they do still wait,
 Until his Lordship doth appear :
 Then they rise and go with lusty cheer,
 With loving hearts before the Lord Mayor.

The *Goldsmiths* they are next to them,
 A braver Company there cannot be ;
 All in their Liveries going most bravely,
 And Colours spread most gallantly,
 They do wait, they attend, and then they stay there,
 Untill the coming of my Lord Mayor.

The *Merchant Taylors* now they come in,
 A Company both stout and bold :
 Most willingly to perform their Duties,
 Scorning of any to be control'd :
 In their Gowns and their Caps, and ancient affairs,
 All attend, &c.

The *Haberdashers* a Company be,
 Of Gentlemen both Grave and Wise ;
 To all good orders they do agree,
 For the City's good they still devise :

They set to their helping as you may hear,
Still to the comfort of City and Mayor.

The *Skimmers* they a Company be,
As gallant men as be the rest ;
Their duties they perform truly,
As honestly as do the best :
Their Antients, then Drums, then Trumpets be there,
Attending still, &c.

Truly the *Salters* a Company grave,
Of understanding be good and Wise ;
And to perform all godly orders,
Within the City they devise :
When occasion doth serve they present themselves there,
With all the Company, &c.

The *Iron-mongers* a Company be,
Who know their duties every one ;
And willingly they do obey.
And wait his Lordship still upon :
From the Morning they rise they still do stay there,
Until the departing of, &c.

The Company of worthy *Vintners*,
His Lordship still do wait upon ;
With all their furniture along most gallantly,
In order they go every one :
Until the Companies do appear,
And then they go before, &c.

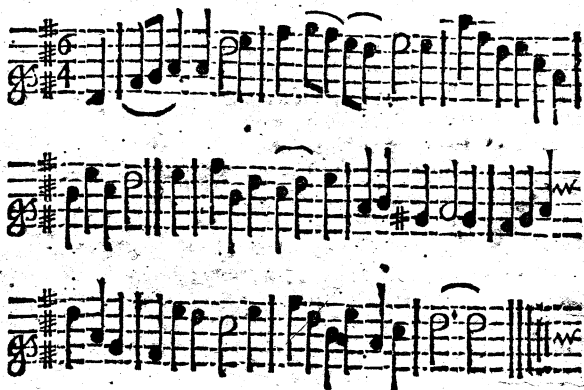
A Company there is of worthy Cloth-workers,
Who wait and give attendance still ;
When his Lordship hath any occasion,
They ready are to obey his will :
For fear any service should be wanting there;
They will present themselves before the Lord Mayor.

God bless our King and Counsel all,
And all his true Subjects in this Land ;

And

And cut down all those false Hereticks,
 That would the Gospel still withstand :
 God prosper this City, and all that are here,
 And I wish you to say God bless my Lord Mayor.

The Batchelor's Choice.



I Fain wou'd find a passing good Wife,
 That I may live merry all days of my Life,
 But that I do fear much sorrow and strife,
 Then I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
 And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I should marry a maid that is fair,
 With her round cherry Cheeks and her flaxen Hair,
 Many close meetings I must forbear,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should marry a Maid that is foul,
 The best of my pleasure will be but a scowl,
 She'll sit in a corner like to an Owl,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should marry a Maid that's a Slut,
My dyet a dressing abroad I must put,
For fear of Mistempers to trouble my Gut,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry a Maid that's a fool,
To learn her more wit I must put her to School,
Or else full hardy keep in good rule,
And I'll, &c.

If I should marry a maid that's a Scold,
My freedome at home is evermore sold,
Her Mouth is too little her Tongue for to hold,
And I'll, &c.

If I should marry with one that's a Whore,
I must keep open for her my back door,
And so a kind wittal be called therefore,
And I'll, &c.

If I should marry a Maid that's proud,
She'll look for much more than can be allow'd,
No Wife of that making I'll have I have vow'd,
And I'll, &c.

If I should marry a Maid that is meek,
The rule of my Household I might go seek,
For such a kind soul I care not a Leek,
And I'll, &c.

I would have a Wife to come at a call,
Too fat, nor too lean, too low, nor too tall,
But such a good Wife as may please all,
Else I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
Else I'll not be married yet, yet, yet.

The Second Part.

If I should go seek the whole World about,
 To find a kind and loving Wife out,
 That labour were lost, I am in great doubt,
 And I'll not be married yet, yet, yet,
 And I'll not be married yet, yet, yet.

If I marry with one that is young,
 With a false heart and flattering tongue,
 Sorrow and care may be my song,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should marry with one that is old,
 I never should have the pleasures I would,
 But arm full of bones frozen with cold,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should marry with one that is poor,
 By me my best friends will set little store,
 And so go a begging from dore to dore,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should marry with one that is rich,
 She'll ever upbraid me she brought me too much,
 And make me her drudge but I'll have none such,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should marry with one that is blind,
 All for to seek and worse for to find,
 I then should have nothing to please my mind,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should marry with one that is dumb,
 How could she welcome my friends that come,
 For her best language is to say mum.
 And I'll, &c.

If I should marry with one that's deaf,
 Hard of belief and jealous till death,
 To the Jawm of a Chimney spend I my breath,
 And I'll, &c.

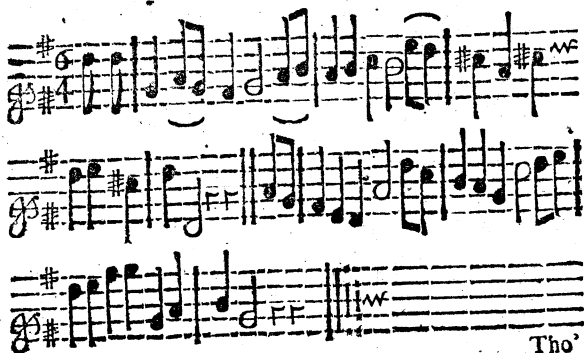
If I should marry with one that is fine,
 She will spend all in Ale and in Wine,
 Spend she her own, she shall not spend mine,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should marry with one that is tall,
 I having but little she would have it all,
 Then will I live single, what e'er it befall,
 And I'll, &c.

For when I am married I must be glad,
 To please my Wife though never so bad,
 Then farewell the Joys that lately I had,
 And I'll not be married yet, yet, yet,
 And I'll not be married yet, yet, yet.

*Maids that will not when you may,
 When you would, you shall have nay.*

The Power of Verse.



THo' thou'rt ugly and old,
 A damn'd slut and a Scold,
 Yet if you will tip me a Guinea;
 By the help of my Rhimes,
 To the latest of Times,
 Thou shalt have thy adorers dear *Fenny*.

We Bards have a knack,
 To turn white into black,
 And make Vice seem virtue, which odds is:
 True Poetical cant,
 Dubbs a Rebel a Saint,
 And refines a Jilt into a Goddess.

These trick Rhiming Sages,
 Observ'd in all Ages,
 To dress naked Truth in a Fable:
 And tho' ev'ry story,
 Out did Purgatory.
 They still were believ'd by the Rabble.

Pray what was *Atæon*,
 Whom dogs made a Prey on,
 But a sportsman undone by his chasing?
 Or the fam'd *Diomed*,
 On whom his Naggs fled,
 But a Jocky quite ruin'd by racing?

Medæa, 'tis sung,
 Could make old women Young,
 Tho' she nought but a true waiting-maid is;
 Who with Comb of black Lead,
 With paint white and Red,
 With Patch and wash, vamps up gray Ladies.

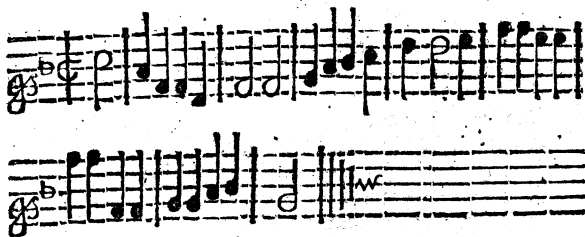
Vulcan left the Bellows,
 And Sooty left good fellows,
 That he might take of *Nectar* a Cann full;
Venus was a gay Trull,
 To the Cuckoldly fool,
Mars a Bully that beat on her Anvil.

Neptune was a *Tarpawlin*,
 And *Phœbus* by calling,
 A Mountebank, Wizzard, and Harper :
 Jolly *Bacchus* a Lad,
 Of the Wine-drawing Trade,
 And *Mercury* a pimp and a sharper.

Pallas was a stale maid,
 With a grim *Gorgon's* head;
 Whose ugliness made her the Chaster :
 A Scold great was *Juno*,
 As I know or you know,
 And *Jove* was as great a Whore-master.

Then prithee dear Creature,
 Now show thy good nature,
 This once be my female *Mecœnas* ;
 And Times yet unknown,
 My *Fenny* shall own,
 Chast as *Pallas*, but fairer than *Venus*.

The Bonny Lass : Or, The Button'd Smock.



S It you merry Gallants,
 For I can tell you news ;
 Of a Fashion call'd the Button'd Smock,
 The which our Wenches use :
 Because that in the City,
 In troth it is great pity ;

Our Gallants hold it in much scorn,
 They should put down the City :
 But is not this a bouncing wench,
 And is not this a bonny ;
 Introth she wears a *Holland* Smock,
 If that she weareth any.

A bonny Lass in a Country Town,
 Unto her commendation ;
 She scorps a *Holland* Smock,
 made after the old Fashion :
 But she will have it *Holland* fine,
 As fine as may be wore ;
 Hem'd and stitch'd with *Naple* Silk,
 And button'd down before.
 But is not, &c.

Our Gallants of the City,
 New Fashions do devise ;
 And wear such new found fangle things,
 Which country folk despise :
 As for the button'd Smock,
 None can hold it in scorn ;
 Nor none can think the Fashion ill,
 It is so closely worn ;
 Although it may be felt,
 It's seldom to be seen ;
 It passeth all the fashions yet,
 That heretofore hath been.
 But is not, &c.

Our Wenches of the City,
 That gains the Silver rare :
 Sometimes they wear a *Canvaſs* Smock,
 That's torn or worn thred-bare ;
 Perhaps a Smock of *Lockrum*,
 That dirty, foul, or black :
 Or else a Smock of *Canvaſs* course,
 As hard as any Sack.
 But is not, &c.

But she that wears the *Holland Smock*,
 I commend her still that did it ;
 To wear her under parts so fine,
 The more 'tis for her credit :
 For some will have the out-side fine,
 To make the braver show ;
 But she will have her *Holland Smock*,
 That's button'd down below.
 But is not, &c.

But if that I should take in hand,
 Her Person to commend ;
 I should vouchsafe a long discourse,
 The which I could not end :
 For her vertues they are many,
 Her Person likewise such ;
 But only in particular,
 Some part of them I'll touch.
 But is not, &c.

Those fools that still are doing,
 With none but costly Dames ;
 With tediousness of wooing,
 Makes cold their hottest flames :
 Give me the Country Lass,
 That trips it o'er the Field ;
 And ope's her Forest at the first,
 And is not coy to yield.

Who when she dons her vesture
 She makes the Spring her Glass ;
 And with her Comely gesture,
 Doth all the Meadows pass :
 Who knows no other cunning,
 But when she feels it come ;
 To gripe your back, if you be slack,
 And thrust your Weapon home.

'Tis not their boasting humor,
 Their painted looks nor state ;

Nor smells of the Perfumer,
 The Creature doth create :
 Shall make me unto these,
 Such slavish service owe ;
 Give me the Wench that freely takes,
 And freely doth bestow.

Who far from all beguiling,
 Doth not her beauty mask ;
 But all the while lye smiling,
 While you are at your task :
 Who in the midst of Pleasure,
 Will beyond active strain ;
 And for your Pranks, will con you thanks,
 And cursy for your pain.

On the Queen's Progress to the Bath, by T. D.





Dear *Jack* if you mean,
To be cur'd of the Spleen,
Or know any neighbour that has it ;
Tho' ill humours sway,
From a Hypocondra,
You may do it by reading the *Gazett*.

The Q——n you know late,
Made a Progress in State,
From whence may come wonderful matter :
And furnish fine tales,
When a new P—— of *Wales*,
Proceeds from the happy *Bath-waters*.

But this is not it,
That the flatus will fit,
O make the dull reader grow merry :
Nor to tell the renown,
Of old *Oxford's* fine Town,
And how they did chant it down derry.

For should I bring in,
The grave Vice, or the Dean,
O at School-boys Verses shou'd nibble :
Or the presents that serv'd,
So pat I deserv'd,
To have my head broke with the Bible.

Nor Mirth can we raise,
Upon *Badminton* place,
Nor rally his graces good Table :
Nor on *Gloucestershire* Knights,
Who the News-monger writes,
Were prefer'd by the Right Honourable.

Nor make we remarks,
 On the bluff Country Sparks,
 Who gallop'd no fury could stop 'em :
 All ty'd to their Swords,
 Like so many Lords,
 Being led up by *Blathwait* and *Popbam*.

But it's here you will laugh,
 For a Mile and a half,
 Coming near to *Bath's* flourishing City :
 There appear'd such a rout,
 From the sheds round about,
 Give occasion to furnish my Ditty.

Some 200 young Jades,
 Jolly bouncing Cook-maids,
 Came romping to taste the Q——s bounty ;
 All Virgins we hear,
 From the false *Gazettere*,
 When by G—— there's scarce 5 in the County.

But such as they were,
 They in order appear,
 Though no *Cynthia* there nor *Astrea* ;
 For with Arrows and Bows,
 Each look'd like a Blouze,
 Instead of a *Penthesilea*.

The Kitchens in Town,
 Were all left alone,
 And on the Stairs Cobwebs were hanging ;
 When *Sue*, *Kate*, and *Doll*,
 Were imping *White-hall*,
 Before an old crowd that stood twanging.

Then plump bobbing *Foan*,
 Strait call'd for her own,
 And thought she frisk'd better than any ;

Till *Sissy* with Pride,
Took the Fidler aside,
And bid him strike up Northern Nanny.

Who in Country Fairs,
Had e'er seen the Bears,
Hop round when the keeper does strike 'em :
For Ayrs, and for steps,
For faces and shapes,
These Virgins would fancy just like 'em.

Thus hot with renown,
They come dancing to Town,
All full of their highly deserving :
Each freckl'd face Jade,
Upon Royalty fed,
Whilst the Lodgers at home were a starving.

The Pigs were scarce turn'd,
And the Turkeys half burn'd,
To add to the fame of the Nation ;
The Mutton half boyl'd,
And the pullets all spoyl'd,
For the Turnspits were all in procession.

But here comes the cross,
For the Jackets that cost,
Forty Pounds for Loyally shewing :
As some Authors say,
The good Queen is to pay,
Or must to the City be owing.

Which scandal profound,
Made 'em stir their stumps round,
Whilst each Lass her courtier engages :
For shou'd they be slow,
And Sir Ben. shou'd say no,
The poor Jades must do't out of their Wages.

Who glowing with heat,
 So Rosy, so neat,
 Each look'd as to Marriage she'd chose one :
 And some that can tell,
 Say they danc'd too as well,
 As the famous *Subligny*, or *Dowson*.

False Phillis, Set by Mr. James Hart.



Since *Phillis* swears inconstancy,
 Then I'll e'en do so too :
 I careless am as well as she,
 She values not her vow.

To sigh, to Languish, and protest,
 Let feeble fops approve ;
 The Women's way I like the best,
 Enjoyment is their Love.

When I my *Phillis* do embrace,
 There's none can happier be :
 But When she's gone the next fair face,
 Is *Phillis* then to me.

I find her absence cools desire,
 As well as her disdain ;
 When hope deny's to feed my fire,
 Despair shall ease my Pain.

The Power of Beauty.

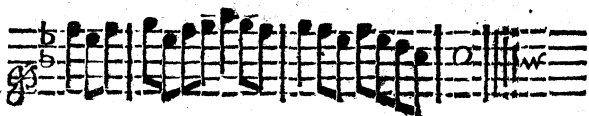
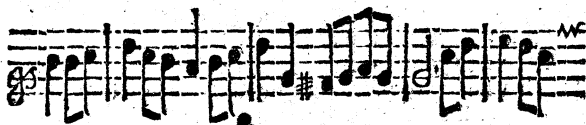
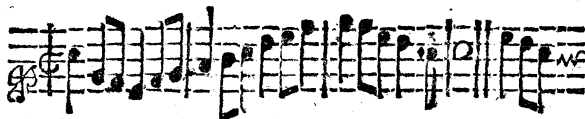


IN a Flowry Myrtle Grove,
 (The solitary Scene of Love,
 On Beds of Vi'lets, all the day,
 The Charming *Floriana* lay ;
 The little *Cupids* hover'd in the Air,
 They peep'd, and smil'd, and thought their Mother there.

Phæbus delay'd his Course a while,
 Charm'd with the spell of such a smile,
 Whilst *Weary Plough men* curs'd the stay,
 Of the too *Uxorious* Day ;
 The little *Cupids* hover'd in the Air,
 They peep'd, and smil'd, and thought their Mother there.

But thus the *Nymph* began to chide ;
 'That Eye, you owe the World beside,
 'You fix on me : then with a frown
 She sent her drooping Lover down :
 With modest Blushes from the Grove she fled,
 Painting the Evening with unusual Red.

The Hunt.



Some

Some in the Town go betimes to the *Downs*,
 To persue the fearful Hare ;
 Some in the Dark love to hunt in a *Park*,
 For to chace all the Dear that are there :
 Some love to see the Faulkon to flee,
 With a joyful rise against the Air ;
 But all my delight is a Cunny in the night,
 When she turns up her silver Hair.

When she is beset, with a Bow, Gun, or Net,
 And finding no shelter-for to cover her ;
 She falls down flat, or in a Tuft does squat,
 Till she lets the hunter get over her :
 With her breast she does butt, and she bubs up her Scut,
 When the bullet flies close by her ear ;
 She strives not to escape, but she mumps like an Ape,
 And she turns up, &c.

The Ferret he goes in, through flaggs thick and thin,
 Whilst Mettle pursueth his Chace ;
 The Cunny she shows play and in the best of her way,
 Like a Cat she does spit in his face :
 Tho' she lies in the dust, she fears not his nest,
 With her full bound up Sir, carear ;
 With the strength that she shows, she gapes at his Nose,
 And she turns up, &c.

The sport is so good, that in Town or in Wood,
 In a Hedge or a Ditch you may do it ;
 In Kitchen or in Hall, in a Barn or in a Stall,
 Or wherever you please you may go to it :
 So pleasing it is that you can hardly miss,
 Of so rich game in all our Shiere ;
 For they love so to play, that by night or by day,
 They will turn up their Silver Hair.

Bridal Night. To the Foregoing Tune.

Come from the Temple, away to the Bed,
 As the Merchant transports his Treasure;
 Be not so coy Lady, since you are wed,
 'Tis no sin to taste of the Pleasure:
 Then come let us be blith, merry and free,
 Upon my life all the Waiters are gone:
 And 'tis so, that they know where you go, say not so,
 For I mean to make bold with my own.

What is it to me, if our hands joyned be,
 If our Bodies still are kept asunder;
 It shall not be said, there goes a married Maid,
 Indeed we will have no such wonder:
 Therefore let's embrace, there's none sees thy face,
 The Bride-maids that waited are gone;
 None can spy how you lie, ne'er deny, but say I,
 For I mean to make bold with my own.

Sweet Love do not frown, but pull off thy Gown,
 'Tis a Garment unfit for the night;
 Some say that black, hath a relishing smack,
 I had rather be dealing with White;
 Then be not afraid, For you are not betray'd,
 Since we two are together alone;
 I invite you this Night, to do me right in my delight,
 For I mean to make bold with my own.

Then come let us kiss, and taste of our bliss,
 Which brave Lords and Ladies enjoy'd;
 If all Maids should be of the humour with thee,
 Generation would soon be destroy'd:
 Then where were the Joys, the Girls and the Boys,
 Wouldst live in the World all alone;
 Don't destroy, but enjoy, seem not Coy for a Toy,
 For indeed I'll make bold with my own.

Prithee begin, don't delay but unpin,
 For my humour I cannot prevent it ;
 You are so freight lac'd, and your Topknot is so fast,
 Undo it or I freight way will rent it :
 Or to end all the strife, I'll cut it with a knife,
 'Tis too long to stay till its undone ;
 Let thy waist be unlac'd, and in haste be embrac'd,
 For I long to make bold with my own.

As thou art fair, and sweeter than the Air,
 That dallies on *July's* brave Roses ;
 Now let me be to that Garden a Key,
 That the Flowers of Virgins incloses :
 And I will not be too rough unto thee,
 For my Nature to mildness is prone ;
 Do no less than undress, and unlace all apace,
 For this Night I'll make bold with my own.

A Topping Song.



I Am a Jolly Toper, I am a raged Soph, (off,
 Known by the Pimples in my face, with taking Bumpers
 And a topping we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
 And a topping we will go.

Come

Come let's sit down together, and take our fill of Beer,
 Away with all disputes, for we'll have no Wrangling here,
 And a toping, &c.

With clouds of Tobacco we'll make our Noddles clear,
 We'll be as great as Princes when our heads are full of Beer,
 And a toping, &c.

With Juggs, Muggs, and Pitchers, and Bellarmine of stale,
 Dash'd lightly with a little, a very little Ale,
 And a toping, &c.

A Fig for the Spaniard, and for the King of *France*,
 And Heaven preserve our Juggs, and Muggs, and Q——n
 from all mischance,
 And a toping, &c.

Against the Presbyterians, pray give me leave to rail,
 Who ne'er had thirsted for Kings Blood, had they been
 And a Topping, &c. (drunk with stale,

And against the Low-church Saints, who sily play their part
 Who rail at the dissenters, yet love 'em in their Heart,
 And a toping, &c.

Here's a Health to the Queen, let's Bumpers take in hand,
 And may Prince G—— Roger grow stiff again & stand,
 And a toping, &c.

Oh how we tofs about the never failing Cann,
 We drink and piss, and piss and drink, and drink to piss
 And a toping, &c. (again,

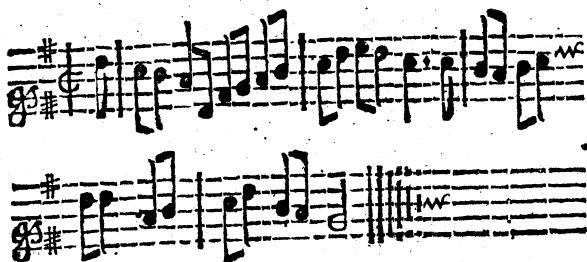
O that my Belly it were a Tun of stale,
 My Cock were turn'd into a Tap to run when I did call,
 And a toping, &c.

Of all sorts of Topers, a Soph is far the best,
 For till he can neither go nor stand by *fove* he's ne'er at
 And a toping, &c. (rest,
 We.

We fear no Wind or Weather, when good liquor dwells
 (within,
 And since a Soph does live so well, then who would be a
 (King,
 And a toping, &c.

Then dead drunk We'll march Boys, and reel into our
 (Tombs,
 That jollier Sophs (if such there be) may come and take
 And a toping they may go, may go, may go, [our rooms,
 And a toping they may go.

Sir John Johnson's farewel, by Jo. Hains.



ALL Christians that have ears to hear,
 And Hearts inclin'd to pity ;
 Some of you all bestow one tear,
 Upon my mournful dity :
 In *Queen-street* did an Heiress live,
 Whose downfall when I sing ;
 'Twill make the very Stones to grieve,
 God prosper long our King.

For her a Scottish Knight did die,
 Was ever the like seen ;
 I shame to tell place, how, or why,
 And so God blefs the Queen :

Some say indeed she swore a Rape,
 But God knows who was wrong'd ;
 For he that did it did escape,
 And he did not was Hang'd.

Some say another thing beside,
 If true ? It was a Vice :
 That *Campbell* when she was his Bride,
 Did trouble her but thrice :
 'Twas this the young Girl's Chollor mov'd,
 And in a rage she swore :
 E'er she'd be a Wife but three times lov'd,
 She'd sooner be a Whore,

But don't you pity now her case,
 Was forc'd to send for Surgeon,
 To show the man that very place,
 Where once she was a Virgin.
 Parents take warning by her fall,
 When Girls are in their teens :
 To marry them soon, or they will all,
 Know what the Business means.

For Girls like Nuts (Excuse my Rhimes)
 At bottom growing brown ;
 If you don't gather them betimes,
 Will of themselves fall down.
 God bless King *William*, and Queen *Mary*,
 And plenty and peace advance :
 And hang up those with the contrary,
 And then a fig for *France*.

The Shephard's Wooing of fair Dulcina.

As at noon *Dulcina* rested,
 In her sweet and shady Bower;
 Came a Shepherd and requested,
 In her lap to sleep an hour:
 But from her look a wound he took,
 So deep that for a further Boon;
 The Nymph he prays, whereto she says,
 Forgo me now, come to me soon.

But in vain she did conjure him,
 For to leave her presents so;
 Having a thousand means to allure him,
 And but one to let go,

Where

Where lips invite, and eyes delight;
 And Cheeks as fresh as Rose in *June*;
 Perswades to stay, what boot to say,
 Forgo me now come to me soon.

Words whose Hoops have now injoynd,
 Him to let *Dulcina* sleep;
 Could a man's love be confined,
 Or a Maid her promise keep?
 No, for her waft, he held her fast,
 As she was constant to her Tune;
 And she speak, for *Cupid's* sake
 Forgo me, &c.

He demands what time and leasure,
 Can there be more fit than now;
 She says men may say their Pleasure,
 Yet I of it do not allow:
 The Sun's clear light shineth more bright,
 Quoth he more fairer than the Moon:
 For her to praise, she loves, she says,
 Forgo me, &c.

But no promise nor profession,
 From his hands could purchase scope;
 Who would sell the sweet possession,
 Of such beauty for a hope:
 Or for the sight of lingring night,
 Forgo the pleasant joys of noon,
 Tho' none so fair, her speeches were,
 Forgo me, &c.

Now at last agreed these lovers,
 She was fair and he was young;
 If you'll believe me I will tell you,
 True love fixed lasteth long:
 He said my dear and only Phear,
 Bright Phœbus beams out shine the moon;
Dulcina prays, and to him says,
 Forgo me now come to me soon.

The Second Part.

DA Y was spent and Night approached,
Venus fair was lovers friend ;
 She intreated bright *Apollo*,

That his Steeds their race should end ;
 He could not say the Goddess nay,
 But granted loves fair Queen her boon ;
 The Shepherd came to this fair Dame,
 Forgo me now, come to me soon.

Sweet (he said) as I did promise,
 I am now return'd again ;
 Long delay you know breeds danger,
 And to Lovers breadeth pain :
 The Nymph said then, above all men,
 Still welcome Shepherd morn and noon,
 The Shepherd prays, *Dulcina* says,
 Shepherd I doubt thou'rt come too soon.

When that bright *Aurora* blushed,
 Came the Shepherd to his dear ;
 Pretty Birds most sweetly warbled,
 And the Noon approached near :
 Yet still away the Nymph did say,
 The Shepherd he fell in a swoon ;
 At length she said be not afraid,
 Forgo me, &c.

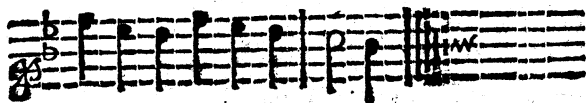
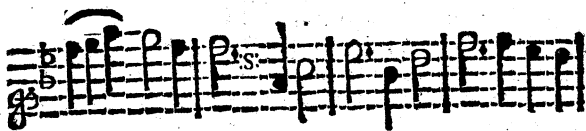
With grief of heart the shepherd hasted,
 Up the Mountains to his Flocks ;
 Then he took a Reed and piped,
 Ecco sounded through the Rocks :
 Thus did he play, and wish'd the day,
 Were spent, and night were come e'er noon ;
 The silent night is Loves delight,
 I'll go to fair *Dulcina* soon.

Beauties darling, fair *Dulcina*,
 Like to *Venus* for her Love ;
 Spent away the day in passion,
 Mourning like the Turtle Dove :
 Melodiously Notes low and high,
 She warbled forth this doleful Tune ;
 Oh come again sweet Shepherd swain,
 Thou canst not be with us too soon.

When as *Tbetis* in her place,
 Had receiv'd the Prince of light ;
 Came in *Coridon* the Shepherd,
 To his Love and hearts delight :
 Then *Pan* did play the Wood-Nymphs they,
 Did skip and dance to hear the Tune ;
Hymen did say 'tis holy-day,
 Forgo me now come to me soon.

The Scolding Wife.





Suppose a man does all he can,
 To unslave himself from a scolding Wife ;
 He can't get out, but hops about,
 Like a Marry'd Bird in the Cage of Life :
 She on mischief bent is ne'er content,
 Which makes the poor man cry out,
 Rigid fate, marriage fate,
 No reprieve but the Grave, oh 'tis hard condition!

Come I'll tell you how this Wife to bow,
 And quickly bring her to her last ;
 Your senses please indulge your ease,
 But resist no joy and each humour taste ;
 Then let her squal, and tear and bawl,
 And with whining cry her eyes out,
 Take a Flask, double Flask,
 Whip it up, sip it up that's your Phisician.

A S O N G.



WE merry Wives of *Windsor*,
 Whereof you make your play;
 And set us on your stages,
 In *London* day by day:
 Alas it doth not hurt us,
 We care not what you do;
 For all you scoff we'll sing and laugh,
 And yet be honest too.

'Alas we are good fellows,
 We hate dishonesty;
 We are not like your *City Dames*,
 In sport of *Venery*:
 We scorn to Punk or to be drunk,
 But this we dare to do;
 To sit and chat laugh and be fat,
 But yet be honest too.

But should you know we *Windsor* Dames,
 Are free from haughty Pride ;
 And hate the tricks you Wenches have,
 In *London* and *Bankside* :
 But we can spend and money lend,
 And more than that we'll do ;
 We'll sit and chat, laugh and be fat,
 And yet be honest too.

It grieves us much to see your wants,
 Of things that we have store ;
 In Forests wide and Parks beside,
 And other places more :
 Pray do not scorn the *Windsor* horn,
 That is both fair and new ;
 Altho' you scold we'll sing and laugh,
 And yet be honest too.

And now farewell unto you all,
 We have no more to say ;
 Be sure you imitate us right,
 In acting of your play :
 If that you miss we'll at you hiss,
 As others us'd to do ;
 And at you scoff and sing and laugh,
 And yet be honest too.

The Battle Royal.

A Dean and Prebendary,
 Had once a new vagary,
 And were at doubtful strife Sir,
Who led the better life Sir,
 And was the better Man :

The Dean he said that truly,
 Since Bluff was so unruly,
 He'd prove it to his face Sir,
 That he had the most Grace Sir,
 And so the Fight began:

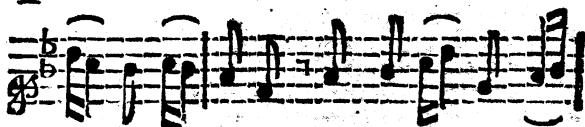
When Preb. reply'd like Thunder,
 And roar'd out, 'twas no wonder,
 For God's the Dean had three Sir,
 And more by two than he Sir,
 Since he had got but one :
 Now while these two were raging,
 And in disputes engaging,
 The Master of the Charter,
 Said both had got a Tarter,
 For Gods that there were none.

For all the Books of *Moses*,
 Were nothing but supposes,
 And he deserv'd rebuke Sir,
 Who wrote the Penteteuch Sir,
 'Twas nothing but a sham :
 And as for father *Adam*,
 With Mrs. *Eve* his Madam,
 And what the Serpent spoke Sir,
 Was nothing but a joke Sir,
 And well invented flam.

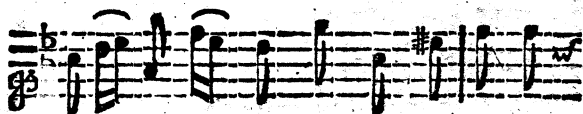
Thus in this Battle Royal,
 As none would take denial,
 The Dame for which they strove Sir,
 Could neither of them love Sir,
 For all had giv'n offence :
 She therefore sily waiting,
 Lest all three fools a prating,
 And being in a fright Sir,
 Religion took her flight Sir,
 And ne'er was heard of since.

The Ballad of the True Trojan:

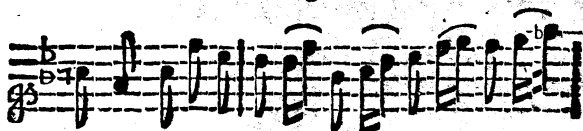
T Roy had a breed of brave stout Men, yet Greece



made shift to rout her; cause each Man Drank as



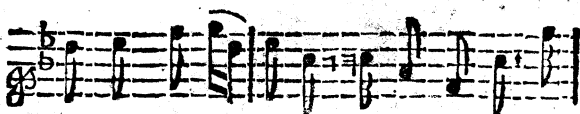
much as Ten, and thence grew ten times stouter:



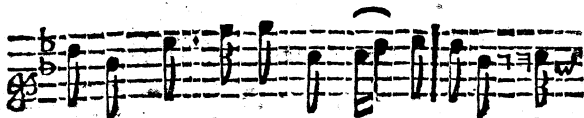
Tho' Hector was a Trojan true as e-ver pist gain



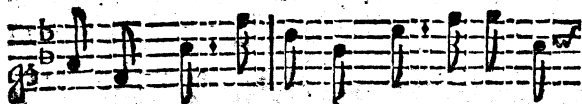
wall Sir, A-chillis bang'd him black and blew, for



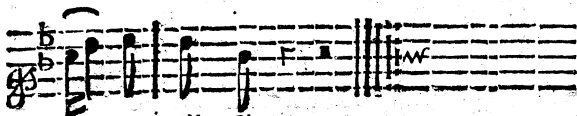
he Drank more then all Sir, for he Drank more, for



he drank more, for he drank more than all Sir, for



he drank more, for he drank more, for he drank



more than all Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of War;

We shall fear nothing then Boys;
We'll Drink all dead, and lay 'em to Bed;
And if they wake not Conquered.

We'll Drink 'em dead again Boys:
Nor were the *Grecians* only fam'd,
For Drinking and for Fighting;
For he that Drank and wan't asham'd,
Was ne'er asham'd on's Writing.

He that will be a Souldier then,
Or Wit, must drink good Liquor;
It makes base Cowards Fight like Men,
And roving thoughts fly quicker:
Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,
And God of Wit, and then Boys;
We'll Drink and Fight, and Drink and Write,
And if the Sun Set with his Light,
We'll Drink him up again Boys.

Young.

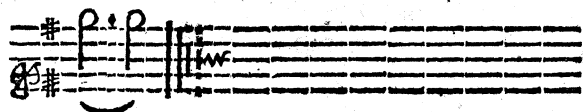
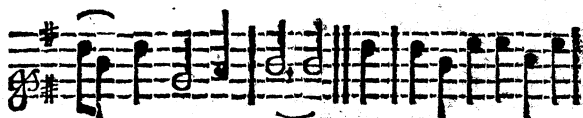
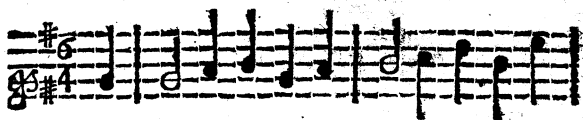
Young Strephon and Phillis:

Young Strephon and Phillis,
 They sat on a Hill;
 But the Shepard was Wanton
 And wou'd not sit still;
 His Head on her Bosom,
 And Arms round her Waist,
 He Hug'd her, and Kist her,
 And clasp'd her so fast,

Till Playing and Jumbling,
 At last they fell Tumbling,
 And down they got 'em,
 But oh! they fell soft on the Grass at the Bottom.

As the Shepherdess tumbled,
 The rude Wind got in,
 And blew up her Cloaths,
 And her Smock to her Chin:
 The Shepherd he saw,
 The bright *Venus*, he swore,
 For he knew her own Dove,
 By the Feathers she wore:
 Till furious Love sallying,
 At last he fell dallying,
 And down, down he got him,
 But oh! oh how sweet, and how soft at the Bottom.

The Shepherdess blushing,
 To think what she'd done,
 Away from the Shepherd,
 She fain wou'd have run:
 Which *Strephon* perceiving,
 The wand'rer did seize,
 And cry'd do be angry,
 Fair Nymh if you Please:
 'Tis too late to be cruel,
 Thy Frowns my dear Jewel,
 Now no more Stings have got 'em,
 For oh! Thour't all kind, and all soft at the Bottom,

The Yeilding Lads.

THere's none so Pretty,
 As my sweet *Betty*,
 She bears away the Bell;
 For sweetness and neatness,
 And all compleatness,
 All other *Girls* doth excel:

When ever we meet,
 Shee'l lovingly greet,
 Me still with a how dee' do,
 Well I thank you, quoth I,
 Then she will reply,
 So am I Sir the better for you.

Then

Then I askt her how,
 She told me, not now,
 For Walls, and Ears and Eyes;
 Nay she bid me take heed,
 What ever I did,
 'Tis good to be merry and wise:

I took her by'th hand,
 She did not withstand,
 And I have her a smirking kiss;
 She gave me another,
 Just like the tother,
 Quoth I, what a comfort is this?

This put me in heart,
 To play o're my part,
 That I had intended before;
 She bid me to hold,
 And not be too bold,
 Untill she had fastned the door.

She went to the Hatch,
 To see that the Latch,
 And Cranies were all cock-sure;
 And when she had done,
 She bid me come on,
 For now we were both secure.

And what we did there,
 I dare not declare,
 But think that silence is best;
 And if you will know,
 Why I kist her, or so,
 I'll leave you to guess at the rest.

The praise of Hull Ale.

Let's wet the whistle of the Muse,
That sings the praise of every Juice,
This House affords for Mortals use,
Which no Body can Deny.

Here's Ale of *Hull* which 'tis well known,
Kept King and Keyser out of Town,
Now in, will never hurt the Crown,
Which no body &c.

Here's *Lambeth* Ale to cool the Maw,
And Beer as Spruce as e're you saw,
But Mum as good as Man can draw,
Which no, &c.

If Reins be loose as some mens Lives,
Whereat the Purling Female grieves,
Here's stich-back that will please your Wives,
Which, &c

Here's

Here's Cyder too, you little wot,
 How oft 'twill make you go to pot,
 'Tis Red-streak all or it is not,
Which, &c.

Here's Scholar that has doft his Gown,
 And donn'd his Cloak and came to Town,
 Till all's up drink his Colledge down,
Which, &c.

Here's North-down, which in many a
 Pulls all the Blood into the face, (Case,
 Which blushing is a sign of Grace,
Which, &c.

If belly full of Ale doth grow,
 And Women runs in head, you know,
 Old *Pharob* will not let you go,
Which, &c.

Here's that by some bold Brandy hight,
 Which *Dutch-men* use in Case of fright,
 Will make a Coward for to fight,
Which, &c.

Here's China Ale surpasseth far,
 What munden vents at Temple Bar,
 'Tis good for Lords and Ladies ware,
Which, &c.

Here's of *Epsom* will not fox
 You, more then what's drawn out of Cocks,
 Of *Middleton*, yet cures th'Pox,
Which, &c.

For ease of heart here's that will do't,
 A Liquor you may have to boot,
 Invites you or the Devil to't,
Which, &c.

For Bottle Ale though it be windy,
Whereof I cannot choose but mind ye,
I would not have it left behind ye,
Which, &c.

Take Scurvy Grass or Raddish Ale,
'Twill make you like an Horse to stale,
And cures whatsoever you Ail,
Which, &c.

For County Ales as that of *Chefs*,
Or of *Darby* you'll confess,
The more you drink, you'll need the less,
Which, &c.

But one thing must be thought upon,
For mornings draught when all is done
A Pot of Parle for *Harrison*,
Which no body can deny.

The News Monger, to the same Tune.

Lets sing as one may say the Fate
Of those that meddle with this and that,
And more than comes to their shares do prate,
Which no body can deny.

Such who their Wine and Coffee Sip,
And let fall words 'twixt Cup and Lip,
To scandal of good fellowship,
Which no body, &c.

Those Clubbers who when met and sate,
Where every Seat is Chair of State,
As if they only knew what's what,
Which, &c.

D—— me says one, wsrè I so and so,
 Or as the King I know what I know,
 The Devil too wood with the *French* should go,
Which, &c.

Would the King Comission grant
 To me, were *Lewis John* of *Gant*,
 I'd beat him or know why I shant,
Which, &c.

I'd undertake bring scores to ten
 Of mine at hours-warning-men,
 To make *France* tremble once again,
Which, &c.

The Claret takes, yet e're he drinks,
 Gries Pox o'th' *French-man*, but me thinks
 It must go round to my brother
Which &c.

He's the only Citizen of Sence,
 And Liberty is his pretence,
 And has enough of Conscience,
Which, &c.

The Bully that next to him fate,
 With a green Livery in his Hat,
 Cry'd what a plague wou'd the *French* be at,
Which, &c.

Z—— had the King without Offence,
 Been Rul'd by me, you'd seen long since,
 Chastisement for their Insolence,
Which, &c.

They take our Ships, do what they please,
 Were ever play'd such Pranks as these,
 As if we were not Lord o'th Seas,
Which, &c.

I told the King on't th'other day,
 And how th' Intreagues o'th matter lay,
 But Princess will have their one way,
Which, &c.

The next Man that did widen throat
 Was wight in half pild Velvet Coat,
 But he and that not worth a Groat,
Which, &c.

Who being planted next the Door,
 (< Pox on him for a Son of Whore)
 Inveighs against the Embassador,
Which, &c.

Had the King (quoth he) put me upon't,
 You should have found how I had don't,
 But now you see what is come on't,
Which, &c.

Quoth he if such an Act had stood,
 That was design'd for publick good,
 'Thad pass'd more then is understood,
Which, &c.

But now forsooth our strictest Laws,
 Are 'gainst the Friends o'th' good old Cause,
 And if one hangs the other draws,
Which, &c.

But had I but so worthy been,
 To sit in place that some are in,
 I better had advis'd therein,
Which, &c.

I am one that firm doth stand
 For Manufactures of the Land,
 Then Cyder takes in, out of hand,
Which, &c.

This English Wine (quoth he) and Ale,
 Our Fathers drank before the Sale
 Of Sack on Potheccaries Stall,
Which, &c.

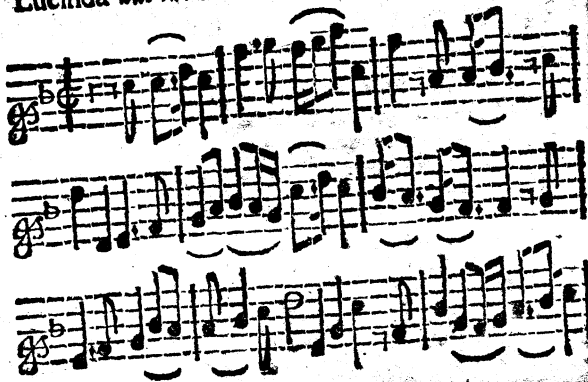
These Outlandish drinks quoth he,
 The French, and Spanish Foppery,
 They tast too much of Popery,
Which, &c.

And having thus their Verdicts spent,
 Concerning King and Parliment,
 They Scandalize a Government,
Which, &c.

An Hierarchy by such a Prince,
 As may be said without offence,
 None e're could boast more Excellence,
Which, &c.

God bless the King, the Queen and Peers,
 Our Parliment and Overseers,
 And rid us of such Mutineers,
Which no Body can deny.

Lucinda has the Devil and all. By Mr. H. Hall.





L *Ucinda* has the de'el & all, the de'el & all, the de'el & all
Of that bright thing we beauty call ;

But if she won't come to my Arms, (Charms?

What care I, why, what care I, what, what care I for all her

Beauties the sauce to Love's high meat,

But who minds sauce that must not eat ?

It is indeed a mighty Treasure,

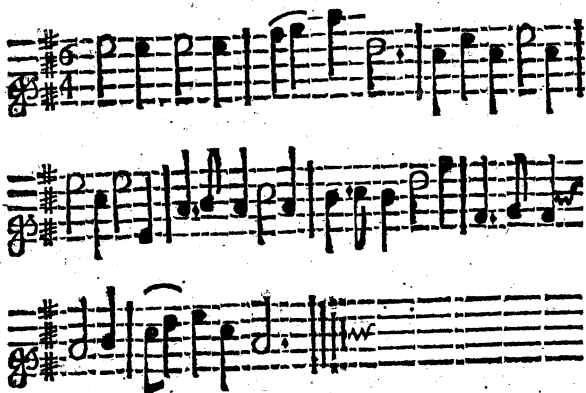
But in using lies the pleasure,

Bullies thus, that only see't,

Damn all the Gold, damn all the Gold, all, all the Gold in

Lumbarde-street,

Queen

Queen Elizabeths Farewel.

I'Le tell you all, both great and small,
 I tell you all truly,
 That we have cause, and very great cause,
 For to lament and Cry,
 Fy, Oh! fy, oh! fy, oh! fy!
 Fy on thee cruel Death!
 For thou hast ta'en away from us!
 Our Queen *Elizabeth.*

Thou mayst have taken other folks,
 That better might be mist,
 And have let our Queen alone,
 Who lov'd no Popish Priest,
 In Peace she rul'd all this Land,
 Beholding unto no Man,
 And did the Pope of *Rome* withstand,
 And yet was but a Woman.

The same in Latin.

Vobis magnis parvis dicam,
 Et sum veredicus ;
 Offerri causam maximam,
 Esse in tristibus,
 Væ tibi mors ! malum tibi !
 Proh mortem tetricam !
 Tu enim nobis dempsisti,
 Reginam Elizam.

Poteras plures capere,
 Citra injuriam ;
 Reginamq; non rapere,
 Anti-sacri-colum :
 Quietè gentem hæc Rexit,
 Nulliq; devincta,
 Papamque Romæ despexit,
 Et tandem Fæmellæ.

A Woman said I ? nay that is more,
 Than any one can tell ;
 So fair she was, so chaste she was,
 That no one knew it well :
 With that, from *France* came *Monfieur* o'er,
 A purpose for to woo her ;
 Yet still she liv'd and Dy'd a Maid,
 Do what they could unto her.

She never acted any ill thing,
 That made her Conscience prick her ;
 Nor never would submit to him,
 That call'd is Christ's Vicar :
 But rather chose courageously,
 To fight under Christ's Banner ;
 'Gainst *Pope* and *Turk* and King of *Spain*,
 And all that durst withstand her.

But if that I had *Argus* Eyes,
 They were too few to weep ;
 For our Queen *Elizabeth*,
 That now is fall'n asleep :
 Asleep indeed where she shall rest,
 Untill the Day of Doom : -
 And then shall rise unto the shame,
 Of the great Pope of *Rome*.

Ab, ab, quid dixi Fæmella ?
 De hoc fama flet ;
 Adeo fuit caſta-Bella,
 Ut nemini liquet :
 En Dux Andinus adiit,
 Illam petiturus ;
 Virgo vixit & obiit,
 Hæc nihilominus.

Nec mali quid hæc effecit,
 Conſcientiæ ſtimulo ;
 Nec ſemet ipſam ſubjecit,
 Chriſti-vicario :
 At maluit magnanimis,
 Sub Chriſti vexellis,
 Pugnare cum Papâ, Turcis,
 Ac multis aliis.

Sin mihi Argi oculi,
 Deſſent Lachrymæ ;
 Elīzabethæ ſtetui,
 Nuper demortuæ,
 De nata hic obdormiet,
 Die noviffimo :
 Et tunc expergefaciet,
 Papâ propudio.

The Pressing Constable. Set by Mr. Leveridge.

I Am a cunning Constable,
 And a bag of Warrants I have here ;
 To press sufficient Men, and able,
 At *Horn-castle* to appear ;
 But now-a-days they're grown so cunning,
 That hearing of this Martial strife ;
 They all away from hence are running,
 Where I miss the Man, I'll press the Wife.

Ho,

The same in Latin.

A *Stutus Constabularius,*
Mandata gero in tergo ;
Cincturos evocaturus,
Cornu-Castello affore :
At hodie aded sapiunt,
Audità lite Bellicà,
Omnes abbine profugiunt,
Virum supplebit Fœmina.

Ho, who's at home ? Lo, here am I,
Good-morrow, Neighbour. Welcome, Sir :
Where is your Husband ? Why truly
He's gone abroad, a Journey far.
Do you not know when he comes back ?
See how these Cowards fly for life !
The King for Soldiers must not lack,
If I miss the Man, I'll take the Wife.

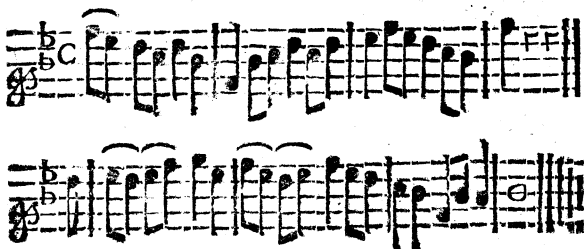
Shew me by what Authority
You do it ? Pray Sir, let me know.
It is sufficient for to see,
The Warrant hangs in bag below.
Then pull it out, if it be strong,
With you I will not stand at strife.
My Warrant is as broad as long,
If I miss the Man, I'll press the Wife.

Now you have prest me and are gone,
Please you but let me know your Name;
That when my Husband he comes home,
I may declare to him the same.
My Name is Captain Ward, I say,
I ne'er fear'd man in all my life :
The King for Soldiers must not stay,
Missing the Man, I'll press the Wife.

*Ecquisnam domi ? En ego:
 Salve. Sis salvus, Domine,
 Ubina Vir est ? Haud nego,
 Procul abest in itinere.
 Num es ignara reditus ?
 Ut fugiunt pro tutamine !
 Non egeat Rex Militibus,
 Viros supplebunt Fœminæ.*

*Hæc quo Guaranto factitas,
 Ambò dicas, Domine ?
 Sufficiat ut videas,
 Quod pendet abdomine ;
 Educas, si vim habeat,
 Tecum nolam certamina.
 Pro ratione, voluntas stat,
 Virum supplebit Fœmina.*

*Compressa me, ituro te,
 Si placet, reddas nomina,
 Sic ut reverso conjuge,
 Illi declarem omnia.
 Ward ducor Capitaneus,
 Sat notus pro magnanimo ;
 Non egeat Rex milibus,
 Viros supplebunt Fœminæ.*

A S O N G. *Sett by Mr. Leveridge.*

Love is a Bauble,
 No man is able
 To say, it is this, or 'tis that ;
 An idle Passion,
 Of such a fashion,
 'Tis like I cannot tell what.

Fair in the Cradle,
 Foul in the Saddle,
 Always too cold, or too hot ;
 An errant liar,
 Fed by desire,
 It is, and yet it is not.

Love is a Fellow
 Clad all in yellow,
 The Canker-worm of the mind :
 A privy mischief,
 And such a sly Thief,
 No man knows where him to find.

Love is a Wonder,
 'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,
 'Tis common to all men, we know :
 A very Cheater,
 Ev'ry ones better,
 Then hang him, and let him go.

The same in Latin.

Amor est Pægma,
Merum Enigma,
Quid sit nemo detegat :
Vesana Passio,
Cui nulla ratio,
Parem natura negat.

Cunis formosus,
Sella Cænosus,
Calor, aut frigiditas :
Furens Libido,
Dicta cupido,
Est, & non est entitas.

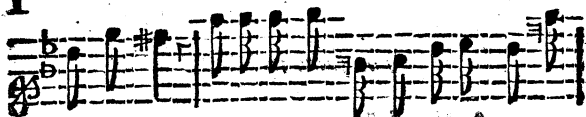
Amor amasius,
Totus filaceus,
Est Eruca animi ;
Deditus malis,
Ac prædo qualis,
Non inventus ullibi.

Hic & ubiq;
Compar utriq;
Ad stuporem agitat :
Nullus deterior,
Quovis superior,
Sem abeat.

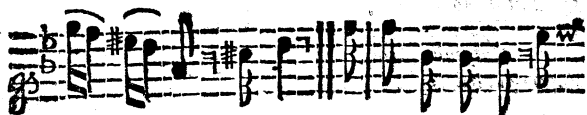
A SONG. Set by Mr. Leveridge.



F Fortune is blind and Beauty unkind, the Devil



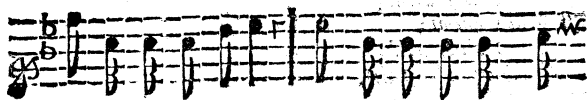
take 'em both, one is a Witch, & tother's Bitch in



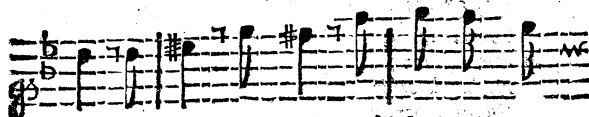
neither's Faith or Troth: There's hazard in hap de...



--ceit in a Lap, But no fraud in a Brimmer; If



Truth in the bottom lye, thence to redeem her we'll



drain, we'll drain, we'll drain, we'll drain the



Ocean dry.

Honour's a Toy,
 For fools a Decoy,
 Beset with care and fear;
 And that (I wuss)
 Kills many a Puss
 Before her clymacht year :
 But freedom and mirth,
 Create a new Birth,
 While Sack's the *Aqua Vita*,
 That Vigour and Spirit gives,
 Liquor Almighty !
 Whereby the poor Mortal lives.

Let us be blith,
 In spight of Death's Syth;
 And with an heart and half;
 Drink to our Friends,
 And thing of no ends,
 But keep us sound and safe :
 While healths do go round,
 No Malady's found,
 The Maw-sick in the Morning,
 For want of its wonted strain ;
 Is as a Warning,
 To double it over again;

Let us maintain
 Our Traffique with *Spain*,
 And both the *Indies* flight ;
 Give us their Wines,
 Let them keep their Mines,
 We'll pardon Eighty Eight .

There's more certain Wealth
 Secur'd from stealth,
 In one Pipe of Canary,
 Than in an unfortunate Isle :
 Let us be wary,
 We do not our selves beguile.

The Latin to the foregoing S O N G.

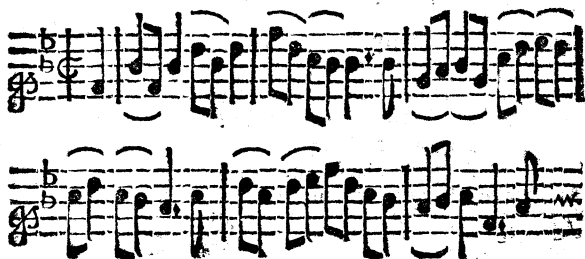
Sors sine visu,
 Formaq; Rifu,
 Sint pro Dæmone :
 Hæc malefica,
 Ita venefica,
 Fallax utraq; :
 Sors mea est fors,
 Sinûsque vecors,
 Sed fraus nulla ; tu toto
 In fundo si veritas sit,
 Potu Epoto,
 Oceanus sicus fit.

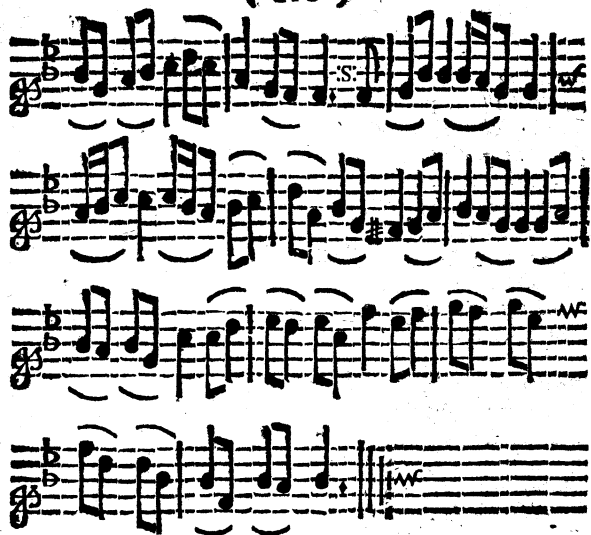
Honor & lusus,
 Stultis illusuf,
 Carâ catenatâ,
 Hæcque (ut fatur)
 Catus necatur,
 Morte non paratâ :
 Dum vero Gracatur,
 Non Renovamur,
 Nam Aqua vitæ vinum;
 Vires spiritûsque dat,
 Idque dicunum,
 A morte nos Elevat.

*Fam simus leti,
 Spreta vi lethi,
 Cordatissime ;
 Ut Combibones,
 (Non ut gnathones)
 Saxii rectique :
 Dum proculæ Spument,
 Morbi absument :
 Ac manè Corpus Onustum,
 Præ alienatione,
 Acuit gustum,
 Pro Iteratione.*

*Prestet quotannis,
 Merx cum Hispanis,
 India sit sola ;
 Vinum præbeant,
 Aurum teneant,
 Absq; spinola :
 Sunt opes. pro cerpo,
 Magis à furto,
 In Vini portione,
 Quam Terra Incognitâ ;
 Pro cautione,
 Ne nobis sit subdola.*

A S O N G, Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

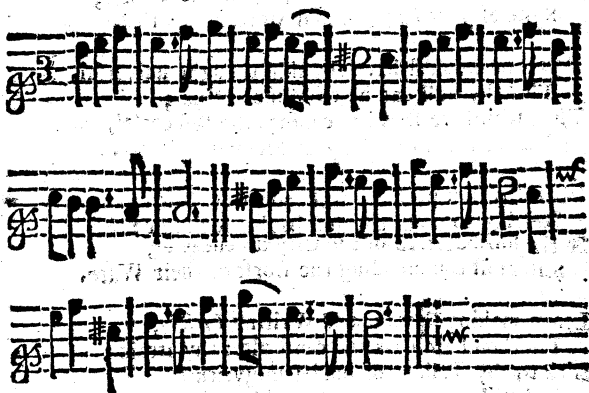




Young *Stephon* he has woo'd me long,
 And Courted me with Pipe and Song;
 But I a silly, silly, peevish Twit,
 For want of Sense, for want of Wit,
 Have poo'd, and Cry'd,
 Have pish'd, and fy'd,
 And play'd the fool, and lost my Time,
 And almost slip'd, and almost slip'd,
 And almost slip'd my Maiden Prime.

But now I thank my gracious Heav'n,
 I hope my faults are all forgiven;
 I've struck the Bargain, eas'd my pain,
 And am resolv'd to take my Swain:

 To poo, and cry,
 And pish, and fye,
 And make a Virgin's coy pretence,
 Is all, all, all, is all, all, all, is all, all, all
 For want of Sense.

The Raree-show, from Father Hopkins.

From Father *Hopkins*, whose Vein did inspire him,
Bays sends this Raree-show publick to view;
 Prentices, *Pops* and their Footmen admire him,
 Thanks Patron, Painter and Monsieur *Graben*.

Each Aſter on the Stage his luck bewailing,
 Finds that his loſs is infalibly true;
Smith, *Noker*, and *Leigh* in a Feaver with railing,
 Curſe Doct, Painter, and Monsieur *Graben*.

Betterton, *Betterton*, thy decorations,
 And the Machines were well written we knew;
 But all the Words were ſuch ſtuff we want patience,
 And little better is Monsieur *Graben*.

D— me ſays *Underhill* I'm out two hundred,
 Hoping that Rain-bows and Peacocks would do;
 Who thought infallable *Tom* could have blunder'd,
 A Plague upon him and Monsieur *Graben*.

Leave thou hast no applause for thy *Capers*,
 Tho' all without thee would make a man *spew* ;
 And a Month hence will not pay for the *Tapers*,
 Spite of *Jack Laureat*, and *Monsieur Grabeu*.

Says thou wouldst have thy skill thought universal,
 Tho' thy dull ear be to Music untrue ;
 Then whilst we strive to confute the Rehearsal,
 Prithee learn thrashing of *Monsieur Grabeu*.

With thy dull prefaces still thou wouldst treat us,
 Striving to make thy dull bauble look fair ;
 So the horn'd *Herd of the City* do cheat us,
 Still most commending the worst of their *Ware*.

Leave making *Opera's*, and Writing *Lyricks*,
 Till thou hast Ears and canst alter thy strain ;
 Stick to thy Tallet of bold *Panigyricks*,
 And still remember the breathing the *Vein*.

Yet if thou thinkest the Town will extoll 'em,
 Print thy dull Notes but be thrifty and Wise ;
 Instead of Angels subscrib'd for the Volume,
 Take a round Shilling and thank my advice.

In immitating thee this may be charming,
 Gleaning from Laureats is no shame at all ;
 And let this Song be sung the next performing,
 Else ten to one but the Prices will fall.

(13)
A S O N G.

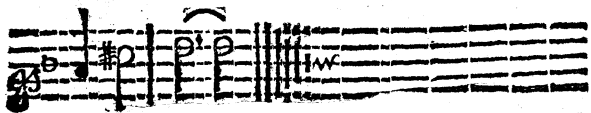
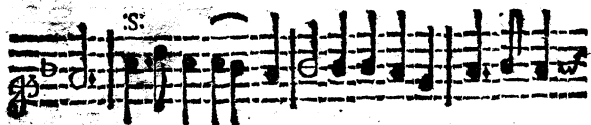
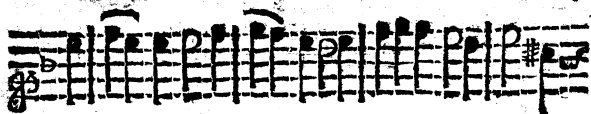
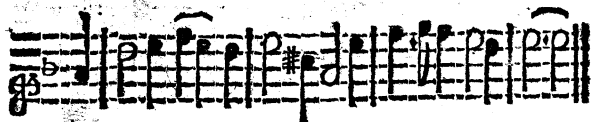


A Broad as I was walking, I spy'd two maids a wrestling
The one threw the other unto the ground ;
One maid she let a Fart, struck the other to the heart,
Was not this a grievous Wound ?

This Fart it was heard into Mr. *Dewin's* yard,
With a great and a mighty Power ;
For ought that I can tell, it blew down *Bridewell*,
And so overcame the Tower.

It blew down *Paul's* steeple and knock'd down many peo- (ple
Alack was the more the pity ;
It blew down *Leaden-hall*, and the Meal-sacks and all,
And the Meal flew about the City.

It blew down the *Exchange*, was not this very strange,
And the Merchants of the City did wonder ;
This Maid she like a Beast, turn'd her fugo to the East,
And it roar'd in the *Air* like Thunder.

The Jolly Pedler's Pretty Thing.

A Pedler proud as I heard tell,
 He came into a Town ;
 With certain Wares he had to sell,
 Which he cry'd up and down :
 At first of all he did begin,
 With Ribbands, or Laces, Points, or Pins ;
 Gartering, Girdling, Tape, or Filliting,
 Maids any Cunny-skins.

I have of your fine perfumed Gloves,
 And made of the best Doe-skin ;
 Such as young men do give their Loves,
 When they their favour Winn :
 Besides he had many a prettier thing
 Than Ribbands, &c.

I have of your fine Necklaces,
 As ever you did behold ;
 And of your Silk Handkerchiefs,
 That are lac'd round with Gold :
 Besides he had many a prettier thing,
 Than Ribbands, &c.

Good fellow, says one, and smiling fat,
 Your Measure does somewhat pinch ;
 Beside you measure at that rate,
 It wants above an inch :
 And then he shew'd her a prettier thing,
 Than Ribbands, &c.

The Lady was pleas'd with what she had seen,
 And vow'd and did protest ;
 Unless he'd shew it her once again,
 She never cou'd be at rest :
 With that he shew'd her his prettier thing,
 Than Ribbands, &c.

With that the Pedler began to huff,
 And said his Measure was good ;
 If that she pleased to try his stuff,
 And take it whilst it stood :
 And then he gave her his prettier thing,
 Than Ribbands, &c.

Good fellow said she when you come again,
 Pray bring good store of your Ware ;
 And for new Customers do not sing,
 For I'll take all and to spare :
 With that she hug'd his prettier thing,
 Than Ribbands, or Laces, Points, or Pins ;
 Gartering, Girdling, Tape, or Filliting,
 Maids any Cunny-skins,

A S O N G, by Mr. Escourt, To a Tune of
Mr. Weldon's.



THe Ordinance board,
Such joys does afford,
As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal, no mortal, no mortal
(e'er more can desire ;

Each member repairs,
From the Tower to the stairs,
And by water, by water, by water, they all go to fire.

Of each piece that's a'hoar,
 They search from the bore,
 And to proving, to proving, to proving, to proving, to
 proving they go in fair Weather;
 Their Glasses are large,
 And when e'er they discharge,
 There's a boo huzza, a boo huzza, a boo huzza, Guns and
 Bumpers go off together;

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,
 Fitted Tools for his Wars,
 To enable him, enable him, enable him, enable him, enable
 him to conquer the faster;
 But had *Mars* ever been
 Upon our *Wolwich* Green,
 To have heard boo, huzza, boo, huzza, boo, huzza, he'd
 have own'd Great *Malborough* his Master.

A S O N G.



A Young Man and a Maid, put in all, put in all,
 Together lately play'd, put in all:
 The Young Man was in jest,
 O the Maid she did protest,
 She b'd him do his best, put in all, put in all.

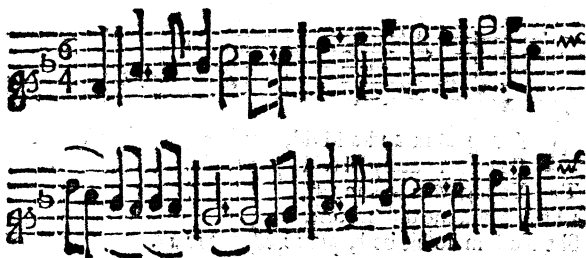
With that her rowling Eyes, *put, &c.*
 Turn'd upward to the skies, *put, &c.*
 My skin is white you see,
 My smock's above my knee,
 What wou'd you more of me, *put, &c.*

I hope my neck and breast, *put, &c.*
 Lie open to your chest, *put, &c.*
 The Young Man was in heat,
 The Maid did foundly sweat,
 A little farther get, *put, &c.*

According to her will, *put, &c.*
 This Young Man try'd his skill, *put, &c.*
 But the Proverd plain does tell,
 That use 'em ne'er so well,
 For an inch they'd take an ell, *put, &c.*

When they had ended sport, *put, &c.*
 She found him all too short, *put, &c.*
 For when he'd done his best,
 The Maid she did protest,
 'Twas nothing but a Jest, *put in all, put in all.*

*A SONG, The Words by Jo. Hains, Set by
 Mr. Church.*



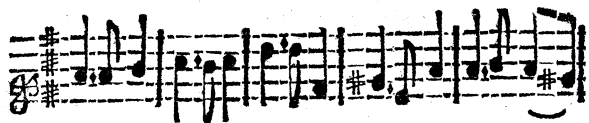
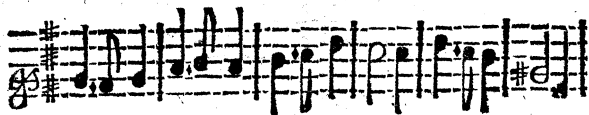


I Courted and Writ,
 I Shew'd my Love and my Wit,
 And still pretty *Flavia* deny'd;
 'Twas her Virtue I thought,
 Made me prove such a Sot,
 To adore her the more for her Pride:
 Till I happen'd to sit
 By her Mask'd in a pit,
 Whilst a crow'd of gay Beasts held her play;
 When so wantonly free,
 Was her smart Repartee,
 I was cur'd and went blushing, went blushing away.

How Lovers mistake
 The Addresses they make,
 When they swear to be constant and true;
 For all the Nymphs hold,
 Tho' the sport be still old,
 That their Play-mates must ever be new:

Each pretty new toy,
 How they'll long to enjoy,
 And then for a newer will pine;
 But when they perceive,
 Others like what they leave,
 Then they cry for their Bauble again.

A SONG, *The Words by Jo. Hains, Set by
 Mr. Leveridge.*



Perkin in a Cole-Sack: Or, the Colliers Buxome
Wife of St. James's.



Come all that are dispos'd a while,
And listen to my Story;
I shall not you of ought beguile,
But plainly lay before ye:
How buxome *Ruth* had often strove,
With no small Pains and Labour;
Her own Sufficiency to prove,
By many a brawny Neighbour.

She oft was heard for to complain,
 But still with little profit,
 That Nature made her Charms in vain,
 Unless some good came of it;
 Her Booby seldom was at home,
 And therefore could not please her,
 Which made more welcome Guest to come,
 In charity to ease her.

Her wishes all were for an Heir,
 Tho' *Venus* still refus'd her,
 Which made the pensive Sinner Swear,
 The Goddess had abus'd her;
 And since her Suit she did deny,
 To shew her good Intention,
 She was resolv'd her self to try,
 An old but rare Invention.

Abroad by known example taught,
 To one with Child she hasts her,
 Whereby five Guineas which she brought,
 The bargain is made fast Sir;
 The Infant soon as brought to light,
 (For so they had agreed it)
 Must fall to Buxome *Ruth* by right,
 To save her sinking Credit.

Her Petty-coats with Cushions rear'd,
 Her Belly Struts before her,
 Her *Ben's* Abilitys are prais'd,
 And he poor fool adores her;
 Her Stomach sick, and squeamish grown,
 She pewkes like breeding Women,
 While he is proud to make it known,
 That he has prov'd a true Man.

Nine Months compleat, the trusty Dame,
 Her pain she finds encreases,
 While *Ruth* affected with the same,
 Makes ugly and wry Faces;

And

And now a Coach must needs be had,
The Brat to shake about Sir;
But e'er return'd *Ben* was a Dad,
For *Perkin* had crept out Sir.

The good Ale Firkin strait is Tap'd,
And Women all are Jolly,
While no one in her round is scap'd,
For fear of Melancholy;
And *Ruth* in Bed could in her turn,
Tho' modest of Behaviour,
With all her Heart a Bob have born,
Had she not fear'd a Feaver.

Thus Jovially the time they spend,
In Merriment and Quaffing,
Whilst each one does the Brat commend,
As *Ben* did still keep Laughing:
And now to tell is my Intent,
How Fortune to Dislike her,
Ruth's future Boasting did prevent,
By one most sad Disaster.

A Search was made at t'other Home,
By Overseers quick sighted,
The Mother to Confession comes,
By threats being much Affrighted;
Thus all their Mirth at once was Cool,
Fate all their hopes did hamper,
So *Ben* lives on the self same Fool.
Tho' *Ruth* was forc'd to Scamper.

*And if the Truth of this you doubt,
The Overseers can make it out.*

*The Man of Honour: Or, the Unconstant World
turn'd upside down: To the foregoing Tune.*

HOW is the World transform'd of late,
In Country, Court, and City,
As if we were decreed by fate,
To sing a mournful Ditty:
About the dismal change of Things,
There was no sooth in Fauner,
In the blest Reigns of former Kings,
When I was a Man of Honour.

I kept a Castle of my own,
With Land five Thousand Acres,
When Old King *Harry* grac'd the Throne,
Before the time of Quakers;
My Doors and Gates stood open Wide,
I lackt no Ring nor Runner,
An Ox each Day I did provide,
When I was, &c.

My Guests all Day went in and out,
To Feast and cheer their Senses,
Could I but bring the Year about,
I grudg'd not my Expences;
My Tallent was to feast the Poor,
I valu'd no Court Fauner;
Of Cooks I kept full half a Score,
When I was, &c.

When Christmas Day was drawing near,
to Cheer and make them Merry;
I Broach'd my humming Stout *March Beer*,
as brown as the Hathorn Berry;
Of which there was not any lack,
I was my self the Doner,
'Twas fetch'd up in a *Leathern Jack*,
When I was, &c.

I never lay in Trades-Mens Books,
For Gaudy Silks or Sattins,
Nor did I pay with Frowning looks,
Or broken Scraps of *Latin*;
They had my Gold and Silver free,
I fear'd not any Doner,
All Men was glad to deal with me,
When I was a Man of Honour.

I never kept my *Hawks* and *Hounds*;
Or Lew'd and Wanton *Misses*,
I'd never sell or Mortgage Towns,
To purchase Charming *Kisses*;
Of those that seeks their Prey by night,
each cunning Female Fauner,
My Lady was my hearts Delight,
When I was, &c.

I never hid my Noble Head,
For any Debts contracted,
Nor from the Nation have I fled,
For Treasons basely Acted;
Nor did I in the least Rebel,
to make my self a Runner,
My Loyalty was known full well,
When I was, &c.

I never did betray my trust,
For Bribes more sweet than Honey,
Nor was I false, or so unjust,
To sink the Nations Money;
My *Lands* and *Living*s to enlarge,
By wronging each good *Doner*,
I built not at the Nations Charge,
When I was, &c.

We find now in these latter Days,
Some *Men* hath delegated,
From truth, and found out greedy ways;
this should be Regulated;

And a^t henceforth with Heart and Hand,
 Oppose the Sons of *Bonner*,
 I lov'd my King and serv'd my Land,
When I was a Man of Honour.

For bounty love and large relief,
 For Noble Conversation,
 For easing the poor Widows grief,
 In Times of Lamentation;
 For House of Hospitality,
 I'll challenge any Doner,
 There's few or none that can Outvey,
King Henery's Man of Honour.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. King.





WHEN on her Eyes,
 When on her Eyes,
 My happy Stars I gaze;
 A strange Comotion seizes every part,
 Fain would I speak, fain would I speak,
 The cause of my Disease,
 But fear to tell the Story of my heart.
 Her look severe, $\frac{S}{T}$
 Her look severe,
 Yet O endearing awes,
 Yet O endearing awes,
 The Womens Envy,
 The Womens Envy,
 But Mankind's applause,
 But Mankind's applause.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Akeroyde.



That scoruful *Sylvia's* Chains I wear,
 The Groves and Streams can tell;
 Those blasted with my Sighs appear,
 These with my Tears, my Tears o'er swell.
 But Sighs and Tears bring no redress,
 And Love that sees, that sees me grieve;
 Conspires with *Sylvia* to oppress,
 The heart he should relieve.

The

The God that should reward my pain,
Makes *Sylvia* more my foe ;
As She encreases in Disdain,
He makes my passion grow.
And must I, must I, still admire,
Those Eyes that cause my Grief ?
'Tis just, since I my self conspire !
Against my own relief.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Frank.





Fickle Bliss, fantastick Treasure,
 Love how soon. how soon,
 How soon thy Joys, are past?
 Since we soon must lose the Pleasure,
 Oh! 'twere better ne'er to taste.
 God's! how sweet would be possessing,
 Did not Time its Charms destroy;
 Or could Lovers with the Blessing,
 Lose the thoughts of *Cupid's* Joy:
 Lose the thoughts, the thoughts,
 The thoughts Of *Cupid's* Joy.

Cruel thoughts, that pain yet please me,
 Ah! no more my rest destroy;
 Shew me still if you would ease me,
 Love's Deceits, but not it's Joy.
 God's what kind yet cruel powers,
 Force my Will to rack my Mind!
 Ah! too long we wait for Flowers,
 Too Too soon, to fade design'd.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Frank.

A Swain in despair,
Cry'd Women ne'er trust,
Alas they are all
Unkind or unjust.
A Nymph who was by,
Soon thus did reply;
The Men we all find
More false and unkind.

Except me he cryed,
And me She replied;
Then try me said he,
I dare not said She:
The Swain did pursue,
Each alter'd their Mind:
She vow'd He was true,
He swore She was kind.

A SONG.



STill near bright *Celia*,
SE co—fi dol—ce
 Since She's coy,
 na bel—ta;
 I sigh and I languish,
 La pe—na chio sen—to,
 Nor could I hope to live;
 Ar—da—fi au vam pa—fi,
 With fatal anguish,
 Che nel tor—mento,
 Tho' her Heart She'd give,
 Strug—ga—fi ab—bru—gia—fi,
 Gazing admiring;
 Voglio gio—i—re,
 Excess of rapture as soon would destroy,
 Voglio ado—ra—re di—vi—na belta
 Wishing desiring,
 Voglio mori—re,
 Tho' 'tis in vain,
 Sen—za pi—eta,
 Gazing admiring,
 Go—do gio—i—re,
 Wishing desiring,
 Delmio ge—na—re,
 Tho' I'm expiring,
 Vog—lio a—ma—re,
 Sweet is my pain,
 Concan—di—da fe,
 Tho' I'm expiring,
 vog—lio a—ma—re,
 Sweet is my pain,
 Sen—za—mor—cè
 Why relief do I crave,
 Ar—da fi au vam pa—fi,
 She my life cannot save,
 Strug—gasi ab brugia—fi,
 Soon with Desire I must dye,
 Vog—lio a do—ra—re —di—vi.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Akeroyde.



WO'as me poor Lafs! what mun I do?
 Gin I did my bonny *Sawney* flight,
 He now gangs a blither Lafs to woo,
 And I alene poor Lafs ligs e'ery Night.
 Curse on Fickleness and Pride,
 By which We silly Women are undone;
 What my *Sawney* begg'd and I denied,
 Alas! I long to grant, but now he's gone.

When he was kind, I made a Strife,
 Yet I then deny'd with mickle Woe;
 For he'fu'd as gin, he'd begg'd for Life,
 And almost dy'd poor Lad! when I said no.
 Well I kenn'd, he woo'd to wed,
 Yet fear'd to own, I lov'd the canny Loon;
 Ah would he have stayer he might have sped,
 Waa's me! why would my *Sawney* gang so soon.

A SONG.



Richest Gift of lavish Nature,
Matchless darling of my Heart;
Ah! too dear, too charming Creature,
You on Earth a Heav'n impart.
Rapt in Pleasures past expressing,
I with Bliss almost expire;
Cou'd we still be thus possessing,
God's who would your state desire.

Kindling Glances quickning Kisses,
That like Time so soon are past;
Crowding Joys to eager Bliss,
Still renewing may you last.

Nor by a fantastick Fashion,
 Being lawful please the less;
 But may I indulge my Passion,
 Blest in none but her I bless.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. King.



Not your Eyes *Melania* move me,
 Not your flowing Charms or Wit;
 Not your daily Vows to love me,
 Make my easy Soul submit.
 Shape nor Dress can never sway me,
 Nor the softest looks betray me;
 Shape nor face can never sway me,
 Nor the softest looks betray me.

But

But your Mind my Dear subdues me,
Where a thousand Graces shine;
Goodness, Love, and Honour moves me,
And my Passion's all Divine.
Goodness as a boundless Treasure,
Yields the purest sweetest pleasure.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Damascene.



Who can *Dorinda's* Beauty view,
And not her Captive be;
Apollo, Daphne did pursue,
Embraced the Maid, tho' chang'd to a Tree.
If God's could love at such a rate,
Poor Mortals must adore;
Dorinda's Merit is as great,
'Tis just, 'tis just to love her more.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Frank.



Ere *Phillis* with her looks did kill,
 My heart resisting,
 My Heart resisting them was ill;
 Now in its Wounds it finds a Cure,
 When most they bleed, I least endure.

For tho' 'tis Death those looks to meet,
 There's Life in dying at her feet;
 Kill *Phillis* then, kill with your Eyes,
 If you let *Strepbon* live he dyes.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. King.



Banish my *Lydia* these sad thoughts,
 Why sests thou musing so;
 To hear the ugly rail at faults,
 They wou'd, they wou'd, but cannot do.
 For let the Guilt be what it will,
 So small, so small Account they bear;
 That none yet thought it worth their while,
 On such, on such to be severe,
 On such, on such to be severe.

With

With far more reason thou may'st pine,
 Thy self for being fair;
 For hadst thou but less Glorious been,
 Thou of no faults wou'dst hear.
 So the great light that shines from far,
 Has had its Spots set down;
 While many a little useleſs Star,
 Has not been tax'd with one.

Tom Tinker.



Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his Dear,
 And I will go with him his Budget to bear;
 For of all the young Men he has the best luck,
 All the day he will fuddle at night he will—
 This way, that way, which way you will,
 I am sure I say nothing that you can take ill.

With Hammer on Kettle he tabbers all day,
 At night he will tumble on strumil or Hay;
 He calls me his Jewel, his delicate Duck,
 And then will he take up my Smicket to—
 this way, &c.

Tom

Tom Tinker I say was a Jolly stout Lad,
He tickled young *Nancy* and made her stark-mad,
To have a new Rubbers with him on the grass,
By reason she knew that he had a good—
this way, &c.

There was an old Woman on Crutches she came,
To lusty *Tom Tinker*, *Tom Tinker* by Name,
And tho' she was aged near threescore and five,
She kickt up her heels and resolv'd to—
this way, &c.

A beautiful Damsel came out of the West,
And she was as Jolly and brisk as the best,
She'd dance and She'd caper as wild as a Buck,
And told *Tom the Tinker* she wou'd have some—
this way, &c.

A Lady she call'd him her Kettle to mend,
And she resolv'd her self to attend;
Now as he stood slooping and mending the brass,
His Breeches was torn and down hung his—
this way, &c.

Something she saw that pleas'd her well,
She call'd in the *Tinker* and gave him a spell;
With Pig, Goose and Capon and good store of suck,
That he might be willing to gine her some—
this way, &c.

He had such a trade that he turn'd me away;
Yet as I was going he caus'd me to stay,
So as towards him I was going to pass,
He gave me a slap in the face with his—
this way, &c.

I thought in my Heart he had struck off my Nose,
I gave him as good as he brought I suppose;
My Words they were ready and wonderful blunt,
Quoth I, I had rather been stobb'd in my—
this way, &c.

I met with a Butcher a killing a Calf,
 I then step'd to him and cryed out half;
 At his first denial I fell very sick,
 And he said it was all for a touch of his—
 this way, &c.

I met with a Fencer a going to School,
 I told him at Fencing he was but a Fool;
 He had but three Rapiers and they were all blunt,
 And told him he should no more play at my—
 this way, &c.

I met with a Barber with Razor and Balls.
 He fliger'd and told me for all my brave alls;
 He would have a stroke and his words they were blunt,
 I could not deny him the use of my—
 this way, &c.

I met with a Fidler a fiddling aloud,
 He told me he had lost the case of his Croud;
 I being good natur'd as I was wont,
 Told him he should make a Case of my—
 This way, and that way, and which way you can,
 For the Fairest of Women will lye with a Man.

Miss Cuddy.



Poor Sawney had marry'd a Wife,
 And he knew not what to do with her;
 For she'd eat more Barley bread
 Then he knew how to give her?
 We'll all sup together, we'll all sup, &c.
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 Till Jove sends warmer Weather?
 We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 Till Jove sends warmer Weather.

We'll

We'll put the Sheep's-head in the Pot,
 The Wool and the Horns together,
 And we will make Broth of that?
 And we'll all sup together,
 We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 Till *Jove* sends warmer weather,
 We'll all lig together, &c.

The Wool shall thicken the Broth,
 The Horns shall serve for Bread,
 By this you may understand,
 The Virtue that's in a Sheep's-head?
 And we'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
 And we'll all lig together, &c.

Some shall lig at the Head,
 And some shall lig at the feet,
 Miss *Cuddy* wou'd lig in the middle,
 Because she'd ahave all the Sheet?
 We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
 We'll make no more beds than one,
 Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
 And we'll all lig together, &c.

Miss *Cuddy* got up in the Loft,
 And *Sawney* wou'd fain have been at her,
 Miss *Cuddy* fell down in her Smock,
 And made the glafs Windows to clatter?
 We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 Till *Jove* sends warmer weather,
 We'll all lig together, &c.

The Bride she went to bed,
 The Bridegroom followed after;
 The Fidler crep in at the feet,
 And they all lig'd together,
 We'll all lig together, &c.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Damascene.



Beauty like Kingdoms not for one,
 Was made to be possesst alone ;
 By bounteous Nature 'twas delign'd,
 To be the Joy of Humankind.
 So the bright Planet of the day,
 Doth unconfin'd his Beams display ;
 And generous heat to all dispense,
 Which else wou'd dye without that Influence.

Nor is your mighty Empire less,
 On you depends Man's Happiness ;
 If you but frown we cease to be,
 And only live by your decree.
 But sure a Tyrant cannot rest,
 Nor harbour in so fair a Breast ;
 In Monsters cruelty we find,
 An Angel's Face, must have an Angel's Mind.

A SONG.



I Love to Madness, rave t' enjoy,
 But heaps of Wealth my Progress barr;
 Curse on the Load that stops my way,
 My Love's more Rich and Brighter far.
 Were I prest under Hills of Gold,
 My furious Sighs should make my escape;
 I'd sigh and blow up all the Mould,
 And throw the Oar in *Calia's* Lap.

Were thou some Peasant mean and small,
 And all the spacious Globe were mine;
 I'd give the World, the Sun and all,
 For one kind brighter Glance of thine.
 This hour let *Calia* with me live,
 And God's cou'd I but of you borrow,
 I'd give what only you can give,
 For that dear hour, I'd give to morrow.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Akeroyde.



Beneath a cool shade *Amaryllis* was fate,
 Complaining of Love and bemoaning her Fate;
 Ah! She cry'd, why must Maids be so formal and Coy,
 To deny what they think is their only true Joy?
 And custom impose on us so much ado,
 When our Hearts are on fire, and Love bids us fall too;
 And Custom impose on us so much ado,
 When our Hearts are on fire, and Love bids us fall too.

Young *Strephon* was near her, and heard the Complaint,
He easily gueſt what the Damsel did want:
He ruſh'd in upon her, in Kiſſes reply'd,
Caught her faſt in his arms, She faintly deny'd:
What they did without ſtudy, we ſoon may divine,
'Twas *Strephon's* Luck then, the next Minute be mine.

A S O N G, Sett by Mr. Robert King.



ALL own the Young *Sylvia* is fatally fair,
 All own the young *Sylvia* is pretty;
 Confess her good Nature, and easy soft air,
 Nay more, that She's wanton and witty?
 Yet all the Keen Arrows, at *Damon* still cast,
 Cou'd never, cou'd never, his quiet destroy,
 Till the cunning *Coquette*, shot me flying at last;
 By a *Fene say, Fene say, quoy,*
 By a *Fene say, Fene say, quoy.*

So tho' the young *Sylvia* were not very fair,
 Tho' she were but indifferently pretty;
 Much wanting *Aurelia's*, or *Celia's* soft air,
 But not the dull sence of the City?
 Yet still the dear Creature wou'd please without doubt
 And give me abundance of Joy;
 Since all that is missing is mainly made out,
 By a *Fene say, Fene say quoy.*

Clarinda's Complaint.



With sighing and wishing, and green sickness Diet,
 With nothing of Pleasure, and little of Quiet;
 With a Grannam's Inspection, and Doctor's Direction,
 But not the Specifick that suits my Complection:
 The Flower of my Age is full blown in my Face,
 Yet no Man considers, yet no Man considers
 My comfortless Case.

Young Women were valued as I have been told,
 In the late times of Peace, above Mountains of Gold;
 But now there is Fighting, we are nothing but slitting,
 Few Gallants in Conjugal Matters delighting:
 'Tis a shame that mankind, should love killing and slaying
 And mind not supplying, the flock that's decaying.

Unlucky *Clarinda*, to love in a Season,
 When *Mars* has forgotten to 'do *Venus* Reason;
 Had I any Hand in Rule and Command,
 I'd certainly make it a Law of the Land:
 That killers of Men, to replenish the store,
 Be bound to the Wedlock, and made to get more.

Enacted moreover for better dispatch,
 That where a good Captain meets with an o'ermatch,
 His honest Lieutenant with Soldier like Grace,
 Shall relieve him on Duty, and serve in his Place:
 Thus killers and slayers of able good Men,
 Without beat of Drum may recruit 'em agen.

A Satyr on the Times.



A World that's full of Fools and Mad-men,
 Of over glad, and over sad Men,
 With a few good, but many bad men,
Which no body can deny.

So many Cheats and close disguises,
 So many down for one that rises,
 So many Fops for one that Wise is,
Which no body can deny.

So many Women ugly Fine,
 Their inside Foul, their outside shines,
 So many Preachers few Divines,
Which no body can deny.

A So many of Religious Sect,
 Who quite do misexpound the Text,
 About ye know not what perplex,
Which no body can deny.

Many Diseases that do fill ye,
Many Doctors that do kill ye,
Few Physicians that do heal ye,
Which no body can deny.

Many Lawyers that undo ye,
But few friends who will stick to ye,
And Others Ill's that do pursue ye,
Which no body can deny.

So many Trades-men Lyars,
So many cheated Buyers,
As even Numeration tyers,
Which no body can deny.

So many loose ones and high flying,
Who live as if there were no dying,
Heaven and Hell, and all defying,
Which no body can deny.

So many under Scanty Fates,
Who yet do live at lofty rates,
And make show of great Estates,
Which no body can deny.

And if they will not take offence,
Many great Men of little fence,
Who yet to Politicks make pretence,
Which no body can deny.

Many meriting lower Fate,
Have Title Office and Estate,
Their Betters waiting at their Gate,
Which no body can deny.

The worthless meet with higher advances,
As the Wise bestower Fancies,
To the worthy nothing chances,
Which no body can deny.

The worthy and the worthless Train,
Modest silent nothing gain,
Impudent begging all obtain,
Which no body can deny.

A World wherein is plenteous store,
Of Foppish, Rich, Ingenious Poor,
Neglected beg from Door to Door,
Which no body can deny.

A World compos'd, 'tis strange to tell,
Of seeming Paradise, yet real Hell,
Yet all agree to lov't too well,
Which no body can deny.

Where Pious, Lew'd, the Fool, the Wife,
The one like to the other dies,
And leaves a World of Vanities,
Which no body can deny.

Proud and Covetous Beaus and Bullies,
Like one o'your musing Melancholies,
I cry for their Ill's and Laugh at their Follies;
Which no body can deny.

A Ballad of Fair Rosamond, King Henry the Second's Concubine: Who was put to Death by Queen Elinor, in the Famous Bower of Woodstock near Oxford. To the Tune of Chevy-chace.



When as King Henry rul'd this Land,
 the Second of that Name,
 Besides the Queen he dearly lov'd,
 a fair and comely Dame:
 Most peerless was her Beauty found,
 her Favour and her Face,
 A sweeter Creature in this World,
 did never Prince embrace.

Her crisped Locks like Threads of Gold,
 appear'd to each Man's sight;
 Her comely Eyes like Orient Pearls,
 did cast a heavenly light:
 The Blood within her crystal Cheeks,
 did such a Colour drive,
 As tho' the Lilly and the Rose,
 for Master-ship did strive.

Yea, Rosamond fair Rosamond,
 her name was called so,
 To whom Dame El'nor our Queen,
 was known a deadly Foe:

The King therefore for her Defence,
against the furious Queen,
At Wood-stock builded such a Bower,
the like was never seen.

Most curiously that Bower was built,
of Stone and Timber strong,
A hundred and fifty Doors,
did to this Bower belong;
And they so cunningly contriv'd,
with Turnings round about,
That none but with a Clew of Thread,
could enter in or out.

And for his Love and Lady's sake,
that was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this Bower he gave,
unto a valiant Knight:
But Fortune that doth often frown,
where it before did smile,
The King's Delight, the Lady's Joy,
full soon she did beguile.

For why the Kings ungracious Son,
whom he did high advance,
Against his Father raised Wars:
within the Realm of France:
But yet before our comely King,
the English Land forsook,
Of Rosamond, his Lady fair,
his Farewel thus he took.

My Rosamond, my only Rose,
that pleasest best mine eye,
Thou fairest Flower in all the World,
to feed my Fantasie:
The Flower of my afflicted Heart,
whose sweetness doth excel,
My Royal Rose a hundred times,
I bid thee now farewell.

156 Pills to purge Melancholy.

For I must leave my fairest Flower,
my sweetest Rose a space,
And cross the Seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abase:
But yet my Rose, be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see;
And in my Heart when hence I am,
I'll bear my Rose with me.

When Rosamond, that Lady bright,
did hear the King say so,
The Sorrow of her grieved Heart,
her outward Looks did show:
And from her clear and cristal Eyes,
the Tears gusht out apace,
Which like the silver pearly Dew,
ran down her comely Face.

Her Lips like to the Coral red,
did wax both wan and pale,
And for the Sorrow she conceiv'd,
her vital Spirits did fail:
And falling down all in a Swoond,
before King Henry's Face,
Full oft within his Princely Arms,
her Body did imbrace.

And twenty times with watery Eyes,
he kist her tender Cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again,
her Senses mild and meek:
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?
the King did often say,
Because, quoth she, to bloody Wars,
my Lord must pass away.

But since your Grace in foreign Coasts,
amongst your Foes unkind,
Must go to bazard Life and Limb,
why should I stay behind?

Nay, rather let me like a Page,
thy Sword and Target bear,
That on my Breast the Blow may light,
that should offend you there.

O let me in your Royal Tent
prepare your Bed at Night,
And with sweet Baths refresh your Grace,
at your return from Fight :
So I your Presence may enjoy,
no Toyl I will refuse ;
But wanting you, my Life is Death,
which doth true Love abuse.

Content thy self, my dearest Love,
thy rest at home shall be,
In England's sweet and pleasant Soil,
for Travel fits not thee :
Fair Ladies Brook no bloody Wars,
sweet Peate their Pleasures breed,
The Nourisher of Heart's Content,
which fancy first did feed.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstock Bower,
with Musick sweetly dight,
Whilst I among the piercing Pikes,
against my Foes do fight :
My Rose in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the Galliards of my Love,
while I my Foes do smite,

And you Sir Thomas whom I trust,
to be my Loves defence,
Be careful of my gallant Rose,
when I am parted hence :
And therewithal he fetcht a Sigh,
as tho' his Heart would break ;
And Rosamond for very Grief,
not one plain Word could speak.

And at their parting well they might,
 in Heart be grieved sore,
 After that Day fair *Rosamond*,
 the King did see no more:
 For when his Grace had past the Seas,
 and into *France* was gone,
 Queen *Elinor* with envious Heart,
 to *Woodstock* came anon.

And forth she calls this trusty Knight,
 which kept this curious Bower,
 Who with his Clew of twined Thread,
 came from this famous Flower:
 And when that they had wounded him,
 the Queen this Thread did get,
 And went were Lady *Rosamond*,
 was like an Angel set.

But when the Queen with stedfast Eye,
 beheld her heavenly Face,
 She was amazed in her Mind,
 at her exceeding Grace:
 Cast off from thee these Robes (she said):
 that rich and costly be,
 And drink thou up this dead'y Draught,
 which I have brought to thee.

But presently upon her Knees,
 sweet *Rosamond* did fall,
 And Pardon of the Queen she crav'd
 for her Offences all:
 Take pity on my Youthful Tears,
 (fair *Rosamond* did cry)
 And let me not with Poison strong,
 inforced be to dye.

I will renounce my sinful Life,
 and in some Cloyster 'bide,
 Or else be banished, if you please,
 to range the World so wide.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

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*And for the fault that I have done,
tho' I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my Life, and punish me,
as you think good to do.*

And with these Words, her lilly Hands
she wrung full often there,
And down along her comely Face,
proceeded many a Tear :
But nothing could this furious Queen,
therewith appeased be,
The Cup of deadly Poison strong,
as she fate on her Knee.

She gave this comely Dame to drink,
who took it in her Hand,
And from her bended Knee arose,
and on her Feet did stand :
And casting up her Eyes to Heaven,
she did for Mercy call,
And drinking up the Poison strong,
her Life she lost withal.

And when that Death thro' every Limb,
had done her greatest spight,
Her chiefest Foes did there confess,
she was a glorious Wight :
Her Body then they did entomb,
when Life was fled away,
At Woodstock, near to Oxford Town,
as may be seen this Day.

The

*The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime.
To the Tune of Chevy-chace.*

AS it befel upon one time,
about *Mid-summer* of the Year;
Every Man was taxt of his Crime,
for stealing the good Lord Bishop's Mare.

The good Lord *Screw* saddled a Horse,
and rid after the same serime;
Before he did get over the Moss,
there was he aware of Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime*.

Turn, O turn, thou false Traytor,
turn and yield thy self unto me;
Thou hast stolen the Lord Bishop's Mare,
and now thinkest away to flee.

No, soft Lord *Screw*, that may not be,
here is a broad Sword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
the Victory will soon be try'd.

I ne'er was afraid of a Traytor bold,
altho' thy Name be *Hugh* in the *Grime*;
I'll make thee repent thy Speeches foul,
if day and life but give me time.

Then do thy worst, good Lord *Screw*,
and deal your blows as fast as you can;
It will be tryed between me and you,
which of us two shall be the best Man.

Thus as they dealt their blows so free,
and both so bloody at that time;
Over the Moss ten Yeomen they see,
come for to take Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime*.

Sir *Hugh* set his back again a tree,
and then the Men compast him round;
His mickle Sword from his hand did flee,
and then they brought Sir' *Hugh* to the ground.

Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime* now taken is,
and brought back to *Garland Town*;
Then cry'd the good Wives all in *Garland Town*,
Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime*, thou'lt ne'er gang down.

The good Lord Bishop is come to Town,
and on the Bench is set so high;
And every Man was tax to his Crime,
at length he called Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime*.

Here am I, thou false Bishop,
thy Humours all to fulfil;
I do not think my fact so great,
but thou maist put into thy own Will.

The Quest of Jury-Men was call'd,
the best that was in *Garland Town*;
Eleven of them spoke all in a breast,
Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime* thou'lt ne'er gang down.

Then other Questry-men was call'd,
the best that was in *Rumary*;
Twelve of them spoke all in a breast,
Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime* thou'lt now guilty.

Then came down my good Lord *Boles*,
falling down upon his Knee;
Five hundred pieces of Gold will I give,
to grant Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime* to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lord *Boles*,
and of your Speeches set them by;
If there be eleven *Grimes* all of a Name,
then by my own Honour they all should dye.

Then

Then came down my good Lady Ward,
falling low upon her knee ;
Five hundred measures of Gold I'll give,
to grant Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime* to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lady Ward,
none of your Proffers shall him buy,
For if there be twelve *Grimes* all of a Name,
by my own Honour all should dye.

Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime*'s condemn'd to dye,
and of his Friends he had no lack ;
Fourteen foot he leapt in his Ward,
his hands bound fast upon his back.

Then he lookt over his left shoulder,
to see whom he could see or 'spye ;
There was he aware of his Father dear,
came tearing his hair most pitifully.

Peace, peace, my Father dear,
and of your speeches set them by ;
Tho' they have bereav'd me of my Life,
they cannot bereave me of Heaven so high.

He lookt over his right shoulder,
to see whom he could see or 'spye ;
There was he aware of his Mother dear,
came tearing her hair most pitifully.

Pray have me remember'd to *Peggy* my Wife,
as she and I walkt over the More ;
She was the Caufer of the loss of my life,
and with the old Bishop she plaid the Whore.

Here *Johnny Armstrong*, take thou my sword,
that is made of the mettle so fine ;
And when thou com'st to the Border side,
remember the death of Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime*.

A S O N G, Sett by Mr. Berenclow.





Why will *Clemene* when I gaze,
 My ravish'd Eyes reprove;
 'And chide 'em from the only Face,
 that they were made to Love?
 Was not I born to wear your Chain,
 I should delight to rove:
 From your cold Province of Disdain,
 to some warm Land of Love.

But shou'd a gentle Nymph when try'd,
 to me prove well inclin'd;
 My destin'd Heart must yet reside
 with you the most unkind?
 So destin'd Exiles as they come,
 while kindly us'd elsewhere;
 Still languish after Native home,
 tho' Death, Death is threatned there.

An Irish SONG, Sung by Mr. Lee.



Hub, ub, ub, boo ; Hub, ub, ub, boo ;
 Dish can't be true,
 De War dees cease,
 But der's no Peash,
 I know and find,
 'Tis Sheal'd and Sign'd ;
 But won't believe 'tis true ;
 Hub, ub, ub, boo ; Hub, ub, boo.
A bone, a bone.
 Poor *Teagues* undone ;
 I dare not be
 A Raparee
 I ne'er shall see,
Magraw Macree,
 Nor my more dear Garone,
A bone, a bone.
 Awa, awa,
 I must huzza,
 'Twill hide my Fears,
 And save my Ears,
 The Mob appears.
 Her'sh to Nassau,
 Dear Joy 'tis *Usquebah,*
 Huzza, Huzza, Huzza.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Forcer.





Farewel my useleſs Scrip,
 And poor unheeded Flocks;
 No more you'll round me trip,
 Nor cloath me with your Locks?
 Feed by yon purling Stream,
 Where *Jockey*, where *Jockey* firſt I knew;
 I only think, I only thiak, I only think on him,
 I cannot, cannot, cannot think on you.

Farewel each Shepherdſſe,
 the bonny Lads adieu;
 May each his Wiſh poſſeſs,
 and to that Wiſh be true?
 Your Oatea Pipes cou'd pleaſe,
 But *Jockey* then was kind?
 Your Bonny Tunes may ceaſe,
 the Lad has chang'd his mind.

A Ballad by the late Lord Dorset when at Sea.



TO you fair Ladys now at Land
 We Men at Sea indite;
 But first wou'd have you understand,
 How hard it is to write?
 The Muses now, and *Neptune* too,
 We must implore to write to you;
 With a Fa la, la, la, la.
 The Muses now and *Neptune* too,
 We must implore to write to you;
 With a Fa la, la, la, la.

But

But tho' the Muses shou'd be kind,
 and fill our empty Brain;
 Yet if rough *Neptune* cause the Wind,
 To rouse the *Azure* Main:
 Our Paper, Pens, and Ink and we,
 Rowl up and down our Ships at Sea,
 With a Fa la.

Then if we write not by each Post,
 Think not that we're unkind;
 Nor yet conclude that we are lost,
 By *Dutch* by *French* or Wind:
 Our grief will find a speedier way,
 The Tide shall bring them twice a day,
 With a Fa la.

The King with wonder and surprise,
 Will think the Seas grown bold;
 For that the Tide does higher rise,
 Then e'er it did of old:
 But let him know that 'tis our Tears,
 Sends floods of grief to *White-Hall* stairs,
 With a Fa la.

Shou'd Count *Tboulouse* but come to know,
 Our sad and dismal story;
 The *French* wou'd scorn so weak a Foe,
 Where they can get no Glory:
 For what resistance can they find,
 From Men as left their hearts behind,
 With a Fa la.

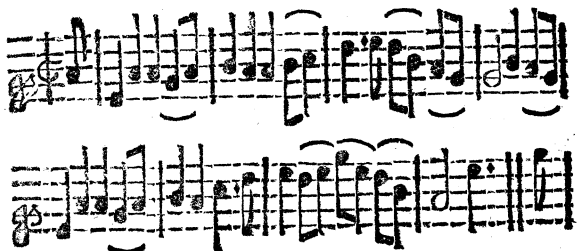
To pass our tedious time away,
 We throw the merry Main;
 Or else at serious *Ombra* play,
 But why shou'd we in vain:
 Each others ruin thus pursue,
 We were undone when we left you,
 With a Fa la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dyes in e'ry note;
 As if it Sigh'd for each Man's care,
 For being so remote :
 Think than how often Love we've made,
 To you while all those Tunes were play'd,
 With a Fa la.

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind ;
 Let *French* Men Vapour, *Dutch* Men Curse,
 No Sorrows we shall find :
 'Tis then no matter how things goe,
 Nor who's our Friend, or who our Foe,
 With a Fa la.

Thus having told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears;
 In hopes this Declaration moves,
 Some Pity to our Tears;
 Let's hear of no Inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at Sea,
 With a Fa la.

(*Bonny Kathern Loggy*)
A Scotch Song.





AS I came down the hey Land Town,
 there was Lasses many;
 Sat in a Rank on either Bank,
 and ene more gay than any?
 Ise leekt about for ene kind Face,
 and Ise spy'd *Willy Scroggy*;
 Ise spir'd of him what was her Name,
 and he saw'd her *Kathern Loggy*.

A sprightly bonny Gurl sha was,
 and made my Heart to rise *Joe*;
 Sha was so fair sa blith a Lass,
 and Love was in her eyes so?
 Ise walkt about like ene posselt,
 and quite forgot poor *Moggy*;
 For nothing now could give me rest,
 but bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

My pratty *Katy* then quo I,
 and many a Sigh I gave her;
 Let not a Leard for *Katy* die,
 but take him to great Favour?
 Sha laught aloud, and sa did aw,
 and bad me hemward to ge;
 And still cry'd out awaw, awaw,
 Fro bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

A Fardel farther I would see,
 and some began to muse me ;
 The Lassies they sat wittally,
 and the Lads began to Rooze me ?
 The Blades with Beaus came down she knows,
 like ring rooks fro *Strecy Boggy* ;
 And four and twenty *Highland Lads*,
 were following *Kathern Loggy*.

When I did ken this muckle Trame,
 and every ene did know her ;
 I spir'd of *Willy* what they mean,
 quo he they aw do Moe her ?
 There's ne'er a Lads in aw *Scotland*,
 from *Dundee* to *Strecy Boggy* ;
 That has her Fort so bravely Mann'd,
 as bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

At first indeed I needs must tell,
 ife could not well believe it ;
 But when Ise saw how fow they fell,
 ife could not but conceive it ?
 There was ne'er a Lad of any note,
 or any deaf young Roguey ;
 But he did lift the welly Coat,
 of bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

Had I kenn'd on Kittleness,
 as I came o'er the Moore *Foe* ;
 Ise had ne'er ban as Ise ha dun,
 nor ne'er out stankt my seln so ?
 For I was then so stankt with stint,
 I spur'd my aw'd *Nagg Fogy* ;
 And had I kenn'd sha had bin a Whore,
 I had ne'er Lov'd *Kathern Loggy*.

The Triumphs of Peace, or the Widdows and Maids Rejoycing.



Dear Mother I am Transported,
 to think of the boon Comrades;
 They say we shall all be Courted,
 kind Widdows as well as Maids:
 Oh! this will be joyful News,
 We'll dress up our Houses with Holly,
 We'll broach a Tub of humming Bub,
 To treat those that come with a rub a dub dub,
 For dear Mother they'll make us Jolly.

Dear Mother to see them mounted,
 twou'd tickle your Heart with Joy;
 By me they all shall be counted,
 Heroical Sons of Troy:

The Bells in the Steeples shall ring,
We'll stick all our Houses with Holly,
We'll broach a Tub of humming Bub,
 To treat those that comes with a rub a dub dub,
 For dear Mother they'll make us Jolly.

I'll dress me as fine as a Lady,
 against they come into the Town;
 My Ribbands are all bought ready,
 my Furbelow-Scarf and Gown:
 To pleasure the warlike Boys,
We'll dress up our Houses with Holly, &c.

They are delicate brisk and Brawny,
 troth neither too lean nor fat;
 No matter for being Tawny,
 they're never the worse for that:
 We'll give them a welcome Home,
And dress up our Houses with Holly, &c.

They come from the Field of Battle,
 to quarter in Ladys Arms;
 'Tis pretty to hear them Prattle,
 and tell of their loud Alarms:
 We'll Crown them with Garlands gay,
And dress up our Houses with Holly, &c.

Those boys are the Pride of Britain,
 they love us and so they may;
 Dear Mother it is but fitting,
 we shou'd be as kind as they:
 The Conduits shall run with Wine,
We'll dress up our Houses with Holly, &c.

Those battling Sons of Thunder,
 now at their returning back;
 I know they will be for Plunder,
 virginities goes to wrack:
 But let them do what they please,
We'll dress up our Houses with Holly, &c.

A New SONG, in the Play call'd the Ladys
Fine Aires: Sung by Mr. Pack, in the Figure
of a Bawd. Compos'd by Mr. Barrett.



HOW happy are we,
Who from thinking are free,
that Curbing disease o'the mind:
Can indulge every Taft,
Love where we like best,
Not by dull Reputation confin'd.

When we're young fit to toy,
Gay delights we enjoy,
And have Crowds of new Lovers wooing:
When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the Trade,
Still in ev'ry age we're doing.

If a Culley we meet,
We spend what we get,
E'ry day for the next never think:
When we dye where we go,
We have no sense to know,
For a Bawd always dyes in her drink.

A New S O N G, by Mr. Burkhead.



Claspt in my dear *Melinda's* Arms,
 Soft engaging oh how she Charms;
 Graces more divine,
 In her Person shine,,
 Then *Venus* self cou'd ever boast.

In the softest Moments of Love,
 Melting, Panting, oh how she moves;
 Come, come, come my Dear,
 Now we've nought to fear,
 Mortal sure was never so blest,
 Come, come, come, &c.

Pray don't trifle my dearest forbear,
 I shall die with Transports I fear;
 Clasp me fast my Life,
 'Twill more Pleasure give,
 Both our Stocks of Love let's Joyn,
 Clasp me, &c.

Now our Souls are charm'd in Bliss,
 Raptures flow from every Kiss;
 Words cannot reveal,
 The fierce Joys I feel,
 'Tis too much to bear and live,
 Words cannot, &c.

The

(The Catholick Brother) A New S O N G.



DEAR *Catholick* brother are you come from the Wars;
 So lame of your foots and your Face full of Scars;
 To see your poor *Shela* who with great grief was fill'd,
 For you my dear Joy when I think you were kill'd,
 with a Fa la la.

O my shoul my dear *Shela*, I'm glad you see me,
 For if I were dead now, I could not see thee;
 The Cuts in my Body, and the scars in my Face,
 I got them in fighting for Her Majesty's Grace.

But oh my dear *Shela* dost thou now love me,
 So well as you did, e're I went to the Sea;
 By *Cri*—and *St. Pa*—my dear Joy I do,
 And we shall be married to morrow Just now.

I'll make a Cabin for my dearest to keep of the Cold,
 And I have a Guinea of yellow red Gold;
 To make three halves of it, I think will be best,
 Give two to my *Shela* and the tird to the *Priest*.

Old *Philemy* my Father, was full fourscore years old,
 And tho' he be dead, he'll be glad to be told;
 That we two are married, my dear spare no cost,
 But send him some Letter, upon the last Post.

The precaution'd Nymph, Set by Mr. L. Ramondon:



GO, go, go, go falsest of thy Sex be gone,
 Leave, leave, oh leave, leave me to my self alone;
 Why wou'd you strive by fond pretence,
 Thus to destroy my Innocence.

Know, *Celia* you too late betray'd,
 Then thus you did the Nymph upbraid;
 Love like a Dream usher'd by night,
 Flyes the approach of Morning light.

Go falsest of your Sex begon,
 Oh! Leave me to my self alone;
 She that believes man when he swears,
 Or but regards his Oaths or Pray'rs:
 May she, fond she, be most accurst,
 Nay more be subje't to his Lust.

A SONG in the Farce call'd the Younger the
Wiser, Sett by Mr Daniel Purcell. Sung by
Mr. Leveridge.



HOW happy's he who weds a Wife,
Well practis'd, well practis'd in the *London* Life;
Dull Country Brides a Sense may want.
To hide the Favours which they grant?

How happy's he who weds a Wife,
Well practis'd, well practis'd in the *London* Life;
But *London* Wives Coquet by Rule,
Discreetly please the Men they Fool?

How happy's he who weds a Wife,
Well practis'd well practis'd in the *London* Life.

*A S O N G, Sett and Sung by Mr. Leveridge,
at the Theatre.*





Fill the glass, fill, fill, fill the glass,
 Let Hautboys sound, whilst bright *Celinda*,
 Bright *Celinda's* health goes round.
 Fill the glass, fill, fill, fill the glass,
 Let Hautboys sound, whilst bright *Celinda*,
 Bright *Celinda's* health goes round.

With eternal Beauty blest, ever blooming,
 Ever blooming still be best:
 Drink your glass, drink your glass,
 Drink your glass and think,
 Think, think the Rest:
 Drink your glass and think,
 Think, think the Rest.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Ramondon, Sung at
 the Theatre.





How Charming *Phillis* is how fair,
 How Charming *Phillis* is how fair,
 O that she were as willing,
 To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
 And make her Eyes less killing:
 To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
 And make her Eyes less killing,
 To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
 And make her Eyes less killing,
 To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
 And make her Eyes less killing:
 I sigh, I sigh, I languish now,
 And Love will not let me rest:
 I drive about the Park and Bow,
 Where e'er I meet my Dearest.

*The Bath Teazers) or a Comical Discription of the
Diversions at Bath.*



Tell thee *Dick* where I have lately been
 (There's rare doings at *Bath*)
 Amongst beauties divine, the like was ne'er seen,
 (There's rare doings at *Bath*.)
 And some dismal wits that were eat up with spleen,
 (There's rare doings at *Bath*.)
 (There's rare doings at *Bath*)
 Ruffling and Fiddling, and Piping and Singing,
 (There's rare doings at *Bath*)

Where all drink the Waters to recover health,
 And some sort of fools there throw off their wealth,
 And now and then kissing, but that's done by stealth,
 There's rare doings at *Bath*, ruffling and fiddling, &c.

And now for the Crew that pass in the throng,
 That live by the Gut, or the Pipe or the song,
 And teize all the Gentry as they pass along,
 There's rare doings at *Bath*, &c.

First *Corbet* began my Lord pray your Crown,
 You'll hear a new boy I've just brought to Town,
 I'm sure he will please you, or else knock me down,
 There's rare doings at *Bath*, &c.

Besides I can boast of my self and two more,
 And *Leveridge* the Bass that sweetly will rore,
 Till all the whole audience joins in an ancore,
 There's rare doings at *Bath*, &c.

Next H—b L—r and B—r too;
 With Hautboy, one Fidle, and Tenor so blew;
 And fusty old Musick, not one note of new,
 There's rare doings at *Bath*, &c.

Next *Morphew* the Harper with his Pigs Face,
 Lyes tickling a Treble, and vamping a Bass,
 And all he can do 'tis but Musicks disgrace,
 There's rare doings at *Bath*, &c.

Then comes the Eunuch to teize them the more,
 Subscribe your two Guineas to make up fourscore,
 I never perform'd at so low rate before,
 There's rare doings at *Bath*, &c.

Then come the strolers among the rest,
 And little *Punch Powel* so full of his jest,
 With pray Sir good Madam its my show is best.
 There's rare doings at *Bath*, &c.

Thus being tormented, and teized to their souls,
 They thought the best way to be rid of these fools,
 The case they refer'd to the Master of the R—ls,
 There's rare doings at *Bath*, &c.

Says his Honour and then he put on a frown,
 And since you have left it to my thoughts alone,
 Ile soon have them all whipt out of the Town,
 O rare doings at *Bath*, raffling and fidling, &c.

(The Distress'd Shepherd) A S O N G.



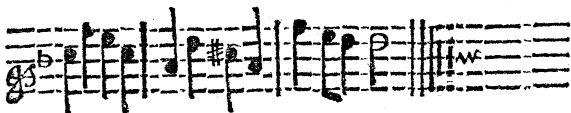
I Am a poor Shepherd'd undone,
 and cannot be Cur'd by Art;
 For a Nymph as bright as the Sun,
 has stole away my Heart:
 And how to get it again,
 there's none but she can tell;
 To cure me of my pain,
 by saying she loves me well:
 And alas poor Shepherd,
 alack and a welladay;
 Before I was in love,
 oh every Month was May.

If to love she cou'd not incline,
 I told her I'd dye in an hour;
 To dye says she 'tis in thine,
 but to love 'tis not in my power?
 I askt her the reason why,
 she cou'd not of me approve;
 She said 'twas a Task too hard,
 To give any reason for love,
 and alas poor Shepherd, &c.

She ask'd me of my Estate,
 I told her a flock of sheep,
 The grafs whereon they grafe,
 where she and I might sleep;
 Besides a good Ten pound,
 in old King *Harrys* Groats,
 With Hooks and Crooks abound,
 and Birds of sundry Notes and alas, &c.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Jeremiah Clark.





I'M vex'd to think that *Damon* woes me,
who with Sighs and Tears pursues me;
He still whining and repining,
Of my Rigour does complain:
I'd not see him, yet wou'd free him,
and my self, my self from pain?
He enjoy him, and so cloy him,
Love cures Love, more, more than disdain.

The Comical Dreamer.



Last night a Dream came into my Head,
 Thou wert a fine white Loaf of Bread;
 Then if *May* Butter I cou'd be,

How I wou'd spread,

Oh! how I wou'd spread my self on thee:

This Morning too my Thoughts ran hard,

That you were made a Cool Tankard;

Then cou'd I but a Lemon be,

How I wou'd squeez,

Oh! how I wou'd squeez my Juice in thee.

Lately when fancy too did roam,

Thou wert my dear a Honney-comb;

And had I been a pretty Bee,

How I wou'd suck,

Oh! how I wou'd creep, creep into thee:

A Vision too I had of Old,

That thou a Morter wert of Gold;

Then cou'd I but the Pestle be,

How I wou'd pound,

Oh! how I wou'd pound my Spice in thee.

Once too my Dream did humour take,

Thou wert a Bowl of *Heffords* Rack;

Z——cou'd I then the Ladle be,

How wou'd I pour,

Oh! how wou'd pour out Joys from thee;

Another time by Charm divine,

I dreamt thou wert an Orchard fine;

Then cou'd I but thy Farmer be,

How I wou'd plant,

Oh! how I wou'd plant my Fruit in thee.

Soon after whims came in my Pate,

Thou wert a Pot of Chocolate;

And cou'd I but the Rowler be,

How wou'd I rub,

Oh! how wou'd I twirle and froth up thee:

But since all Dreams are vain my Dear,

Let now some sollid Joy appear;

My Soul still thine is prov'd to be, let body now,

Let Body now with Soul agree.

The

The loving Couple: Or the Merry Wedding.

A Jolly young Grocer of London Town,
 feel deeply in Love with his Maid;
 And often he courted her to lye down,
 but she told him she was afraid?
 Sometimes he would struggle,
 but still she would Boggle,
 And never consent to his wicked Will:
 but said he must tarry,
 Until he would marry,
 and then he should have his fill.

But when that he found he could not obtain,
 the Blessing he thus pursu'd,
 For tho' he had try'd her again and again;
 she vow'd she would not be lew'd?
 At last he submitted,
 to be so outwitted,

As to be caught in the Nuptial snare ;
altho' the young Huffle,
Before had been busie,
with one that she lov'd more dear.

The morning after they marry'd were,
the Drums and the Fiddles came,
Then Oh what a thumping and Scraping was there,
to please the new marry'd Dame ?
There was fiddle come fiddle,
with hey diddle diddle ;
And all the time that the Music play'd,
there was Kissing and Loving,
And Heaving and Shoving,
for fear she should rise a Maid.

But e'er three Months they had marry'd been,
a Thumping Boy pop'd out,
Adf—— says he you confounded Queen,
why what have you been about :
You're a Strumpett says he,
you're a Cuckold cries she,
And when he found he was thus betray'd,
there was Fighting and Scratching,
And Rogueing and Bitching,
Because she had prov'd a Jade.

The

*The disappointed Taylor: Or good Work done for
Nothing.*



A Taylor good Lord in the time of Vacation,
 When Cabbage was scare and when Pocket was low,
 For the sale of good Liquor pretended a Passion,
 To one that sold Ale in a Cuckoldly row?
 Now a Loufe made him Itch,
 Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,
 And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

One day she came up, when at work in his Garret,
 To tell what he ow'd that his store he might know;
 Says he it is all very right I declare it,
 Says she then I hope you will pay e'er I go?

Now

Now a Louse made him Itch,
 here a Scratch, there a Stitch,
 And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

Says Prick Louse my Jewel, I love you most dearly,
 my breast every minute still hotter does grow;
 He only says she for the juice of my Barly,
 and other good Drink in my Cellar below,
 Now a Louse, &c.

Says he you mistake, 'tis for something that's better,
 which I dare not name and you care not to show;
 Says she I'm afraid you are given to flatter,
 what is it you mean, and pray where does it grow,
 Now a Louse, &c,

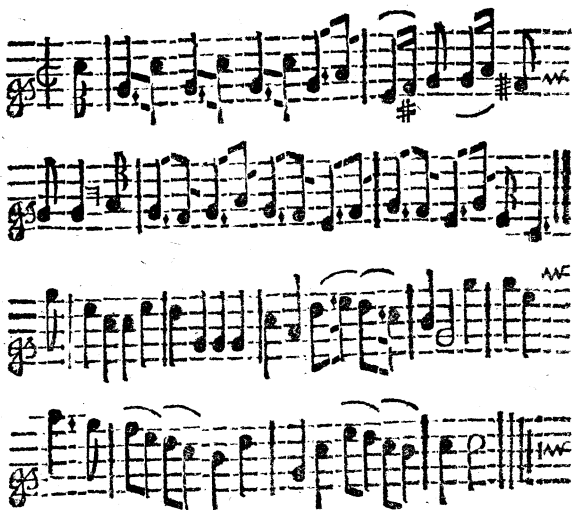
Says he 'tis a thing that has never a handle,
 'tis hid in the dark and it lies pretty low;
 Says she then I fear that you must have a Candle
 or else the wrong way you may happen to go,
 Now a Louse, &c.

Says he was it darker than ever was Charcole,
 tho' I never was there yet the way do I know;
 Says she if it be such a terrible dark hole,
 dont offer to grope out your way to it so,
 Now a louse, &c.

Says he you shall see I will quickly be at it,
 for this is, oh this is the way that I'll go;
 Says she do not touse me so for I hate it,
 I vow by and by you will make me cry oh?
 so they both went to work,
 Now a Kiss then a Jirk,
 And sing Cucumber Cucumber ho.

The Taylor arose when the business was over,
 says he you will rub out the score e'er you go;
 Says she I shall not pay so dear for a Lover,
 I'm not such a Fool I would have you to know?
 Now a Louse made him Itch,
 here a Scratch there a Stitch,
 And sing Cucumber Cucumber ho.

The Penurious Quaker: Or, the High priz'd Harlot.



Quaker. My friend thy Beauty seemeth good,
we Righteous have our failings;
I'm Flesh and blood, methinks I cou'd,
wert thou but free from failings.

Harlot. Believe me Sir I'm newly broach'd,
and never have been in yet;
I vow and swear I ne'er was touch'd,
by Man till this day searight.

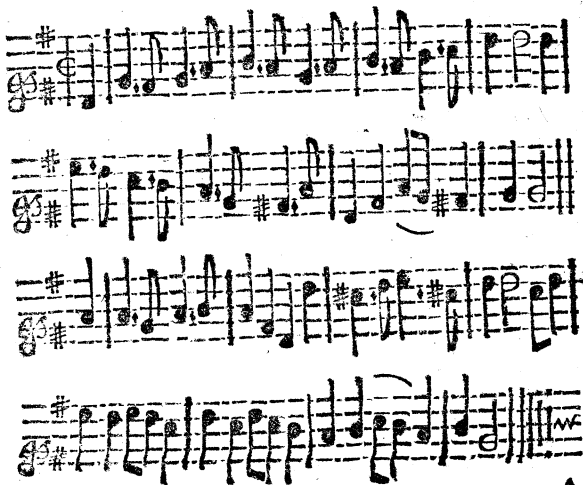
Quaker. Then prithee friend, now prithee do,
nay let us not defer it;
And I'll be kind to thee when thou
hast laid the evil Spirit.

Harlot. I vow I won't, indeed I shan't,
 unless I've money first Sir;
 For if I ever trust a Saint,
 I wish I may be curst Sir.

Quaker. I cannot like the wicked say,
 I love thee and adore thee;
 And therefore thou wilt make me pay,
 so here is Six pence for thee.

Harlot. Confound you for a flingy Whig,
 do ye think I live by Stealing;
 Farewel you Puritanick Prig,
 I scorn to take your Shilling.

*The travelling Tinker, and the Country Ale Wife:
 Or, the lucky mending of the leaky Copper.*



A comely Dame of *Islington*,
 had got a leaky *Copper*;
 The hole that let the *Liquor* run,
 was wanting of a stopper?
 A Jolly *Tinker* undertook,
 and promised her most fairly;
 With a thump thump thump, and knick knack knock,
 to do her business rarely.

He turn'd the Vessel to the ground,
 says he a good old *Copper*;
 But well may't leak for I have found,
 A hole in't that's a whopper?
 But never doubt a *Tinker's* stroke,
 altho' he's black and surly;
 With a thump thump thump, &c.
 he'll do your business purely.

The Man of mettle open'd wide,
 his Budget's mouth to please her;
 Says he this tool we oft employ'd,
 about such Jobbs as these are?
 With that the Jolly *Tinker* took,
 a stroke or two most kindly;
 With a thump thump thump, &c.
 he did her business finely.

As soon as Crock had done the feat,
 he cry'd 'tis very hot ho;
 This thrifty labour makes me sweat,
 here gi's a cooling pot ho?
 Says she bestow the other stroke,
 before you take your farewell;
 With a thump thump thump, &c.
 and you may drink a barrel.

A SONG.



WHat shall I do, I've lost my heart,
 'Tis gone, 'tis gone I know not whither;
 Love cut its strings,
 Then lent it Wings,
 And both are flown together.
 Fair Ladies tell for Love's sweet sake,
 Did any of you find it;
 Come, come it lies,
 In your Lips or Eyes,
 Tho' you'll not please to mind it.

But if't be lost,
 Then farewell Frost;
 I will enquire no more,
 For Ladies they
 Steal hearts away,
 But only to restore:
 For Ladies they
 Steal hearts away,
 But only to restore.

Tune, si votr' epousée.

Chloris can you,
 Forgive the fault that I have done;
 Chloris can you
 Forgive me when I sue,
 Faith it is true,
 That had you let me farther gone;
 I had ruin'd you,
 And mischief'd my self too.
 Yet I ne'er should,
 Have ventur'd on a Maid so chaste,
 Had not your Eye,
 Shot thro' my soul,
 And conjur'd all the sense away,
 That there did lye.

A S O N G.

Tune, (*ah! how happy's he*) Vol. 4. P. 239.

AH! how happy's he,
 Lives from drinking free,
 Can enjoy his humour, Paper and his Pen;
 Nor ensnar'd with Wine,
 Or some Whores design,
 But in harmless Sonnets thinking does ever mend:
 Prigs shall never vex him,
 Pox shall ne'er perplex him,
 If his Pocket's full, sits down and counts his Joy,
 If it be not so,
 Takes a tune or two,
 Till by wife content, his trouble does destroy

When a Monarch reels,
 He his thoughts conceals,
 Whether *Whigg* or *Tory* never does express;
 With a sober Dose,
 Of *Coffee* funks his Nose,
 And reading all the News does leave the World to guess,
 But when his Noddle's full,
 O then he hugs his Soul,
 And homeward flusht with Joy does trudge apace,
 When on Pillow laid,
 Then with mind display'd,
 Argues with himself the Queen and Nations Case.

Tune, *how happy's the Lover.*

How happy's that Husband who after few Years,
 Of railing and brawling, Confusion and Folly;
 Shall see his Lantipley drown'd in her Tears,
 Then prithee *Allexis* be Jolly, be Jolly,
 Then prithee *Allexis* be Jolly.

Lumps of Pudding.



When I was in the low Country,
 When I was in the low Country;
 What slices of pudding and pieces of Bread,
 My Mother gave me when I was in need?

My Mother she kill'd a good fat Hog,
 She made such Puddings wou'd choak a dog,
 And I shall ne'er forget till I dee,
 What lumps of Pudding my Mother gave me.

She hung them up upon a Pin,
 The Fat run out and the Maggots crep in,
 If you wont believe me you may go and see,
 what lumps, &c.

And every day my Mother would cry,
 Come stuff your Belly Girl until you die;
 'Twou'd make you to laugh if you were to see,
 What lumps, &c.

I no sooner at night was got to bed,
 But she all in kindness wou'd come with speed;
 She gave me such parcells I thought I shou'd dee,
 With eating of Pudding, &c.

At laſt I rambled abroad and then
 I met in my frolick an honeſt Man;
 Quoth he my dear *Pbilli* I'll give unto thee,
 Such pudding you never did ſee.

Said I honeſt man, I thank thee moſt kind,
 And as he told me indeed I did find;
 He gave me a lump which did ſo agree,
 One bit was worth all my mother gave me.

The Quaker's Song.



Walk up to Virtue Strait,
 and from all Vice retire;
 Turn not on this hand nor on that,
 to compaſs thy deſire.

Side not with wicked ones,
 nor ſuch as are Prophanę;
 But ſide with good and godly ones,
 that come from *Amſterdam*.

Arm not thy ſelf with Pride,
 that's not the way to Blifs;
 But arm thy ſelf with holy Zeal,
 and take this loving Kiſs.

A SONG.



Lorenzo you amuse the Town,
 and with your Charms undo Sir;
Laurinda can resist a frown,
 but 't must not be from you Sir?
 You make them all resign their Hearts,
 and fix their Eyes a gazing;
 The *Porcupine* has not more darts,
 from every part amazing.

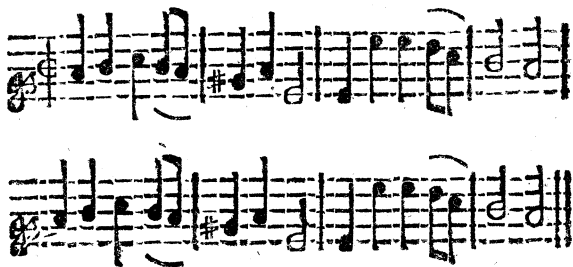
You bill and coo when you are kind,
 and happy's the Nymph believes you;
 You are true, but you are not blind,
 for never a Nymph deceives you?
 Tho' she were naught, you'll ne'er be caught,
 but still have your Wits about you;
 You're a Hero, and you have fought,
 there's ne'er a Hector can flout you.

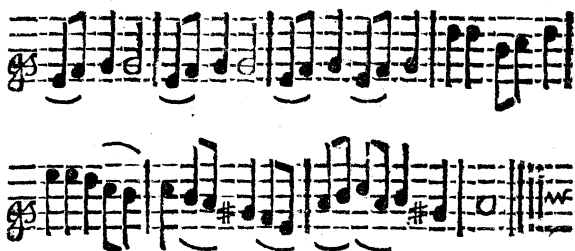
You are good and you are bad,
 and you can be what you please Sir;
 You are an honest trusty Lad,
 and I'll wager ne'er had the disease Sir?
 Then here's to you, a Glas or two,
 for farther I dare not venture,
 And then my dear I bid thee adieu,
 for I must be now a Dissenter.

(Tune, *Cbickens and Sparrow-grass.*)

What sayest thou,
 If one shou'd thrust thee thro'
 What sayest thou,
 If one shou'd Plough?
 I say Sir, you may do what you please,
 I shall scarce stir,
 Tho' you ne'er cease,
 Thro', thro' you may thrust me thro',
 Such Death is a pleasure, when life's a disease.

*A Song, sung by Mrs. Willies, at Mr. Pinkeman's
 Booth in Bartholomew-Fair.*





IN the morning e'er 'twas light,
 in the morning Early ;
 There I met with my delight,
 once he lov'd me dearly :

Wooing here,
 Wooing there,
 Here he woo,
 There he woo,
 every where he woo ?

*Oh ! how free from care and strife,
 Is a pleasant Country life.*

E'er the light came from above,
 in the morning early :
 There I met with my true love,
 there I met him early,

Wooing here,
 Wooing there,
 Here he woo,
 There he woo ;
 Every where he woo ?

*Oh ! how free from care and strife,
 Is a pleasant Country Life.*

In the morn e'er Sun do shine,
 in the morning early ;
 There I feed my Father's kine,
 there I feed them early, (boo, boo)

Booing

Booing here,
 Booing there,
 Here a boo,
 There a boo,
 Every where a boo ?

*Ob! how free from care and strife,
 Is a pleasant Country Life.*

In the morn at Six a clock,
 in the morning early ;
 There I feed our *Turkey-Cock*,
 there I feed him early, *cou, cou, gobble gobble gobble*,
 Couing here,
 Couing there,
 Here a cou,
 There a cou,
 Every where a cou ?

*Ob! how free from care and strife,
 Is a pleasant Country Life.*

In the Morning near the Fens,
 in the Morning early ;
 There I fed my *Fathers Hens*,
 there I fed them early,
 Cackle here,
 Cackle there,
 Here a Cack,
 There a Cack,
 Every where a Cack ?

*Ob! how free from care and strife,
 Is a pleasant Country Life.*

In the morning with good speed,
 in the morning early ;
 I my *Fathers Ducks* do feed,
 in the morning early,
 Quacking here,
 Quacking there,
 Here a Quack,
 There a Quack,
 Every where a Quack.

Ob !

*Ob! how free from care and strife,
Is a pleasant Country Life,*

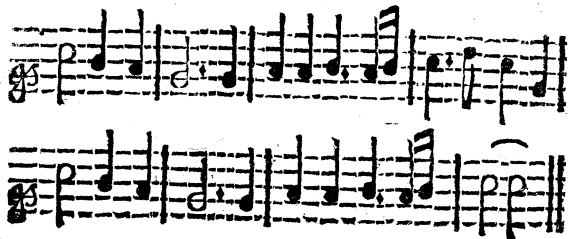
In the morn at seven of the Clock,
in the morning early;
There I feed my Fathers flock,
there I feed them early, (baa, baa)
Baaing here,
Baaing there,
Here a baa,
There a baa,
Every where a baa?

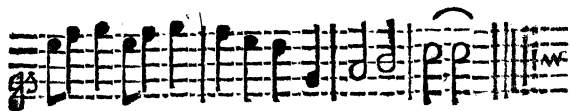
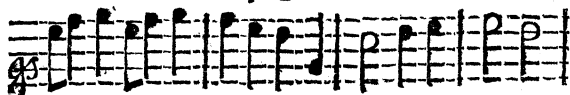
*Ob! how free from care and strife,
Is a pleasant Country Life.*

In the morning fair and fine,
in the morning early;
There I feed my Fathers Swine,
there I feed them early,
Grunting here,
Grunting there,
Here a grunt,
There a grunt,
Every where a grunt?

*Ob! how free from Care and strife,
Is a pleasant Country Life.*

A SONG.





HAd I but Love
 I'd quit all Treasure,
 Had I but Love,
 I'd envy none above ?
 Camp and Court,
 Have both such pleasure ;
 Camp and Court,
 Have both such pretty sport.

Wo. Let me alone, let me alone,
 Says the Fool,

Man. Or I'll cry out Sir,
 Prithee do, prithee do,
 With all my Soul,
 But you shant stir.

Such is love,
 And such is living,
 Such is love,
 And such was mighty Jove ?
 Gods and Kings
 Have both been contriving,
 Gods and Kings,
 To catch these pretty things.

Wo. Let me go, what d'ye do, pray forbear,
 Alas I cannot bear it ;

Man. Hold your tongue, hold your tongue,
 Never fear you peevish Chit.

Tune

Tune, Old Rigadoon.

L *Ais* when you
Lye wrapt in Charms,
In your Spouses Arms,
How can you deny,
The youth to try,
What is his due.

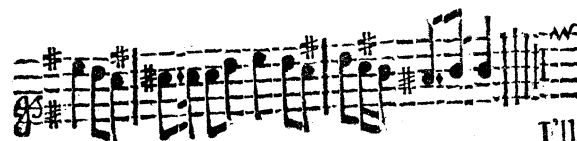
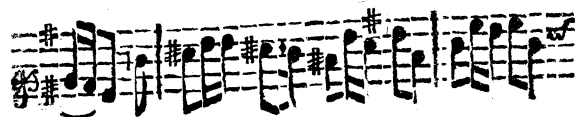
Sure you ne'er have,
Been touch'd by Man,
That you ne'er can,
Admit the slave.

Come let him in,
And if he does
Not pay what he owes,
Ne'er trust the fool again.

Let another Spark supply his Place,
For a Woman should not want;
And Nature sure ne'er made a Man so base,
But with asking he would grant:
But if all mankind were agreed to spoil your race,
By *Fove* my dear they shan't.

A Song, Sett by Mr. John Abeil.





I'LL press, I'll bless thee Charming fair,
 Thou darling of my heart;
 I'll press, I'll bless thee charming fair,
 Thou Darling of my Heart:
 I'll clasp, I'll grasp thee close my dear,
 And doat on every part.

I'll clasp, I'll grasp thee close my dear,
 And doat on every part;
 I'll bless thee now thou darling,
 Thou Darling of my Heart:
 I'll bless thee now thou darling,
 Thou darling of my heart.

With fond excess of pleasure,
 I'll make thee panting cry, panting cry,
 Then wisely use your Treasure,
 Then wisely use your Treasure;
 Refusing still comply.

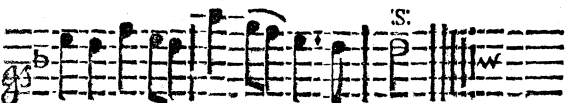
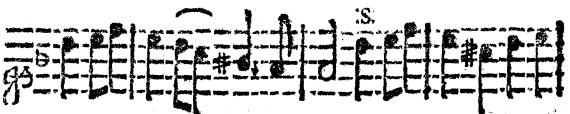
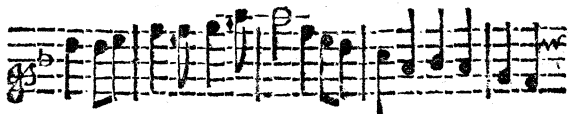
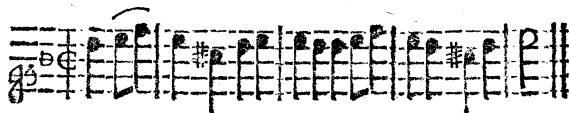
A Song, Sett by Mr. Abell.





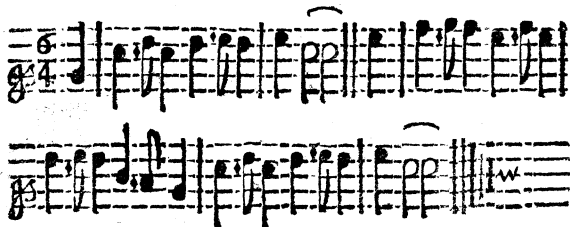
Celia be not too complying,
 ease not soon a Lovers pain;
 Love increases by denying,
 soon we leave what soon we gain:
Celia be not too complying,
 ease not soon a Lovers pain.

If in Courtship you're delighting,
 and would no adorer loose;
 Let your looks be still inviting,
 but your Vertue still refuse:
 Let your looks be still inviting,
 but your Vertue still refuse.

A Song Sett by Mr. Abell.

A Little Love may prove a Pleasure,
 too great a Passion is a pain;
 When we our flame by reason measure,
 blest is our fate, and light our Chain,
 Who then would long a slave remain?
 true hearts are like a fairy Treasure,
 Talk'd of but ever sought in vain;
 a little Love may prove a Pleasure,
 Too great a Passion is a Pain.

A S O N G.



When first I lay'd Siege to my *Chloris*,
 When first I laid Seige to my *Chloris*;
 Cannon Oaths I brought down
 To batter the Town.
 And boom'd her with amorous Stories,

Billet deux like small shott did so ply her,
 Billet deux like small shot did so ply her;
 And sometimes a Song,
 Went whistling along,
 Yet still I was never the nigher.

At length she sent Word by a trumpett,
 At length she sent Word by a trumpett;
 That if I lik't the Life,
 She would be my Wife,
 But she would be no Man's Strumpett.

I told her that *Mars* wou'd ne'er marry;
 I told her that *Mars* wou'd ne'er marry;
 I swore by my Scars,
 Got in Combats and Wars,
 That I'd rather dig stones in a Quarry.

At length she granted the Favour,
 At length she granted the Favour;
 With the dull curse,
 For better for worse,
 And saved the Parson the labour.

*The Ballad of Jane Shore a Gold-smith's Wife
in London, sometime King Edward the Fourth's
CONCUBINE, who for her wanton Life
came to a miserable End.*



IF Rosamond that was so fair,
Had cause her sorrows to declare ;
Then let *Jane Shore* with sorrow sing,
That was beloved of a King :
Then wanton Wives in time amend,
For Love and Beauty will have end.

In maiden years my beauty bright,
Was loved dear of Lord and Knight ;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my Friends desir'd.

My Parents they for thirst of gain,
A Husband for me did obtain ;
And I their pleasure to fulfill,
Was forc'd to wed against my will:

To *Matthew Shore* I was a Wife,
 Till lust brought ruin to my life;
 And then my life so lewdly spent,
 Which makes my soul for to lament.

In *Lumbard-street* I once did dwell,
 As *London* yet can witness well,
 Where many Gallants did behold,
 My beauty in a shop of gold.

I spread my plumes as Wantons do,
 Some sweet and secret Friend to woo,
 Because my Love I did not find,
 Agreeing to my wanton mind.

At last my name in Court did ring,
 Into the ears of *England's King*,
 Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd;
 But I made coy what he desir'd.

Yet Mistress *Blague*, a Neighbour near,
 Whose friendship I esteemed dear,
 Did say it is a gallant thing
 To be beloved of a King?

By her persuasions I was led,
 For to defile my marriage bed,
 And wrong my wedded Husband *Shore*,
 Whom I had lov'd ten years before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
 That I had made so sweet a Choice;
 And therefore did my state refine,
 To be King *Edward's* Concubine.

From City then to Court I went,
 To reap the pleasures of content;
 And had the joys that Love could bring
 And knew the secrets of a King.

When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding *Edward* with mine eye,
For Mistress *Blague* I in short space,
Obtain'd a living of his Grace.

No friend I had but in short time,
I made unto promotion climb.
But yet for all this costly pride,
My Husband could not me abide;

His bed though wronged by a King,
His heart with grief did deadly sting
From *England* then he goes away,
To end his life upon the Sea;

He could not live to see his name,
Impaired by my wanton shame;
Although a Prince of peerless might,
Did reap the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the Court,
With Lords and Ladies of great fort;
For when I smil'd all Men were glad,
But when I mourn'd my Prince grew sad.

But yet an honest mind I bore,
To helpless people that were poor,
I still redrest the Orphan's cry,
And sav'd there lives condemn'd to die.

I still had pity on Widdows tears,
I succour'd Babes of tender years;
And never looks for other gain,
But love and thanks for all my pain.

At last my Royal King did die,
And then my days of woe drew nigh,
When *Crook-back* R. got the Crown,
K. *Edward's* Friends were soon put down.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his Friend,
This Tyrant brought to shameful end.

Then for my rude and wanton life,
That made a Strumpet of a Wife
I pennance did in *Lumbard-street*,
In shameful manner in a sheet;

Where many thousands did me view,
Who late in Court my credit knew;
Which made the tears run down my face,
To think upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content they took from me
My goods, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mistress *Blague* I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd and love grew scant.

But she deny'd to me the same,
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doors she did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by me,
For friendship parts in poverty.

But yet one Friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distresst,
And fav'd his life condemn'd to dye,
Did give me food to succour me;

For which, by law, it was decreed,
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Then had I dy'd my self therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not restore me any food;
Whereby in vain I beg'd all day,
And still in secret by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Are turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and jems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of Maid and Wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking Babes and Children small;
Did make a pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed;
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus weary of my life at length,
I yielded up my vital strength;
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs do much frequent,

The which now since my dying day,
Is *Shoreditch* call'd, as Writers say:
Which is a witness of my sin,
For being Concubine to a King.

You wanton Wives that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just;
Whoredom shall not escape, his hand,
Nor pride unpunisht in this land.

If God to me such shame should bring,
That yielded only to a King;
How shall they 'scape that daily run,
To practice sin with every Man?

You Husbands match not but for love,
Left some disliking after prove;
Women be warn'd when you are Wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives:
*Then Maids and Wives in time amend
For love and Beauty will have end.*

*The Second Part to the same Tune: Wherein her
Husband bewails his sad Estate.*

IF she that was fair *London's Pride*,
For beauty fam'd both far and wide,
With swan like-song in sadness told,
Her deep distresses manifold:
*Then in the same let me also,
Now bear a part of such like woe.*

Kind *Matthew Shore*, Men called me,
A Goldsmith once of good degree;
And might have lived long therein,
Had not my Wife been wed to sin.

Ah! gentle *Fane*, thy wanton race,
Hath brought me to this foul disgrace;
Thou hadst all things at wish and will,
Thy wanton fancy to fulfil.

No *London Dame*, nor Merchant's Wife,
Did lead so sweet and pleasant life;
Then gentle *Fane*, the truth report,
Why left'st thou me to live in Court?

Thou hadst both gold and silver store,
No Wife in *London* then had more;

And

And once a week to walk in field,
To see what pleasure it would yield.

But woe to me that liberty,
Hath brought me to this misery;
I married thee whilst thou wert young,
Before thou knew'st what did belong;

To Husband's love or marriage state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Thus wanton pride made thee unjust,
And so deceived was my trust.

But when the King possess't my room,
And cropt my rosie gallant bloom;
Fair *London's* Blossom, and my Joy,
My heart was drown'd in deep annoy.

To think how unto publick shame,
Thy wicked life brought my good name;
And then I thought each Man and Wife,
In jesting sort accus'd my life;

And every one to the other said,
That *Shore's* fair Wife the Wanton plaid;
Thereby in mind I grew to change,
My dwelling in some Country strange,

My lands and goods I sold away,
And so from *England* went to Sea;
Opprest with grief and woful mind,
But left my cause of grief behind.

My loving Wife, whom I once thought,
Would never be to lewdness brought;
But Women now I well espy,
Are subject to unconstancy;

And few there be so true to love,
But by long suit will wanton prove;

For Flesh is frail, and Women weak,
When Kings for love long suit do make.

But yet from *England* my depart,
Was with a sad and heavy heart;
Whereat when as my leave I took,
I sent back many heavy look.

Desiring God, if it might be,
To send one sigh, sweet *Jane*, to thee;
For if thou hadst but constant been,
These days of woe I ne'er had seen;

But yet I mourn and grieve full sore,
To think what plagues are left in store;
or such as careless tread awry,
The modest paths of constancy:

Ah! gentle *Jane*, if thou didst know,
The uncouth paths I daily go;
And woful tears for thee I shed,
For wronging thus my marriage-bed:

Then sure I am thou wouldst confess,
My love was sure though in distress;
Both *Flanders*, *France*, and *Spain* I pass,
And came to *Turky* at the last;

And there within that mighty Court,
I lived long in honest sort;
Desiring God, that sits in heaven,
That Lovers sins might be forgiven;

And their advanc'd thy loving name,
Of living Wights the fairest Dame;
The Praise of *England's* Beauty stain,
All which thy Husband did maintain.

And set thy picture there in gold,
For Kings and Princes to behold;

But when I thought upon thy sin;
Thy wanton thoughts delighted in.

I griev'd that such a comely face,
Should hold true honour in disgrace;
And counted it luckless day,
When as thou first did'st go astray.

Desiring then some news to hear,
Of her my soul did love so dear;
My secrets then I did impart,
To one well skill'd in Magick Art:

Who in a glass did truly show,
Such things as I desir'd to know;
I there did see thy courtly state,
Thy pomp, thy pride, thy glory great:

And likewise there I did behold,
My *Jane* in *Edward's* arms infold;
Thy secret love I there espy'd,
Thy rice, thy fall, and how thou dy'd.

Thy naked body in the street,
I saw do penance in a sheet;
Barefooted before the Beadle's wand,
With burning taper in thy hand.

And Babes, not having use of tongue,
Stood pointing as thou went'st along;
Thus ended was the shame of thine,
Though God gave yet no end to mine.

When I suppo'd my name forgo,
And time had washt away my blot;
And in another Princes reign,
I came to *England* back again:

But staying there, my Friends decay'd;
My Prince's laws I disobay'd.

And by true justice judg'd to dye,
For clipping gold in secrecie :

By gold was my best living made,
And so by gold my life decay'd.
Thus have you heard the woful strife,
That came by my unconstant Wife :

Her fall, my death, wherein is shew'd,
The story of a Strumpet lewd ;
In hopes thereby some Women may,
Take heed how they the Wanton play.

*The good Fellows resolve : (Tune as May was in
her youthful Dress.) Vol. I. P. 210.*

NOW I'm resolv'd to love no more,
but sleep by night, and drink by day;
Your coyness *Chloris* pray give o'er,
and turn your tempting Eyes away :
I'll place no happiness of mine,
on fading Beauty still to court ;
And say she's glorious and divine,
when there's in drinking better sport.

Love has no more Prerogative,
to make me desperate Courses take ;
Nor me of *Bacchus* Joys deprive,
for them I *Venus* will forsake :
Despise the feeble Nets she lays,
and scorn the Man she can o'ercome ;
In drinking we see happy days,
but in a fruitless passion none.

Tis Wine alone that cheers the Soul,
but love and Women make us sad ;
I'm merry while I court the bowl,
whilst he that Courts his Madam's mad :
Then fill it up boys to the brim,
since in it we refreshment find ;
Come here's a Bumper unto him,
that courts good Wine, not Women-kind.

A Song, Sett by Seignior Baptist.



Why alas do you now leave me,
 you who vow'd a love so true;
 Can you hope whilst you deceive me,
 others will be just to you?
 Oh you know what you forsake,
 You're pursuing
 My undoing;
 But you know not what you take.

Is your fit of passion over,
 will you kill me dear unkind;
 Is your Heart then such a Rover,
 as no Vows, no Oaths can bind?
 Hear at least my last adieu,
 See me lying,
 See me dying;
 And remember 'tis for you.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Akeroyde.

When Beauty such as yours has mov'd desires,
 A kind return, a kind return,
 Should raise the gloeing Fires;
 But tho' you hate me, I am still,
 Devoted wholly to your will:
 Not all your Frowns can quench my flame,
 My Love is something more than Name,
 And as it ought, will ever, ever be the same.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Frank.


SEE bleeding at your feet there lies,
 One murder'd by disdain;
 That Heart you wounded with your Eyes,
 Is by your Rigour slain:
 Expiring now I cannot live,
 death no delay will brook,
 Unless some pitying word you'd give,
 Or kind relenting look,
 Or kind relenting look.

For then from fate by rapture born,
and taken to your Arms;
The heart thus rescued from your Scorn,
I'll offer to your Charms:
Love's eager Rites, I'll then pursue,
and sacrificing dye;
Altar and Beautilous Goddess you,
and Priest, and Victim I.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Frank.



THe night is come that will allow,
No longer any Coyness now,
But every freedom must to love be giv'n ;
What tho' the shadows of the night,
Withdraw her Beauty from his sight :
The Youth another way, another way,
Another way will find his Heav'n.

See, see the charming Nymph is laid,
Never again to rise a Maid,
The vigorous Bridegroom, now impatient grown ;
Thrown himself by her side,
With eager Joy, and amorous Pride,
Ready to seize the prey that's now his own.

And now that all have left the place,
Transporting Joys crowd on apace ;
The Mymph contends like one that would not win,
Entrained with Pleasure now she lies,
The youth has gain'd the noble Prize,
And now her fears are past, and Joys begin.

A S O N G, Sett by Mr. Frank.





Love's Passion never knew till this,
 a blissful Happiness like mine;
 With Joy now *Cælia* Crowns my wish,
 and *Cupid* both our hearts does joyn:
 With Joy now *Cælia* Crowns my wish,
 and *Cupid* both our hearts does joyn.

When e'er our hearts dart fiery Beams,
 fierce as the pangs of our desires;
 The meeting glances kindle flames,
 more pure than fancied fires:
 Then *Cælia* let's no pleasure want,
 to perfect the most happy state;
 The bliss you fear too soon to grant,
 You'll rather think enjoyed too late.

Tune, Old Boree.

Come *Cælia* come, let's sit and talk a while,
 about the affairs of loving;
 Let a mutual Kiss our Cares and fears beguile,
 far distant from this Grove:
 Let's pass our time in Mirth away,
 now we're remov'd from the noisy Court;
 Now we're got out of the stormy Sea,
 into the safer Port.

A S O N G, Sett by Mr. Frank.



When crafty Fowlers would surprize,
 the harmonious Lark that roars on high,
 It is by glancing in his Eyes ;
 the Sun-shine Raies which draws him nigh :
 It is by glancing in his Eyes,
 The Sun-shine Raies which draws him nigh.

Charm'd with Reflections from the Glase,
 he flies with eager hasty speed ;
 Ceasing the Music of his Lays,
 Into the Nets the fowler spread.

So when *Clemelia* would obtain,
 the Prey her Fancy most desires ;
 She spreads her Dress like Nets in vain,
 and all her youthful gay attires.

Till watching Opportunity,
 she throws an amorous charming Glance,
 Then to her Nets the youth does flie,
 and lies entangled in a Trance.

A S O N G, Sett by Dr. Blow.

Boasting Fops who court the Fair,
 for the fame of being lov'd;
 You who daily prating are,
 of the hearts your Charms have mov'd;
 Still be vain in talk and dress,
 but while shadows you pursue;
 Own that some who boast it less,
 may be blest as much as you.

Love and Birding are ally'd,
 baits and nets alike they have;
 The same Arts in both are try'd,
 the unwary to inflave:

If in each you'd happy prove,
without noise still watch your way;
For in Birding and in love,
while we talk it flies away.

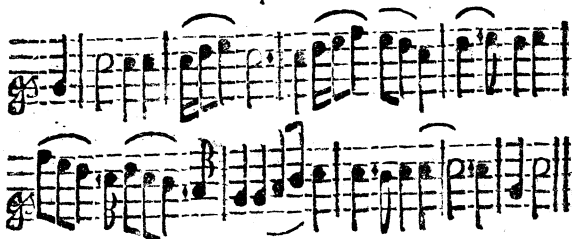
A S O N G.



Must Love, that Tyrant of the Breast,
 have all our Songs, have all our hours:
 Whilst he alone disturbs our rest,
 and with his cares our hearts devours,
 and with his cares our hearts devours:
 No more let's blame ignoble Souls,
 who doat on Arbitrary powers;
 Since cruel love our Wills controuls,
 yet all the World, yet all the World, the Toy adores.

For shame let's break the feeble Bonds,
 and our old liberty regain;
 Love against reason seldom stands,
 when ever that sways, its power is vain:
 When man the prize of freedom knows,
 Cupid is easily out-brav'd;
 The Bug-bear only conquers those,
 who fondly seek to be enslav'd.

The Woman's Complaint to her Neighbour.



Good morrow Gossip Joan,
 where have you been a walking;
 I have for you at home,
 a Budget full of talking,
 Gossip Joan.

My Sparrow's flown away,
 and will no more come to me;
 I've broke a Glas to day,
 the price will quite undo me,
 Gossip Joan. I've

I've lost a *Harry* Groat,
was left me by my Granny ;
I cannot find it out,
I've search'd in ev'ry Cranny,
Gossip Joan.

My Goose has lay'd away,
I know not what's the reason ;
My Hen has hatch'd to day,
a week before the Season,
Gossip Joan.

I've lost my wedding Ring,
that was made of Silver gilt ;
I had drink would please the King,
and the whorish Cat has spill'd it,
Gossip Joan.

My Duck has eat a Snail,
and is not that a Wonder !
The Horns bad out at Tail,
and have split her rump asunder,
Gossip Joan.

My Pocket is cut off,
that was full of Sugar-candy ;
I cannot stop my Cough,
without a Gill of Brandy,
Gossip Joan.

O I am sick at Heart,
therefore pray give me some Ginger ;
I cannot sneeze or fart,
therefore pray put in finger,
Gossip Joan.

O pitty, pitty me,
or I shall go distracted ;
I have cry'd till I can't see,
to think how things are acted,
Gossip Joan.

Let's to the Ale-house go,
and wash down all my Sorrow ;
My Griefs you there shall know,
and we'll meet again to morrow,
Gossip Joan.

Tune, let Cæzar rejoyce.

A *Lphonzo* if you Sir,
your heart have resign'd;
Take care what you do Sir,
for a Lover is blind.

Beware of the snare,
that for Lovers is laid;
Beware of the Fair,
but more treacherous Maid:
For when tir'd with the Joy,
of a minutes delight;
You'll repent the next morn,
what you did over Night.

Tune, *Hopes* farewell.

Fates I defie, I defie your Advances,
since *Calia* has crown'd
My true Love with a smile:
I'll laugh at your Darts,
Your Arrows and Lances:
since her Bosom abounds,
With the Pleasures of Nile.

You shall never
Me from her Sever,
Since that my *Calia* has thrown by her Scorn;
Then forbear
To come so near;
For I from *Calia* can never be torn.

Now

Tune, Now the Fight's done.

NOW now the Night's come,
and the great God of Love;
Lyes lurking in Shades,
his bright Arrows to prove.

He laughs at our rest,
and he darts at our hearts;
And a will that wont still,
to each Lover imparts.

He smiles when he feels,
the sharp point of his Dart,
And tho' our Breast's Steel,
yet he drives to the Heart.

Whilst we kiss and we play,
he makes a full pass;
And ne'er does delay,
'till we're link'd on the Grass.

Tune, draw Cupid draw. Vol. 4. Pag. 83.

HEAR, *Chloe* hear,
And do not turn away,
From my desire, but quench my Fire,
And my love's flames allay:
And let my Song go along,
Unto Compassion move;
And make you kind,
And bend your mind,
And melt you into Love.

If *Chloe* Loves, and constant proves,
Oh! happy, happy then am I;
But if that she unconstant be,
And do's delight to rove,
As sure as Gunn,
I am undone,
And shan't have power to move.

A SONG.



THen come kind *Damon* come away,
to *Cynthia's* power advance;
The *Sylvians* they shall pipe and play,
and we'll lead up, and we'll lead up,

And

And we'll lead up the Dance ;
 the *Sylvians* they shall pipe and play,
 And we'll lead up, and we'll lead up,
 and we'll lead up the Dance :
 The *Sylvians* they shall pipe and play,
 and we'll lead up, and we'll lead up,
 And we'll lead up the Dance.

Smile then with-a beam Divine,
 we'll be blest if you but shine ;
 Happy then our Pains and Toyls,
 witt only lives when Beauty smiles :
 Happy then our Pains and Toyls,
 witt only lives, witt only lives,
 When Beauty smiles :
 Witt only lives, witt only lives,
 When Beauty smiles.

A SONG.





L Et those Youths who freedom prize,
 far from the conquering *Sylvia* run ;
 Never see her killing Eyes,
 or hear her soft enchanting Tongue :
 For such sure destruction waits,
 on those darts with which she wounds ;
 No Shepherd ever can escape,
 but falls if *Sylvia* does but frown.

Damon to his cost has prov'd,
 all resistance is but vain ;
 Heaven has form'd her to be lov'd,
 and made her Queen of all the plain :
Damon when he saw her face,
 from her Beauty would have fled ;
 But the Charmer turn'd her voice,
 and with a Song she struck him dead.

*A Hymn upon the Execution of two Criminals, by
Mr. Ramondon.*



ALL you that must take a leap in the dark,
 Pitty the fate of *Lawson* and *Clark*;
 Cheated with hope, by mercy amus'd,
 Betray'd by the sinful ways we us'd:
 Cropt in our prime of strength and youth,
 Who can but weep at so sad a truth;
 Cropt in our prime of strength and youth,
 Who can but weep at so sad a Truth.

Once we thought 'twould never be night,
 But now alas 'twould never be light:
 Heavenly mercy shine on our souls,
 Death draws near hark, *Sepulchres* bell toles:
 Nature is stronger in youth than in age,
 Grant us thy spirit Lord grief to assuage.

Courses of Evil brought us to this,
 Sinful Pleasure deceitful blis;
 We ne'er shou'd have cause so much to repent,
 Could we with our Callings have been but content:
 The snares of Wine and Women fair
 First were the cause that we now despair.

You that now view our fatal end,
 Warn'd by our Case your carriage mend;
 Soon or late grim Death will come,
 Who'd not prepare for a certain doom:
 Span long life with lifeless Joys,
 What's in this World but care and noise.

Youth tho' most blest by being soe,
 As vast thy Joy as great thy woe;
 Ev'ry sin that gives delight,
 Will in the end the soul affright:
 'Tis not thy youth, thy wealth nor strength,
 Can add to life one moments length.

God is as merciful as Just,
Cleanse our hearts since dye we must:
Sweet Temptations of worldly Joys,
Makes for our grief and our peace destroys:
Think then when man his race has run,
Death is the prize which he has won.

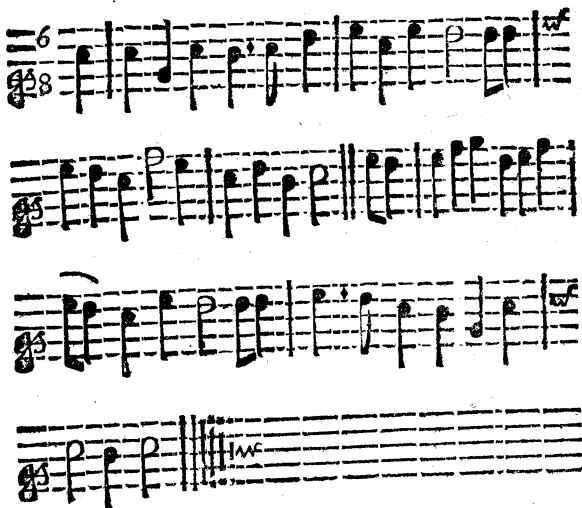
Sure there's none so absurd and odd,
To think with the Fool there is no God;
What is't we fear when Death we meet,
Where't not t' account at the Judgment seat:
That providence we find each hour,
Proves a supernatural power;
In mercy open thy bright abode,
Receive our Souls tremendous God.

Tune of Joy to the Bridegroom. Vol. 2. P. 228.

MY *Theodora* can those Eyes,
from whence those glories always shine;
Give light to every Soul that prys,
and only be obscure to mine:
Give light to every Soul that prys,
and only be obscure to mine.

Send out one beam t' enrich my Soul,
that doth in clouds of darkness roul;
And chase away this gloomy shade,
that in my breast a Hell has made:
And chase away this gloomy shade,
that in my breast a Hell has made.

Where fire burns, where flame is bright,
yet I the Comfort want of light;
O shine, then shine upon the Man,
that else in darkness is undone:
O shine, then shine upon the Man,
that else in darkness is undone.

The British Accountant.

YOU Ladies draw near, I can tell you good news,
 If you Please to give Ear or else you may Choose;
 Of a *British Accountant* that's frolick and free,
 Who does wonderous feats by the Rule of Three.

Addition Division and other such Rules,
 I'll leave to be us'd by your scribbling fools;
 This art is Improv'd unto such a degree,
 That he manages all by the Rule of Three.

You Dames that are wed who can make it appear,
 That you lose an Estate for want of an heir;
 This *Accountant* will come without e'er a fee,
 And Warrants a boy by his Rule of Three.

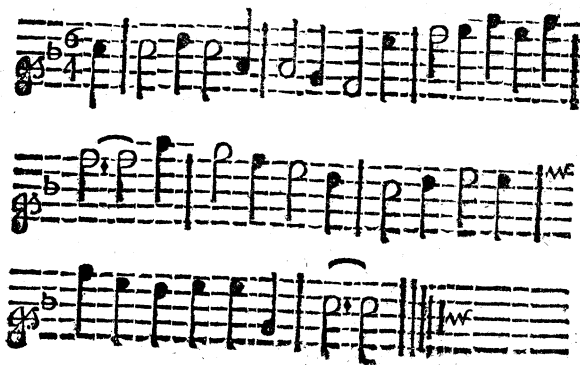
Is the widdow distress'd for the loss of her spouse,
Tho' to have him again she cares not a louse;
Her wants he supplys whatsoever they be,
And all by his art in the Rule of Three.

Do you dream in the night and fret at your fate,
For want of the man when you happen to wake;
You may presently send and satisfy'd be,
That he Pacifies all by the Rule of Three.

You Ladies who are with a Husband Uablest,
And are minded to make him a delicate Beast;
He'll fix the brow antlers just where they shou'd be,
And all by his art in the Rule of Three.

You Lasses at large of the true female Race,
Who are glad of the men who will lye on their face;
Do but try the bold *Britton* you all will agree,
That you never did know such a Rule of Three.

A Song, The Words by Mr. Estcourt.



You tell me *Dick* you've lately read,
 that we are beaten in *Spain*;
 But prithee Boy hold up thy Head,
 we'll beat 'em twice for it again,
With a Fal la la la la la la.

Is this the Courage you us'd to boast,
 why thou art quite cast down;
 You can reflect on what we've lost,
 but ne'er think what we've won,
With a Fal, &c.

What tho' *Jack Spaniard* crack and bounce,
 he ne'er shall do so again;
 We took last Year as many Towns,
 as they have now took Men,
With a Fal, &c.

In War and Gaming it is the same,
 according to the old saying;
 Who's sure to conquer ev'ry Game,
 quite loses the Pleasure of playing,
With a Fal, &c.

I think we have a Man of our own,
 a Man if I may call him so;
 For after those great deeds he has done,
 I may question if he's so or no,
With a Fal, &c.

But now if you wou'd know his name,
 'tis *Johnny Marlborough*;
 The beaten *French* has felt his Fame,
 and so shall the *Spaniards* too,
With a Fal, &c.

And since we cannot Justice do,
 to ev'ry Victory;
 In a full Glass our Zeal let's show,
 to our General's Family,
With a Fal, &c.

For he has eight fair Daughters,
and each of them is a Charmer;
There's Lady Railton, Bridgwater,
fine Sunderland, Lady Mount-Hermer,
With a Fal, &c.

The other four so charming are,
they will with Raptures fill ye;
There's Lady Hochster, Schellenburgh,
bright Blenheim, and Lady Ramillie,
With a Fal, &c.

The last were got so fair and strong,
as in Story ne'er was told;
The first four always will be young,
and the last will never be old,
With a Fal, &c.

At ev'ry Feast, e'er we all are deceas'd,
and the Service begins to be hard;
'Tis surely your Duty, to toast a young Beauty,
call'd Madamofell Audenard,
With a Fal, &c.

All Joy to his Grace, for the ninth of his Race,
she's as fair as most of the former;
But where is that he, dares so impudent be,
to compare her to Lady Mount-Hermer,
With a Fal, &c.

And now to make thy hopes more strong,
and make you look like a Man;
Remember that all these belong,
to the Queen of great Britain,
With a Fal, &c.

Then prithee Dick hold up thy Head,
altho' we were beaten in Spain;
As sure as Scarlet Colour is Red,
we'll beat 'em twice for it again,
With a Fal, &c.

A S O N G.



Your melancholly's all a folly,
 the Peace I'm sure is Sign'd;
 The *French* are for't, so is our *Cour*
 and the *Dutch* must be inclin'd:
 What is't to us who's King of *Spain*,
 So we are masters of the main,
 Our Fleet must always the Trade maintain;
 if we are not Banter'd and Bubbl'd,
 and Cheated and Banter'd and Bubbl'd.

We

We very well know when *Marlborough*,
 did take the Towns in *Flanders*;
 'Twas English men, did pay for them,
 tho' they put in *Dutch* Commanders:
 So that while we were humbling *France*,
Holland's power we did advance,
 And made 'em great at our expence.
 And so we were banter'd &c.

We must suppose, the Whigs are Foes,
 when Treaty's they will Sign a;
 To give the *Dutch*, so plaguy much,
 and call it the Barrier Line a;
 For how can we great *Europe* Sway,
 Or keep the Ballance every way,
 I fear we shall pay for't another Day,
 for we have been banter'd, &c.

For Liberty, and Property,
 'twas once we us'd to Fight;
 'Gainst Popery, and Slavery,
 we did it with our might;
 But now the Taxes makes us poor,
 The Emperour may Swear and roar,
 We neither can nor will do more,
 For we have been banter'd, &c.

Fanaticks then, are now the men,
 who Kingly pow'r divide;
 Their Villany to monarchy,
 'tis makes 'em *France* deride:
 If *Hollanders* wou'd choose a King,
 As much as now their Praises Sing,
 They then wou'd Curse, and Dam, and Fling,
 and cry they were banter'd, &c.

I Swear adsnigs, the Canting Whigs,
 have ran their Knavish race;
 The Church and Queen, are Flourishing,
 now they are in disgrace:

Great *Harly* he has set us right,
 And *France* will banish *Perkenie*,
 So we're no more the *Holland Bite*,
 nor will we be banter'd, &c.

The Mohocks, A SONG.



T Here's a new set of Rakes,
 Entitled mohocks;
 Who infest her majesties Subj^{ts}:
 He who meets 'em at night,
 Must be ready for flight,
 Or withstanding he many a drub gets.

In their nightly Patrole,
 They up and down rowle;
 'To the Bodily fear of the nation:
 Some say they are Gentle-
 men, otherwise Simple,
 And their Sense like their reputation.

Others say that the Van's,
 Led by noblemen;
 Tho' to Forreigners this will but sound ill,
 But let 'em take care,
 How they manage th' affair,
 For a Lord may be kill'd by a Scoundrel.

Some

Some count it a Plot,
And the Lord knows what ;
Contriv'd by the Whiggs out of Season :
But shou'd it be so,
By the high Church or low,
Rebellion was always high Treason.

Fie curb the disgrace,
'Tis imprudent and base ;
Pray take the advice of a Stranger :
But if you go on,
Like Fools as ye've done,
When ye're hang'd ye'll be quite out of danger.

A New Song, Sett by an Eminent Master.



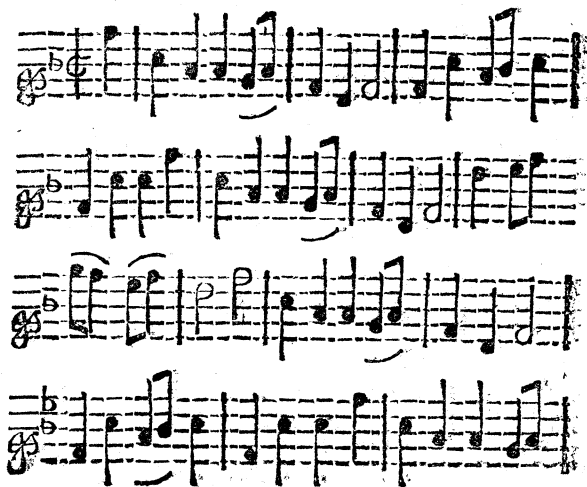


When embracing my Friends,
 And quaffing Champain;
 Dull Phlegmatick Spleen,
 Thou assault'st me in vain,
 Dull Phlegmatick Spleen,
 Thou assault'st me in vain.

My pleasures flow pure,
Without Taint or Allay;
And each Glas that I drink,
Inspires with new Joys:

My Pleasures thus heighten'd,
No Improvement receive;
But what the dear Sight
Of my *Phillis* can give.
The Charms of her Eyes,
The Force of my Wine,
Do then in Harmonious Confed'racy joyn:
 To wrap me with Joys,
 To wrap me with Joys,
Seraphick, Seraphick, and Divine.

*A Song, in honour of the Glorious Assembly at Court,
on the Queen's Birth-Day; made to a pretty
Scotch Tune, by Mr. Tho. D' Urfey.*





When Love fair *Psyche* made his Choece,
 Jove sent *Mercury* from the Skies,
 To summon all the Deities,

To a divine Collation:

Sol with sweet *Aurora* came,
Vulcan with his Charming Dame,
 and *Iris* put on a Robe of Flame,

Streakt with a fresh Carnation:

Juno had a Mantle full of Moons and Stars,
 And *Venus* had a Trophy Gown,

A present made by *Mars*;
 Embroyder'd o'er with Swords and Guns,
 And Implements of Wars,

With Triumphs of many a Nation.

Yet tho' adorn'd in their bright Array,
 Shining Glorious, fresh and Gay,
 'Twas a trifle all to *Queen Ann's* Birth-day,
 Should they compare in Splendour:

Every

Every Duke and Dutcheſs here,
Sham'd each God and Goddeſs there,
Nor could their Joy with ours compare,
Shewn to our Faiths Defender :

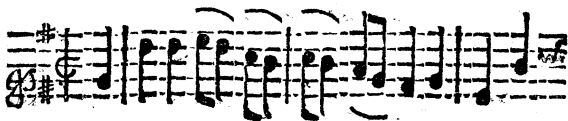
The States-man that talks
On the Woolſack big,
Could buſſe to the Opera,
As merry as a Grig,
To Ogle there a Tory tall,
Or pretty little Whig,
Defying the Pretender.

The great *Eugene* whoſe renown does Soar,
Well deſerving the * Sword he wore,
Were Diamonds valu'd at ten times more,
Thought he beheld a wonder :
Sennates Jars he late has ſeen,
High and low exalt their Spleen,
But here in Reverence to the Queen,
Both ſides truckle under :

* A Sword
preſented
him by the
Queen, of
great Value.

Joy from this Minute
Shall each hour increaſe,
And *Europe* find the Benefit
Of Honourable Peace,
And he like *Jove* the dire Effects
Of bloody War muſt ceaſe,
And lay aſide his Thunder.

*A Song in praiſe of Begging : Or, the Beggars
Rival'd.*





THo' Begging is an honest trade,
 which wealthy Knaves despise;
 Yet Rich men may be Beggars made,
 and we that beg may rise:
 The greatest Kings may be betray'd,
 and loose their Sov'raign power;
 But he that stoops to ask his bread,
 But he that stoops to ask his bread,
 Can never fall much lower.

What lazy Forreigns Swarm'd of late,
 has spoil'd our begging trade;
 Yet still we live and drink good beer,
 tho' they our rights invade:

Some say they for Religion fled,
but wiser People tell us;
They were forc'd abroad to seek their bread,
for being too Rebellious.

Let heavy Taxes greater grow,
to make our army Fight;
Where 'tis not to be had you know,
the Queen must loose her right:
Let one side laugh the other mourn,
we nothing have to fear:
But that great Lords will Beggars be,
to be as great as we are.

What tho' we make the World believe,
that we are sick or lame;
'Tis now a virtue to deceive,
our Teachers do the same:
In Trade dissembling is no crime,
and we may live to see;
That begging in a little time,
the only trade will be.

*A new Ballad, Sung at Messieurs Brook and
Helliers Club, at the Temple Tavern in Fleet-
Street.*





Since Tom's in the Chair, and e'ery one here,
 Appears in Gay humour and easie;
 Say why shou'd not I, a new Ballad try,
 bright Brethren o'th' Bottle to please ye:
 This Wine is my Theme, this is all on's esteem;
 for *Brook* and *Hellier* cannot wrong us;
 Let them get Wealth, who keeps us in Health,
 by bringin' neat Liquors among us:
 Let them get Wealth, who keeps us in Health,
 By bringin' neat Liquors among us.

Each Vintner of late, has got an Estate,
 by brewing and Sophistication;
 With Syder and Slows they've made a Dam'd dose,
 has payson'd one half of the Nation:
 But *Helier* and *Brook*, a Method have took,
 to prove them all Scoundrels and Noddy's,
 And shew'd us a way which (if we don't stray)
 will save both our Pockets and Bodies.

This generous Juice, brisk Blood will produce,
and stupid ones raise to the bonny'st;
Make Poets and Wits, of you that are Citts,
and Lawyers if possible honest:
If any are Sick, or find themselves weak,
with Symptoms of Gout or the Scurvy;
This will alone, the Doctor must own,
probatum est healthy preserve ye.

Have any here Wives, that lead 'em sad lives,
for you know what pouting and storming;
Then drink of this Wine, and it will incline,
the weakest to vig'rous performing:
Each Spouse will say then, pray go there agen,
tho' Money for th' reck'ning you borrow;
Nay for such Bub, here I'll pay your Club,
so go there agen Dear to morrow.

Tho' one drinks red Port, another's not for't,
but chuses Vienna or white Wine;
Each takes what Suits best, his Stomach or taste,
yet e'ery one's sure he drinks right Wine:
Thus pledg'd we all sit, and thus we are knitt,
in friendship together the longer;
As Musick in parts, enlivens our Hearts,
and renders the Harmony stronger.

Now God bless the Queen, Peers, Parliament Men,
and keep 'em like us in true Concord;
And grant that all those, who dare be her Foes,
at Tyburn may swing in a strong Cord:
We'll Loyalists be, and bravely agree,
with Lives and Estates to defend her;
So then she'll not care, come Peace or come War,
for Lewis, the Pope, or Pretender.

A

*A New Song, on our New General, his Grace the
Duke of Ormond.*



Spring Invites the *Troops* to *Warring*,
the *Mounſieur Daring*;
Now Brave *Ormond* is Preparing,
all Doubts to Clear;
Laſting Peace, or worſt of *Farring*,
Fate Decrees this Wondrous Year.

Laurels that Great *Heroes* Gather,
no Blaſt can Wither;
Envy has no Power to Smother,

Renown When Due :

One Mans Brave and So's Another,
With Great Generals ~~is~~ so too.

Ormonds Soul for Fame Created,

Divinely Fated ;

By immortal power translated,

From heavenly mould :

Seems as if to them related,

Courting glory scorning gold,

Go and *Brittains* genius guard thee,

Success reward thee,

No *French* power or plots retard thee,

But highly four ;

Fate has for great things declar'd thee,

And more *Vigos* has in store.

*The LONDON PRENTICE : being
an Account of his brave Adventures done in Turkey,
and by what means he married the King's Daughter.*



OF a worthy *London* Prentice,
 my purpose is to speak,
 And tell his brave adventures,
 done for his Country sake;
 Seek all the World about,
 and you shall hardly find,
 A man in valour to exceed,
 a Prentice gallant mind:

He was born in *Cheshire*,
 the chief of Men was he,
 From thence brought up to *London*,
 a Prentice for to be;
 A Merchant on the bridge,
 did like his service so,
 That for three years his Factor,
 to *Turkey* he should go.

And in that famous Country,
 one year he had not been,
 E're he by tilt maintained,
 the Honour of his Queen;
Elizabeth his Princess,
 he nobly did make known,
 To be the Phoenix of the World,
 and none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,
 well mounted on a steed,
 One score of Knights most hardy,
 one day he made to bleed;
 And brought them all to ground,
 who proudly did deny,
Elizabeth to be the Pearl,
 of Princely Majesty.

The King of that same Country,
 thereat began to frown,
 And will'd his Son there present,
 to pull this Youngster down;

Who

Who at his Father's words,
these boasting speeches said,
Thou art a Traytor, English Boy,
and hast the Traytor plaid.

' I am no Boy, nor Traytor,
' thy Speeches I defie,
' For which I'll be revenged,
' upon thee by and by:
' *A London Prentice still,*
' shall prove as good a Man,
' As any of your Turkish Knights,
' do all the best you can.

And therewithal he gave him,
a box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck asunder,
as plainly doth appear:
' Now know, proud Turk, quoth he,
' I am no English Boy,
' That can with one small box o'th' ear,
' the Prince of Turks destroy.

When as the King perceived,
his Son so strangely slain,
His soul was sore afflicted,
with more than mortal pain;
And in revenge thereof,
he swore that he should dye,
The cruel'st death that ever Man,
beheld with mortal eye.

Two Lyons were prepared,
this Prentice to devour,
Near famish'd up with hunger,
ten days within the tower,
To make them more fierce
and eager of their pray,
To glut themselves with human gore
upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment
at length grew near at hand,
Where all the noble Ladies
and Barons of the land,
Attended on the King,
to see this Prentice slain,
And buried in the hungry maws
of those fierce Lyons twain.

Then in his shirt of cambrick,
with silk most richly wrought,
This worthy *London* Prentice
was from the prison brought,
And to the Lyons given
to stanch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days space
not one small bit of meat.

But God that knows all secrets,
the matter so contriv'd,
That by this young Man's valour
they were of life depriv'd;
For being faint for food,
they scarcely could withstand
The noble force, and fortitude,
and courage of his hand:

For when the hungry Lyons,
had cast on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder
with the echo of their cries;
And running all amain
his body to devour,
Into their throats he thrust his arms,
with all his might and power.

From thence by manly valour
their hearts he tore in sunder,
And at the King he threw them,
to all the Peoples wonder:

*This I have done, quoth he,
for lovely England's sake,
And for my Country's Maiden Queen
much more will under take.*

But when the King perceived
his wrothful Lyons hearts,
Afflicted with great terrour,
his rigour soon reverts;
And turned all his hate
into remorse and love,
And said, *It is some Angel
sent down from Heaven above.*

- ' No, no, I am no Angel,
the courteous young Man said,
- ' But born in famous *England*,
' where God's Word is obey'd ;
- ' Affisted by the Heavens,
' who did me thus befriend,
- ' Or else they had most cruelly
' brought here my life to end.

The King in heart amazed,
lift up his eyes to Heaven,
And for his foul offences,
did crave to be forgiven:
Believing that no land
like *England* may be seen,
No People better governed
by vertue of a Queen.

So taking up this young Man,
he pardon'd him his life,
And gave his Daughter to him
to be his wedded Wife ;
Where then they did remain,
and live in quiet peace,
In spending of their happy days
in joy and love's encrease.

To the foregoing Tune.

A Worthy *London* Prentice,
 came to his love by night;
 The candles were lighted,
 the Moon did shine so bright:
 He knocked at the door,
 to ease him of his pain;
 She rose and let him in Love,
 and went to bed again.

He went into the Chamber,
 where his true love did lye;
 She quickly gave consent,
 for to have his Company:
 She quickly gave consent,
 the Neighbours peeping out;
 So take away your hand,
 Love let's blow the Candle out.

I would not for a Crown love,
 my Mistriss should it know;
 I'll in my Smock step down love,
 And I'll out the Candle blow:
 The streets they are so nigh,
 and the People walk about;
 Some may peep in and spy love,
 let's blow the Candle out.

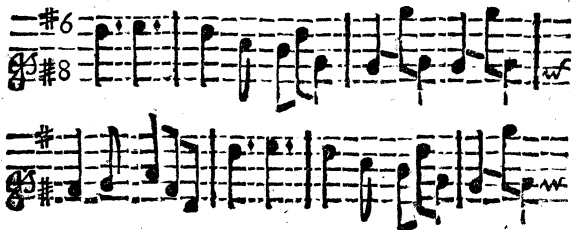
My Master and my Mistriss,
 upon the bed do lye;
 Injoying one another,
 why should not you and I:
 My Master kiss'd my Mistriss,
 without any fear or doubt;
 And we'll kiss one another,
 let's blow the Candle out.

I prithee speak more softly,
 of what we have to do;
 Least that our noise of talking,
 should make our pleasure rue:
 For kissing one another,
 will make no evil rout;
 Then let us now be silent,
 and blow the Candle out.

But yet he must be doing,
 he could no longer stay;
 She strove to blow the Candle out,
 and push his hand away:
 The young man was so hasty,
 to lay his arms about,
 But she cryed I pray love,
 lets blow the Candle out.

As this young Couple sported,
 the Maiden she did blow;
 But how the Candle went out,
 alas I do not know:
 Said she I fear not now Sir,
 my Master nor my Dame;
 And what this Couple did Sir,
 alas I dare not name.

*The Parson among the Peas, A New SONG the
 Words by Mr. D' Urfey.*





O Ne long *Whitson* Holliday,
 Holliday, Holliday, 'twas a Jolly day;
 Young *Ralph*, Buxome *Pbillida*, *Pbillida*, a welladay,
 Met in the Peas :

They

They long had community,
 He lov'd her, She lov'd him,
 Joyful Unity, nought but Opportunity,
 scanting was wanting their bosoms to raise:
 But now Fortunes Cruelty, Cruelty,
 You will see, for as they lye,
 In close Hugg, Sir *Domini Gemini, Gemini*,
 chanc'd to come by ;
 He read Prayers i'th' Family,
 No way now to frame a Lye,
 They scar'd at old Homily, Homily, Homily,
 both away fly.

So soon as he saw the Sight full of Spite,
 As a Kite runs the Recubite,
 Like a holy *Hypocrite, Hypocrite, Hypocrite*,
 mischief to say :
 Save he wou'd fair *Phillida, Phillida, Phillida*,
 Drest that Holy day,
 But poor *Ralph*, Ah welladay, Welladay, Welladay,
 turn'd was away,
 Ads niggs crys Sir *Domini, Gemini, Gemini*,
 Shall a Rogue stay,
 To baulk me as commonly, commonly, commonly,
 has been his way,
 No I rule the Family,
 They know nought to blame me by,
 I read Prayers and Homily, Homily, Homily,
 three times a day.

A S O N G, made on the Glorious Battle and
Victory gain'd over the French by the Duke of
Marlborough and Prince Eugene, the Words
by Mr. D^r Urfe.





NOW Cannon smoke clouds all the sky,
 And through the gloomy wood;
 From ev'ry trench the bougers fly,
 Besmeer'd with dust and blood:
 Whilst valour's palm, is our's in fight,
 And *Mons* to terms we bring;
 Let bragging *Boufflers* vainly write,
 False wonders to the *King*,
 Fate resolves to end the warr:
 And *Lewis* like a falling star,
 Though late he sate on high,
 A meteor of the sky;
 Shall from his place remove,
 Whilst *Europe* o're does rove:
 With welcome olive branch, the peaceful dove.

Hail mighty *Marlbrough* great *Eugene*,
 Thanks for your glorious toyle;
 And 'mongst the best of *Marthal* men,
Nassau, and brave *Arguile*:
 Warriours in honnours bed who lye,
 Whose fame shall ever spring,
 Take for reward perpetual joy;
 Whose great renown we sing,
Mounfieur, *Mounfieur*, leave of *Spain*:
 To thiak to hold it is in vain,
 Thy Warriours are to few;
 Thy *Martials* must be new,
 Worse losses will ensue:
 Then without more ado,
 Be wise and straight call home, *Petite Anjou*.

Forty long years, thou haft in gore,
 Bin dabling up and down;
 Seek now Imperial Crowns no more,
 But plot to fave thy own:
 Sweden the buckler to thy arm,
 Fomenter of the warr;
 Who kept thy blind ambition warm,
 Flyes from the frozen Czar:
 Fill then a glafs each *Britifh* heart,
 From this great Health let no one ftart;
 Here's to our happy Queen,
 To Marlborough and *Eugene*:
 And thofe that fhortly mean,
 To wade the River feine,
 'Tis, 'tis a Cordial rare, to cure the Spleen.

A Song out of the Guardian.



Oh

OH the Charming month of *May*,
When the Breezes, fan the Trees is,
Full of Blossoms fresh and gay,
Full of Blossoms fresh and gay :
Oh the charming month of *May*,
Charming, Charming, month of *May*.

Oh what Joys our Prospect yields,
In a new livery when we see every,
Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field, &c.
Oh what Joys, &c. Charming Joys, &c.

Oh how fresh the morning air,
When the Zephirs and the Hephirs,
Their Odoriferous breaths compare,
Oh how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.

Oh how fine our Evenings walk,
When the Nightingal delighting,
With her Songs suspends our talk,
Oh how fine, &c. Charming fine, &c.

Oh how sweet at Night to dream,
On mossy pillows by the trillows,
Of a gentle purling stream,
Oh how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh how kind the Country Lass,
Who her Cows bilking, leaves her milking,
For a green gown upon the grass,
Oh how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh how sweet it is to spy,
At the conclusion, her deep confusion,
Blushing cheeks and down cast eye,
Oh how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh the Charming Curds and Cream,
When all is over she gives her Lover,
Who on her skimming dish carves her Name :
Oh the Charming Curds and Cream,
Charming, Charming, Curds and Cream.

The Maid of Lyn.

ON *Brandon* heath, in sight of *Methwold* Steeple,
 in *Norfolk* as I rode along;
 I met a Maiden with Apples laden,
 and thus, thus to her I urg'd my Song:
 Kifs me said I, she answer'd no,
 and still she cry'd I won't,
 I won't, I won't do so,
 but when I did my love begin,
 Quoth she good Sir, quoth she good Sir,
 good Sir I live in *Lyn*.

'Twas Summer season then, and Sultry Weather,
 which put this fair Maid in a sweat;
 Say'd I come hither, let us together,
 go try to lay this scorching heat:
 But she deny'd the more I cry'd,
 And answer'd no, and seem'd to go,
 But when I did my love begin,
 Quoth she good Sir I live in *Lyn*.

To kifs this Maiden, then was my intent,
 I felt her hand and snowy breast;
 With much perswasion, she shew Occasion,
 that I was free to do the rest:
 Then in we went, and fix pence spent,
 I cry'd my dear, she cry'd forbear,
 But when I did my love begin,
 Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn*.

Three times I try'd to satisfie this Maiden,
 and she perceiv'd her Lovers pain;
 Then I wou'd go, but she cry'd no,
 and bid me try it o'er again:
 She cry'd my Dear, I cry'd forbear,
 Yet e'er we parted fain wou'd know,
 Where I might see this Maid agen,
 Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn*.

*The Country Farmers Campaign, by the Author of
Banter'd and Bubbi'd, &c.*



OH Roger I've been to see Eugene,
by Villars over reach'd;
And that Dutch Earl, great *Albermarle*,
so foolishly detach'd:
For *Phil* of Spain, saw *Doway* tain,
and *Quesnoy* close beset;
Saw French Men grin, at Count *Reckstrin*,
and Dutch-men in a Sweat.

With both my Eyes *Auxillaries*,
I saw desert our Cause;
Old *Zinzendorf* did buy 'em off,
but never stopt their Maws:

While

Whilst *Ormond* he most orderly,
did march them towards *Ghent* ;
The *German Dogs*, with great *Dutch Hogs*,
their Towns against him Pent.

Were not we mad to spend our Blood,
and weighty Treasure so ;
Do they deserve, that we shou'd serve,
adad we'll make them know :
They'll be afraid, of Peace and Trade
and downfal of the Whigs ;
Our glorious *Ann*, with *France* and *Spain*,
will dance them many a Jigg.

If they have a mind, 'fore Peace be sign'd,
to own Great *Anna's* power
Such terms she'll get, as she thinks fit,
and they shall have no more :
Great *Oxford's* Earl, that weighty Pearl,
and Minister of State ;
With *Bullinbrook*, I swear adzooks,
old *England* will be great.

We Farmers then, shall be fine Men,
and Money have good store ;
Their Whigish Tax they'll have with a Fox,
when Monarchy's no more :
My Son I'm sure, will ne'er endure,
to pay their plaguy Funds ;
'Tis with reproach they ride in Coach,
It makes me mad Adf—

For twenty years, with Popish fears,
we have been banter'd much ;
With Liberty, and Property,
and our very good Friends the *Jacobites* ;
But now I hope, our Eyes are ope,
and *France* is more sincere ;
Then *Emperour* with all his stir,
or *Doublers* Divil myn Heir.]

Strawbery.



OF all the handsom Ladies,
 Of whom the Town do talk ;
 Who do frequent the *Operas*,
 And in the Park do walk :
 The many lovely Beautys,
 There are who do excel,
 Yet my *Strawbery*, my *Strawbery*,
 Does bear away the Bell.

Some cry up Madam *Mar*—
 For this thing and for that ;
 And some her Grace of *Sb*—
 Tho' she grows something fat,
 And tho' I love her *Ma*—
 And all her Ladies well,
 Yet my *Strawbery*, &c.

The

The Kit Cat, and the Toasters,
Did never care a Figg ;
For any other Beauty,
Besides the little Whigg :
But for all that Sir Harry,
That witty Knight can tell,
'Tis my Strawberry, &c.

The red Coats think the Ch—ls,
The Fairest in the Land ;
Because the D. their Father,
The Ar—y does command :
But the noble D. of B—
Who does all Dukes excel,
Says my Strawberry, &c.

A Welcome to the happy Peace, A New SONG,
the Words by Mr. D' Ursey.





NOW comes Joyful Peace,
 And happy days,
 The times will turn,
 Nor shall we mourn,
 In doubt Forlorn,
 But live at ease:
 Drums and Trumpets sounds,
 With War and Wounds,
 That us'd to roar,
 And soil with Gore,
 The Flemish shoar,
 All now must cease;
 Fate does smile at last,
 Whilst we find Joy,
 Attoning for the troubles past.

When the *German* head
 His Eagle spread,
 With *Spanish* Logs,
 And *Hogan* Hogs,
 With all their frogs,
 Seem to oppose,
 We who still advise,
 With some as wise:
 If Queens can tell,
 What Heads excel,
 And Counsel well,
 Must think them foes,
 Fears will end at last,
 Whilst we find Joy,
 Attoning for the troubles past.

The Scotch Wedding : Or, Lads with the Golden Hair.



NOW Jockey and Moggy are ready,
 To gang to the Kirk to sped,
 As fine as a Laird or Lady,
 For they are resolv'd to wed,
 Come aw let's awa to the wedding,
 For there will be Liting there,
 Jockey'll be married to Moggy,
 The Lads with the Golden Hair.

And

And for a whole Month together,
 Brisk *Fockey* a wooing went,
 Till *Moggy's* Mother and Vather,
 At last gave their consent,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be long Keel and Pottage,
 And bannarks of Barley Meal,
 And there'll be good Sawt Herring,
 To relish a Coge of good Ale,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Sawney* the Soater,
 And *Will* with muckle mow,
 And there'll be *Tommy* the Blutter,
 And *Andrew* the Tinker I trow,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be Bow-leg'd *Bobby*,
 And thumbless *Kate's* geud Man,
 And there'll be blue cheek'd *Dolly*,
 And *Lumry* the Laird of the Land,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be low lipper *Betty*,
 And pluggy fac'd *Watt* of the Mill,
 And there'll be farnicled *Huggy*,
 That wins at the Ho of the Hill,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Annefter* *Dowgal*,
 That spay footed *Betty* did wooc,
 And mincing *Bessy* and *Tibley*,
 And *Christy* the Belly gut Sow,
Come aw let's, &c.

And *Craney* that marry'd *Steney*,
 That lost him his Bricks till his Arse,
 And after was hang'd for stealing,
 It's well that it happen'd no worse,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be hopper ars'd *Nancy*,
And farey fac'd *Fenny* by Name,
Glud *Kate* and fat legged *Lissy*,
The Lads with the codling Wem,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Fenny* go *Gibby*.
And his glack'd Wife *Fenny Bell*,
And messed skin blofen *Fordy*,
The Lad that went scipper himsel,
Come aw let's, &c.

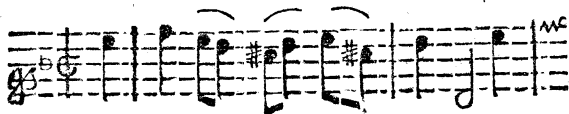
There'll be all the Lads and Lasses,
Set down in the middle of the Hall,
To Sybouse and Raftacks and Carlings,
That are both sodden and raw,
Come aw let's, &c.

There'll be Tart Perry and Catham,
And Fish of geud Gabback and Skate,
Profody and Dramuck and Brandy,
And Collard, Neats feet in a plate,
Come aw let's, &c.

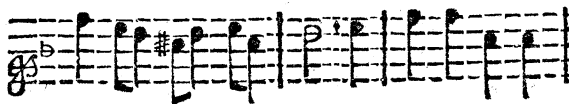
And there'll be Meal, Kell and Castocks,
And skink to sup till you rive,
And roaches to roast on the Gridiron,
And Flukes that were tane alive,
Come aw let's, &c.

Cropt head Wilks and Pangles,
And a Meal of good sweting to ney,
And when you're all burst with eating,
We'll rise up and dance till we dey:
Come aw let's awaw to the Wedding,
For there will be Liltin there,
Fockey'll be marry'd to Moggy,
The Lads with the Golden Hair.

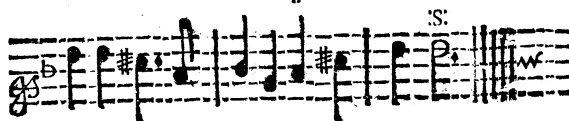
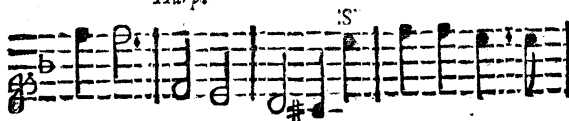
(The Authentick Letter) of Marshal de Boufflers
to the French King, on the late unfortunate but
Glorious Battle (as he calls it) near Mons, Para-
phrastically done into Meetre in broken English,
Set to a Famous Tune on the Welch Harp, writ-
ten by Mr. D' Urfev.



Harp.



Harp.



ME send you Sir one Letter,
Me vish it were a better,
And here me write,
Of our last fight;
'And who vas Conquest getter.

Dame fortune vas a Jilt Sir,
Dat so much blood is spilt Sir;
We own our loss,
But yet it was,
A noble Glorious tilt Sir.

And

And do de Field be deys Sir,
As now it plain appears Sir;
So brave and stout,
De *French* nere fought,
Morbleiw dis hunderd years Sir.

Villars and I long stood Sir,
Encampt within a wood Sir;
He Left, I Right,
Where we did fight,
As long as e'er we could Sir.

And to affright like Giants,
And offer dire defiance;
Fearless to dye,
In works nose high,
We ventur'd bold as Lyons.

But de Enemy broke troo Sir;
As dey are us'd to do Sir;
And made us flinch,
From treble trench,
Begar me tell you true, Sir.

And manfully retiring,
To 'Scape de plaguee firing;
We wheel'd about,
And sav'd a rout,
To all de Warlds admiring.

Villars i'ch' Knee was wounded,
By Horse and Foot surrounded,
And of my hurt,
You'll have report,
As soon as me have found it.

In Heel dey says my blow Sir,
Achillis was hurt so Sir,
De Deevil and all,
Vas in dat Ball,
Being arm'd from Top to Toe Sir.

But

But 'twas by wise retreating,
 When Orders were repeating,
 For when all's don,
 De World must own,
 We had Victorious beating.

For dey've lost twice our Men Sir;
 If you'll believe my Pen Sir,
 And since a Wood,
 Does so much good,
 We'll ne'er Fight on a Plain Sir.

Four times we made 'em run Sir,
 And yet dey would come on Sir,
 'Twas well dey'r Foot,
 Stood boldly to't,
 Dey els had been undone Sir.

Artagnan Charm'd his Forces,
 He lost one two tre Horses,
 De Duc de *Guich*,
 Shot near de breech,
 Deserve Heroick Verses.

St. George in monst'rous passion,
 Attack'd his Rebel Nation,
 Begar Mounseur
 He hope next year,
 You'll make a new Invasion.

For do de odds must be Sir,
 Vid us as all might see Sir,
 Yet me have Swore,
 Dey'r Troops were more.
 To Infinite degree Sir.

Or if you will make Peace Sir,
 For fear our luck decrease Sir,
 Dere nere was known,
 Since War begun,
 So fit a time as dis Sir.

All, all our Troops did Wonders,
And of more Martial Thunders,
I'll write again,
But now in pain,
Leave off for fear of Blunders.

*A SONG, on the ensuing Campaign, design'd to
be Sung between the Acts in the modern Prophets
written by Mr. D' Urfey.*



Now

NOW now comes on, the Glorious year,
Brittain has hope, and *France* has fear;
Lewis the warr has cost so dear,

He slyly peace desires tender,

But our two *Hero's* so well know:

The breach of his word, some years ago,
 They resolve, they will give him another blow,
 Unless he *Spain* Surrenders.

Health to the *Queen* then fraight begin,
 To *Marlborough* the great and to brave *Eugene*;
 With them let Valliant *Webb* to come in,

Who late perform'd a wonder:

Then to the Ocean an offering make,
 And boldly Carouze to brave Sir *John Leak*;
 Who with Mortar and Cannon *Mahon* did take,
 And made the *Pope* knock under.

Beat up the drum a new Alarm,
 The foe is cold and we are warm;
 The *Monsieurs* Troops can do no harm,

Tho' they abound in Numbers:

Push then once more and the warr is done,
 Old men and boys will surely run;
 And we know we can beat 'em if four to one;
 Which he too well remembers.

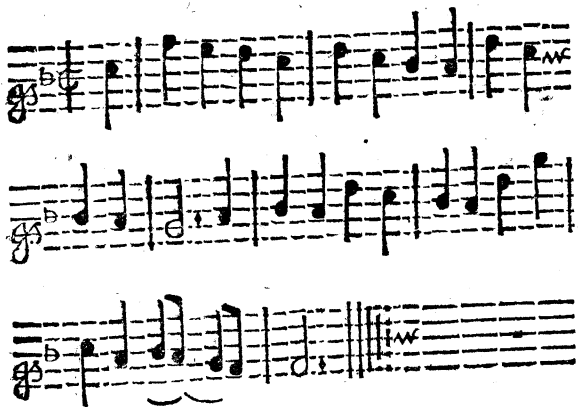
(*The Mistresses*) A S O N G Sett by Mr. James
 Townsend, the Words by Mr. Rolfe.





L *Lavia* would but dare not venture,
 Fear so much o'er rules her passion,
Chloe suffers all to enter,
 Subjects fame to Inclination :
 Neither's method I admire,
 Either is in Love displeasing ;
Chloe's fondness gluts desire,
Lavia's Cowardis is Teazing.

Celia by a Wiser Measure,
 In one faithful Swains embraces ;
 Pays a private Debt to pleasure,
 Yet for Chaste in publick Passes :
 Fair ones follow *Celia's* Notion,
 Free from fear and censure wholly,
 Love, but let it be with Caution,
 For Extreems are Shame or Folly.

A Tenement to Let.

I Have a Tenement to Let,
 I hope will please you all;
 And if you'd know the name of it,
 'Tis called Cunny Hall.

It's seated in a pleasant Vale,
 Beneath a rising Hill;
 This Tenement is to be Let,
 To who so e'er I will.

For Years, for Months, for Weeks or Days,
 I'll Let this famous Bow'r;
 Nay rather than a Tennant want,
 I'd Let it for an hour.

There's round about a pleasant Grove,
 To shade it from the Sun;
 And underneath is Well water,
 That pleasantly does run.

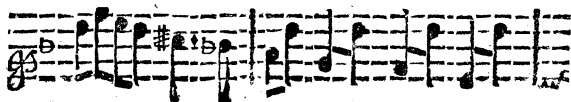
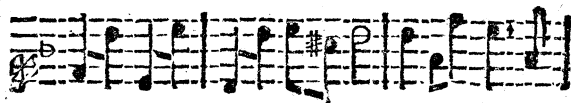
Where

Where if you're hot you may be cool'd,
 If cold you may find heat;
 It is a well contrived Spring,
 Not little nor too great.

The place is very dark by Night,
 And so it is by Day;
 But when you once are enter'd in,
 You cannot loose your way.

And when you're in, go boldly on,
 As far as e're you can;
 And if you reach to the House top,
 You'll be where ne'er was Man.

Windfor Tarras. *A S O N G*, *The Words by*
Mr. D^r Urfey.





Musing I late,
 On *Windfor* Tarras fate;
 And hot, and weary,
 Heard a merry,
 Am'rous couple chat;
 Words as they go,
 The Nymph soon made me know,
 And tother was,
 Tho' gay in Dress,
 'A blund'ring Country Beau:

He had shewn her all,
The Lodgings great and small;
The Tower, the Bower,
The Green, the Queen,
And fam'd St. *Georges* Hall:
Lastly brought her here,
To court her for his Dear;
To Wed and Bed,
And swore he had,
A thousand Pounds a year.

Money the crew,
Of sots think all must do;
And now this fool,
Unlearn'd at School,
It seems believes so too:
But the rare girl,
More worth than Gold or Pearl,
Was Nobly got,
And brought, and Taught,
To slight the fordid World.

She then brisk and gay,
That lov'd a Tuneful Lay,
In haste pull'd out,
Her little Flute,
And bad him Sing or Play:
He both Arts defy'd,
And she as quickly cry'd,
Who learnt no way,
To Sing nor Say,
Shou'd ne'er make her a Bride.

A Dialogue between Tegue an Irish Priest and the Arch Bishop of Paris on the taking of Tournay and the State of the French affairs. To an Irish Tune by Mr. D'Urfev.



Tegue.

H Ark *Lewis* groans, good Fader wat ailsh him,
 None of our loud *Te-Deums* availsh him;
 Creest shave my shawl by Trumpets and Drumming,
 The *Raison's* plain now great *Marlborough* is coming: -
 Yogh hone o hone.

Bishop.

Leave off your howl you simple bogtrotter,
 Vat can me do in tings of dis nature;
 Get you to mafs and dose matters handle,
 To Curse him back wid your bell Book and Candle:
 Ah Jernie bleiw,

Tegue,

Tegue.

Patrick our shaint success delaying,
Curshing will do no more good then Praying;
Dreadful Eugene the Deevil sure carrys,
Now Tournay's taken he'll soon come to Paris:
Yogh hone o hone.

Bishop.

If dey go on as now dey'r beginning,
Routting our troops and towns dayly winning;
If in dey'r Lines our army lyes Sleeping,
Adieu de gold we so long have been heaping;
Ah Jernie bleiw.

Tegue.

Dis by my shawl's de fruit of ambition,
Wee'r by his pride in woful condition;
He must be making Kings of Welch princes,
A plague upon't he has quite lost his shences;
Yogh hone o hone.

Bishop.

Dis comes of Plots with Sweden combining,
And of proposing Peace and not sining;
Dey'r Gen'ralls now such anger discover,
Dey'l sure demand both Versailles and de Louver;
Ah Jernie bleiw.

Tegue.

Burgundy's mad dat fool has undone us,
Savoy's the same who now seems to shun us;
Berwick is sent out to seek his undoing,
Tallard strong Ale for Villars is brewing:
Yogh hone o hone.

*The Soldiers return from the Wars, or the Maids
and Widdows Rejoycing.*



AT the change as I was walking,
 I heard a discourse of Peace,
 The people all were a talking,
 That the tedious *Wars* will cease,
 And If it do prove but true,
 The maids will run out of their houses,
 To see the Troopers all come home,
 And the Grenadiers with their Drum a Drum Drum,
 Then the *Widdows* shall all have spouses.

The

The scarlet colour is fine Sir,
All others it doth excel,
The trooper has a Carbine Sir,
That will please the maidens well,
And when it is Cockt and Prim'd Sir,
The maids will run out of their houses,
To see the troopers come, come, come,
And the Grenadiers with their drum a drum drum,
And the *Widdows* shall all have spouses.

There's *Foan* and *Betty* and *Nelly*,
And the rest of the female Crew,
Each has an itch in her belly,
To play with the scarlet hen,
And *Marg'ret* too must be peeping,
To see the troopers all, &c.

The *Lanlaydys* are preparing,
Her maids are shifting their smocks,
Each swears she'll buy her a fairing,
And opens her *Christmas-box*,
She'll give it all to the Red Coats,
When as the troopers all, &c.

Fenny she lov'd a trooper,
And she shew'd her all her Geer,
Doll has turn'd off the Cooper,
And now for a Grenadier,
His hand Grenadoes they will please her,
When as the troopers all, &c.

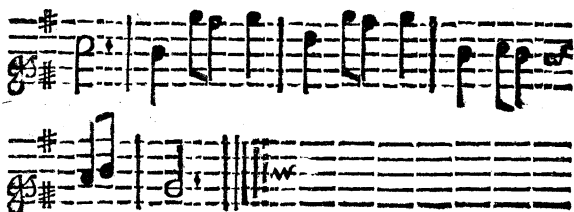
Old musty maids that have money,
Although no teeth in their heads,
May have a bit for their bunny,
To pleasure them in their beds,
Their hearts will turn to the Red Coats,
When as the troopers all, &c.

The *Widdows* now are a finging,
 And have thrown their peaks a side,
 For they have been us'd to finging,
 When their Garters were unty'd,
 But the Red Coats they will tye 'em,
 When as the troopers all, &c.

Wives and Widdows and maidens,
 I'm sure this news will please ye,
 If any with maiden-heads laden,
 The Red Coats they will ease ye,
 Then all prepare to be happy,
 To see the troopers all come home,
 And the Grenadiers with their drum a drum drum,
 And the Widdows shall all have spouses.

The Lovers Whims. A SONG, The Words by
 Mr. D'Urfey.

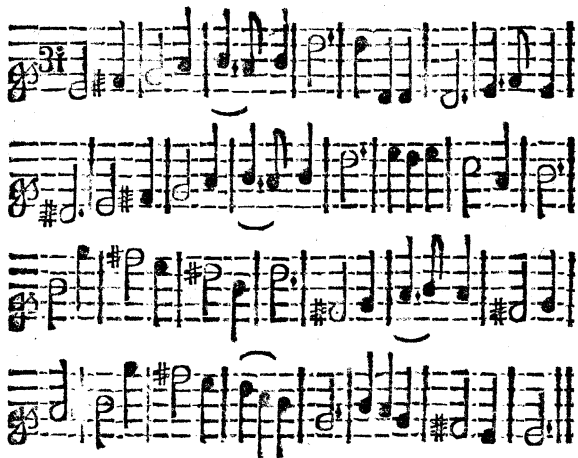




When I make a fond adrefs,
 Then *Phillis* seems cruel;
 Tho' I talk of sad Distrefs,
 Yet ſhe ſtill frowns:
 But the Coyneſs that ſhe ſhews,
 Increaſes my Fewel;
 What in others ſtops repose,
 My delight crowns:
 When ſhe makes the houſe ring,
 Then a bottle I bring;
 And if her voice,
 Is ſwell'd with noyces:
 Tope my glaſs and ſing.

Ever have I lov'd a laſs,
 Of *Phillis's* humour;
 Let her ſcold and ſcrew her face,
 Twenty Thouſand ways:
 With the frolicks I return,
 I'll always o'recome her;
 And the more ſhe ſeems to ſcorn,
 Me the more ſhe'll pleaſe:
 Take the ſoftly ſhe,
 Tamely then agree;
 The ſpritely ſpeaking,
 Not the ſneaking:
 Is the laſs for me.

*A Ditty on a high Amour at St. James's, the Words
by Mr. D'Urley, and Set to a Comical Tune.*



Great Lord Frog to Lady Mouse,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
Dwelling near St. James's house,
Cocky mi chari she:
Rode to make his Court one day,
In the merry month of May;
When the Sun shon bright and gay,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Countess y'have three Daughters fine,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
I'd fain make the youngest mine,
Cocky mi chari she:
I'm well made as ever was male,
Only baiting one simple ale;
Pox upon't I've never a tayle,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lady Mouse.

Welcome noble Peer to town,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
I'll strait call my darling down,
Cocky mi chari she:
So much wealth will sure prevail,
Yet I wish that you might not fail;
Your fine Lordship had a tayl,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Here she comes shall be my spouse,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
If she'll design to grace my house,
Cocky mi chari she:
I've a head where love can plant,
Tho' a triffling tayl I want;
Will you fair one liking grant,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Miss Mouse.

I can ne'er to one consent,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
Wants that needful ornament,
Cocky mi chari she:
Uncle Rat too so well known,
That a swinger has on's own;
Ne'er will let me wed to none,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Sing I cant my Voice is low,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
But for dancing dear *Santlow*,
Cocky mi chari she:
Then altho' my bum be bare,
All must own 'tis smooth and fair;
I've no scars of *Venus* there,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee,

Miss Mouse.

When we treat you at our Cheefe,
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
 All that naked part one sees,
 Cocky mi chari she :
 Cover'd close we creep and crawl,
 When you swim or diving fall ;
 Fy for shame you shew us all,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

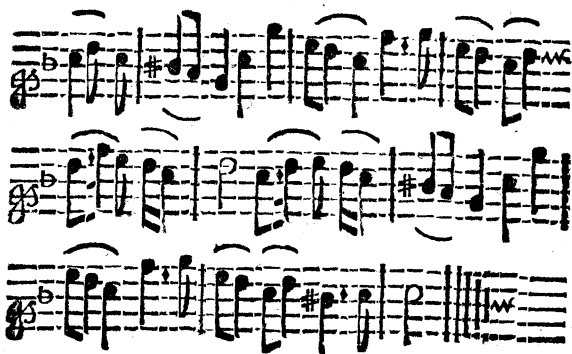
Lord Frog.

Since y^e are on these lofty strains,
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
 I'll get one shall vallue brains,
 Cocky mi chari she.

Miss Mouse.

Now your Lordship idly prates ;
 Those that will have constant mates,
 Must have tayls as well as pates,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Fashionable Shepherdess, Set by Mr. Ramondon.



AT the break of morning light,
 When the marbled sky look gay;
 Nature self all perfect bright,
 Smil'd to see the God of day:
 Charming prospect vardant trees,
 Azure hills enamel'd sky;
 Birds with warbling throats to please,
 Striving each which shall outvey.

Lisbea then with wond'rous haste,
 O're a green sword plain she flew;
 Thus my Angel as she past,
 The Eyes of ev'ry shepherd drew:
 When they had the Nymph espyed,
 All amazed cry'd there she goes;
 Thus by blooming beauty tried,
 Thought a second sun arose.

Ev'ry swain the sun mistook,
 Dazled by refulgent Charms;
 And with Joy their flocks forsook,
 For to follow love's allarms:
 All till now were perfect friends,
 Bound by Innocence and truth;
 Till fly love to gain his ends,
 Made a difference' twixt each youth!

Each expected which should be,
Made the happy man by love ;
While for want of liberty,
None could truly happy prove :
But at length they all arriv'd,
To a charming easy grove ;
Where the Nymph had well contriv'd,
To be happy with her love.

There in amorous folding twin'd,
Strephon with his *Lisbea* lay ;
Both to mutual joys inclin'd,
Let their Inclinations stray :
As the curling vines embracing,
Fondly of the oak a round ;
So the blooming Nymphs caressing,
Of her swain with pleasure crown'd.

How surpriz'd were ev'ry swain,
When they found the Nymph engaged ;
Disappointment lighten'd pain,
Till it made them more enraged :
Arm your self with resolution,
Cry'd the most revengeful he ;
We'll contrive her swains confusion,
Let him fall as much as we.

Several punishments they Invented,
For to torture helpless he ;
All revengeful ne'er contented,
Cruel to a vast degree :
One more envious in the rear,
Thus his sentiments let slip ;
Make him like the Cavalier,
And for the Opera him Equip.

A SONG, in the fourth Act of the Modern
Prophets, Words by Mr. D'Ursey.

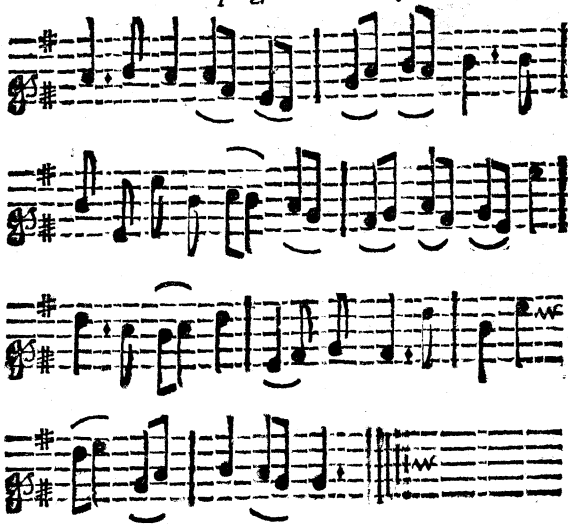


E Levate your joys, ye inspir'd of the town,
The *Camizars* are come, are come ;
To instruct and confute the black gown,
Germany and France have been dancing the Jigg :
And now they fain, they fain, they fain ;
Would new model, the *Tory* and *Whigg* ;
They preach and they pray, the Spirit moves,
And then they shake, and quake, and *Gambols* they play,
This Divine they call,
And gathers up the mob, the Devil and all.

Pillorys we laugh at and infamy there,
 The loss of ears and lash ;
 We Frantickly think is an honour to bear.
 Round about the nation thus madly we go,
 And where we find the Fools,
 Are most fertil our tenets we sow ;
 A change wee'd obtain,
 Which to effect we hum and ha and profelites gain :
 Eagerly they come,
 And Joya to promote Rebellion at home.

*A Scotch S O N G in the Play call'd (Love at
 first sight) Sett by the late Mr. Jer. Clark.*





THe Rosey morn lukes blith and Gay,
 The Lads and Lasses on the plain;
 Her bonny, bonny sports pass o'er the day,
 And leave poor, *Fenny* to complain:
 My sawndys grown a faithless loon,
 And given, given *Moggy* that wild heart;
 Which eance he swore was aw my own,
 But now weese me I've scarce a part.

Gang thy gate then perjur'd sawndy,
 If nea mere will mon beleive;
 Wou'd ife nere had trusted any,
 They saw thieves will aw deceive:
 But gin ere ife get mere Lovers,
 Ife dissemble as they do;
 For since Ladds are grown like Rovers,
 Pray why may na Lasses too.

A SONG.



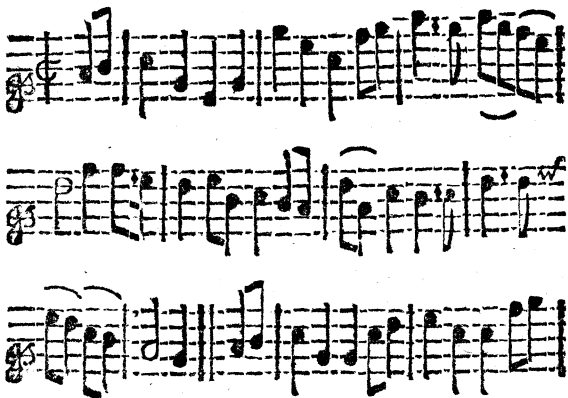
Such an happy happy life,
 Ne'er had any other wife;
 As the loose *Corinna* knows,
 Between her spark:
 Her spark and spouse,
 The Husband lies and win'ks his Eyes;
 The vallant makes Addresses,
 The wanton Lady soon Complies:
 With tendereft Caresses.

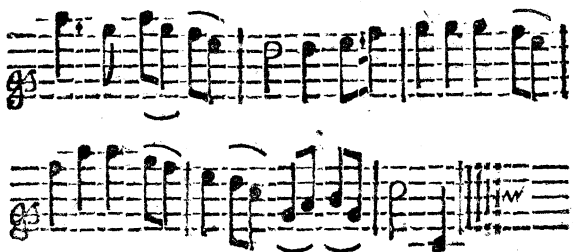
The wife is pleas'd,
 The Husband's eas'd;
 The lover made a drudg,
 His body's drain'd his pockets squeez'd;
 And who'll his pleasure grudg,
 Such an happy, &c.

Corinnas gay,
 As flow'rs in May;
 And struts with flanting Aire,
 The lovers for her pride doth pay:
 The Cuckolds freed from care,
 Such an happy, &c.

The RESTAURATION:

Or the Coventry S O N G, 1710.





THe Restauration now's the word,
 A blessed Revolution ;
 That has secur'd the Church the *Crown*,
 And *England's* Constitution :
 May ev'ry Loyal soul rejoice,
 May Whigs and Canters mourn, Sir ;
 Who ever thought that *Coventry*,
 Shou'd make a due Return, Sir.

We Rally'd the Church-militant,
 And fell to work ding-dong, Sir ;
Craven and *Gery* are the names,
 That do adorn our Song, Sir :
Beaufort, *Ormond*, *Rockester*,
 And more that we cou'd tell Sir ;
 Are themes that well deserve the pen,
 Of brave *Sasbeverel*, Sir.

The glorious sons of *Warwickshire*,
 May justly be commended ;
 There's ne'er a Member now Elect,
 That ever has offended :
Denbigh and *Craven* we esteem,
 A Loyal noble pair, Sir ;
 And hope to see our worthy Friend,
 Great *Bromley* in the Chair, Sir.

The Constant Warrior, Sett by Mr. Ramondon.





Farewel *Cloe* O farewel,
I'll repair to Wars alarms;
And in foreign nations tell,
of your cruelty and charms:
Come ye briny billows rowl,
And convey me from my soul;
Come ye briny billows rowl,
And convey me from my soul;
Since the cruel fair,
The cause of my despair;
Has forc'd me hence to go,
Where stormy winds do blow;
Where raging Seas do toss and mount,
With dangers that I can't recount;
Forgive me showing thus my woe,
Where raging Seas do toss and mount,
With dangers that I can't recount;
Forgive me showing thus my woe.

When you hear of deeds in War,
acted by your faithful Swain;
Think, oh think, than from a far,
'twas you conquer'd all were slain:
For by calling on your Name,
I conquer'd where-so'er I came;
Shou'd my fate not be,
To keep my body free;
From wounds and bruises too,
Whilst Honour I pursue;
'Twoud raise my reputation,
My pain I'd loose in passion;
And glory that 'twas done for you.

Shoud grim death once assail me,
It cou'd never fright your slave:
Fortune self cou'd never fail me,
only you can make my grave;

My destiny shou'd grant reprieve,
I cou'd not dye if you said live:
 Were it to be found,
 In all the world a round;
 An instance of such love,
 As you in me may prove:
I'd never ask return,
But patiently wou'd burn;
Nor more your generous pity move.

O my guardian Angel say,
Can such proofs your passion gain;
If it can I'll bless the day,
 That I venture on the main:
Then with Joy cry billows rowl,
And convey me to my soul;
 Return with glory Crown'd,
 Upon the Lowly ground:
 Kneel at your feet a while,
 And there my fears beguile;
And think my toyl repaid,
If you'd vouchsafe Dear maid:
To crown my labours with a smile.

COLLINS

COLLINS Complaint.



DEspairing besides a clear stream,
 a Shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And whilst a false Nymph was his Theme,
 a Willow supported his head:
 The winds that blew over the plain,
 to his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the Brook in return of his pain,
 ran mournfully murmuring by.

P.

Alas

Alas filly Swain that I was,
 thus sadly complaining he cry'd;
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'twere better by far I had dy'd:
 She talk'd and I blest the dear tongue,
 when she smil'd 'twas a pleasure too great;
 I listned and cry'd when she Sung,
 was Nightingale ever so sweet.

How foolish was I to believe,
 she cou'd doat on so lowly a Clown;
 Or that a fond Heart wou'd not grieve,
 to forsake the fine folk of the Town:
 To think that a Beauty so gay,
 so kind and so constant wou'd prove;
 Or go clad like our Maidens in gray,
 or live in a Cottage on Love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,
 tho' the Muses my Temples have Crown'd;
 What tho' when they hear my soft strains,
 the Virgins sit weeping around:
 Ah *Collin* thy hopes are in vain,
 thy Pipe and thy Lawrel resign;
 Thy false one inclines to a swain,
 whose Musick is sweeter than thine.

And you my Companions so dear,
 who sorrow to see me betray'd;
 What ever I suffer forbear,
 forbear to accuse my false maid:
 Tho' through the wide world we shou'd range,
 'tis in vain from our fortunes to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'tis mine to be constant and die.

If whilst my hard fate I sustain,
 in her breast any pity is found;
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the plain,
 and see me laid low in the ground:

The last humble Boon that I crave,
is to shade me with *Cypress* and *Yews*;
And when she looks down on my Grave,
let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
and deck her in Golden Array;
Be finest at every fine show,
and frolick it all the long day:
Whilst *Collin* forgotten and gone,
no more shall be talk'd of or seen;
Unless that beneath the Pale Moon,
his Ghost shall glide over the Green.

*A New Scotch SONG, by Mr. D'Ursey.
The Tune by Mr. Corbett.*





MAd Loons of *Albany*,
 What is't you do,
 You'll find your wrangling,
 And your Jangling, playing aw the foo,
 Breed why dee heed the *Monseurs* wily tales,
 Or plague your noddles to bring in the *Prince of Wales*,
 Wiser pates then yours have laid Succession right;
 And aw the bonny Highlanders for that should fight,
 Unite then as one man,
 And Leave what you began,
 To gang to Kirk and beg long life for gud *Queen Ann*.

Well aided *Portugal's* our Allie true,
 Our High and Mighty,
 Friends to Right ye,
 Will send Quota's too,
 Aw Joyn'd in muckle pow'r the *French* pursue,
 Gud feth 'tis fit the Doughty *Scott* should do so too,
 In Cabals no more then let your Bosoms Swell,
 But sing with Joy for Glorious things have late besel,
 Nor Raise the Jarring Vain,
 Who shall hereatter Reign,
 But gang to Kirk and beg long Life for gud *Queen Ann*.

Lord

Lord Mayors Health. A SONG by Mr. D'Urfe.





The true Use of the BOTTLE.





Love the sweets of Love, are the joys I most admire,
 Kind and active fire,
 Of a fierce desire,
 Indulge my Soul compleat my bliss :
 But th'affected coldness,
 Of *Celia* damps my boldness,
 I must bow, protest and vow,
 And swear aloud, I wou'd be Proud,
 When she with equal ardour longs to kiss.
 Bring a Bowl, then bring a jolly Bowl,
 I'll quench fond Love within it,
 With flowing Cups I'll raise my Soul,
 And heres to the happy Minute :
 For flush't with brisk Wine,
 When she's panting and warm ;
 And Nature unguarded lets loose her Mind,
 In the Amorous moment the Gipsie I'll find,
 Oblige her and take her by Storm.

The Moderate M A N.

The Words by Mr. D'Urfey, to a French Tune.





A Tory a Whig and a moderate Man,
 O're a Tub of strong Ale,
 Meet in *Aylsbury Vale*;
 Where there liv'd a plump lass they call'd buxom *Nan* :

The Tory a *Londoner* proud and high,
The Whig was a *Tradesman* plaguy fly;
The Trimmer a *Farmer* but merry and dry,
And thus they their Suit began:
Pretty *Nancy* we're come to put in our Claim,
Resolv'd upon *Wedlocks* pleasing Game;
Here's *Jacob* the Big,
And *William* the Whigg,
And *Roger* the Grigg,
Jolly Lads as e're were buckled in Girdle fast;
Say which will you chuse,
To tie with a Noose,
For a Wife we must carry what e're comes on't,
Then think upon't,
You'll never be sorry when y'have don't,
Nor like us the worse for our Wooing so blunt,
Then tell us who pleases best.

The Lass who was not of the motion shy,
The ripe years of her life,
Being Twenty and Five:
To the Words of her Lover straight made reply,
I find you believe me a Girl worth Gold,
And I know too you like my Coppy-hold;
And since Fortune favours the brisk and the bold,
One of you I mean to try.
But I am not for you nor *Sachev'rils* Cause,
Nor you with your *Hoally's* Hums and Hawes;
No *Jacob* the Bigg,
Nor *William* the Whigg,
But *Roger* the Grigg,
With his Mirth and mildness happily please me can;
'Tis him I will choose,
For th' *Conjugal* Noose;
So that you the Church Bully may rave and rant,
And you may Cant,
Till both are Impeacht in parliament;
'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation does want,
So I'm for the Moderate Man.

The Tory I hate for his blustering Noise,
And the Canting young Whigg,
Be he never so Bigg,
I'll never be catch'd in his sly Decoy's ;
For I mean to marry one to my mind,
Not one that is turning with every Wind ;
The Man that is Merry, with me he shall find,
A Million of Golden joys :
But I'm not for you of the Hectoring breed,
Nor you that can grumble when there's no need ;
No *Jacob* the Bigg,
Nor *William* the Whigg,
But *Roger* the Grigg,
With his jolly humours happy I hope to be ;
To him I'll be ty'd,
As a Beautiful Bride ;
Therefore you the Church Bully may curse your Fate,
Whigg's Cant and Prate,
Whilst *Britain* enjoys a happy State,
Which Blessing alas we have wanted of late,
A moderate Man for me.

P O E M S,

On Several Occasions.

The Carpenter's Tale from Chaucer.

A Rich old Cuff, a Carpenter by Trade,
In *Oxford* heretofore a custom made
Of boarding Strangers in his Tenement,
(The profit doubly paid the annual Rent.)
Amongst the rest a Student chanc'd to be,
Whose chiefest Learning was Astrologie;
To doubtful Questions he could answer right,
Made plain to him by a demonic light;
And if Men ask'd him in some certain Hours,
Could tell if Earth should feel refreshing Showers;
Or where the surface of the extended Plain,
Should parching lie, for want of moistning rain;
And could assisted by the power of Hell,
Th' events of ev'ry rouling Month foretel.
This learned Scholar, over all the place,
Went by the Name of gentle *Nicholas*;
Such Maiden Modesty adorn'd his face:
But yet by stealth he wantonly would roul,
In looser Pleasures and indulge his Soul.
A cleanly chamber strew'd with herbs and Flowers
By himself he had, and there he pass'd his hours.
On wooden Shelves, born up by iron Hooks,
Near the Beds-head were pil'd his learned Books:
Just by his almagest and Astrolabe were plac'd,
With numb'ring Stones, and Stars his room was grac'd:
A Press there stood, whose folding Doors were red,
A tuneful Harp hung dangling o'er its head;
On which he nightly plaid, and all around
The echoing Room restor'd the heavenly Sound

Then

Then to the trembling strings his voice he rais'd,
 And in Angelick Strains his maker prais'd :
 Thus being employ'd, the Hours of Life he spent,
 His careful Parents paying for his rent.
 Just then the Carpenter brought home a Wife,
 Dear as his Soul, more precious than his Life ;
 Her Age had newly reacht the eighteenth Year,
 Jealous he was, and us'd her too severe :
 For she was wild and Young, and he was old,
 And fear'd his feeble head the horns might hold.
 He ne'er read *Cato*, (for his Wit was rude)
 Who bad Men wed with his Similitude ;
 For blooming Youth, and Age that's quite grey-hair'd,
 May well be said to be unfitly pair'd :
 But being fall'n into the Marriage Snare,
 He must endure (like other Folk) his Care.
 Indeed his Lovely Wife was wondrous fair,
 Small as a Weasel's did her Waist appear ;
 Round which she wore a Girdle wrought with Silk,
 Her Apron lookt as white as Mornings Milk :
 White was her Smock embroider'd all about,
 Where e'er her Tucker came, th' inside and th' out,
 With glossy Silk that bore the blackest hue,
 Her Kercher strings were of the Colour too ;
 A silken Fillet on her Crown ty'd high,
 Betray'd to open View her wanton Eye.
 Small were her Brows, and black as Hedg grown floes,
 And tho' a fending Picture, still they close ;
 'Twas more delight to view her youthful Face,
 Than beauteous Blossoms in their ardent Grace.
 Her Skin was soft as Wool that clothes a Wether,
 Down by her Girdle hung a Purse of Leather,
 Inspell'd with Silk, and Copper mixt together ;
 And should th' expanded Globe be searcht around,
 Scarce such another Tittup could be found ;
 Brighter than Gold born from the coining Place,
 Appear'd the Lustre to her shining Face :
 Then from her Tongue Words more melodious fell,
 Than mid-night Songs of mournful *Philemel*.

Light as a Kid, she skipt the dancing round,
 And mark'd with artful Feet the tramp'd Ground ;
 Her Mouth was sweet as Mead or Cowslip Wine,
 Plump as the swelling Grapes that load the vine.
 Winging she was as is a Jolly Colt,
 Long as a Mast, and upright as a bolt ;
 Up to the top her Shoes were lac'd with Gold,
 And she a charming Creature to behold.
 Not much below a Noblemen to wed,
 But would bring Honour to Yeoman's Bed.
 After a little space it came to pass,
 That on a Day this gentle *Nicholas*
 Chanc'd with this Beauteous Wife to toy and play,
 At such time as her Husband was away :
 And (as most Scholars sly and subtle are,
 Altho' to outward view they plain appear)
 Beneath her Coats his wanton Fingers move,
 On all the snowy plains of tempting Love ;
 Then dying spoke, Oh! ease the raging Pain, }
 That long has glow'd in every burning vein ; }
 Now is the Hour, my wish'd for Joys to gain. }
 Fast by the hips he held the strugling dame,
 Charmer said he allay my blazing Flame.
 Or here I am resolv'd to meet my death,
 And on your Bosom sigh my latest Breath ;
 Like a mad Colt, that's to a Farrier's bound,
 She looses back her head, and spurns the ground,
 Then says, in vain you strive a Kiss to force,
 Let go, leave off this rude and boisterous course ;
 Or with my crys I'll raise the Neighbours round.
Nick'las let's go, and kneeling on the ground :
 Told in such softning Words his amorous Tale ;
 As quickly o'er her tender heart prevail.
 Freely she yielded up her youthful Charms,
 To be dissolv'd within his burning Arms ;
 Swearing by *Thomas Guardian Saint of Kent*,
 She to its Joyous bliss would still consent,
 Where ever chance, propitious to their Love,
 Should from her sight, her Jealous Spouse remove.
 Manage your self with subtilty and Care,
 In this Intrigue ; Thus spoke the cunning Fair :

For

For should my Husband know our true set hours,
 Upon my Head he surely Vengeance pours.
 Banish those fears of me. Says *Nicholas*:
 Hush! as the Grave I'll be in such a case:
 A Scholar, if he thinks it worth his while,
 Can easily a Carpenter beguile:
 Agreeing thus, they both together swore,
 To wait a time as you have heard before:
 And having oft renew'd the rapturous fray,
 Wasting within her arms the happy day;
Nich'las arose and fixing on her Face,
 A parting Kiss, withdrew to's studying place;
 And with harmonious sounds fill'd all the space. }
 By chance invited on a Chriftening day;
 The good Wife went to Church drest wondrous gay, }
 Her forehead shone more bright than blooming *May*: }
 Belonging to the Church there was a Spark,
 Whose name was *Abfalon*, the Parish Clerk;
 His bushy Hair in Curls hung gracefully around,
 And cast a golden lustre on the ground;
 Red was his Face, his Eyes appear'd as grey, }
 As the first dawning of the tender day, }
 His shoes *Paul's* Windows or their top display; }
 In scarlet Breeches neatly drest he went,
 His slender waft was in a girdle pent;
 A walnut colour upper coat he wore,
 Trim'd decently with points all down before:
 O'er which a surplis of the finest lawn,
 White as the Blossoms of a bean, was drawn.
 In truth this *Abfalon* was a merry Blade,
 His chief employment was the shaving trade;
 Could clip the Hair, and gently breath a vein
 To let from thence in streams the crimson Main:
 Was half a Lawyer, for in time of Need
 Could write Conveyances, and make a deed;
 In various moving Shapes he could advance, }
 Out mimick *Harlequin* in an Antick Dance; }
 Which he out learnt at *Oxford*, (not at *Prance*) }
 Upon a tiny kit with cat's gut strung,
 Could play small Tunes, and to those Tunes he sung
 Upon

Upon a Dulcimer with nimble Skill,
 Could make the quivering strings obey his Will:
 In every Ale-house of the Town was known,
 By his loud scraping and his treble tone;
 For where there chanc'd to be a handsome Maid,
 Thither he went, and on his Musick play'd;
 To obscene talking he was much inclin'd,
 And breaking backward blasts of filthy wind.
 This Jolly *Absalon* most spruce and gay,
 Drest in his Surplis on a Sabbath day;
 Was wont (so b'ing with Holy water bound)
 To sprinkle all the Parish Wives around;
 Fierce ogling Eyes, he languishingly threw,
 On every Face; she that most charm'd his view,
 Was the old Carpenter's fair Youthful Dame,
 'Twas Heaven to him to gaze upon her frame;
 So eagerly he lookt, that I dare say,
 He would have seiz'd upon his trembling prey,
 Had he been but a cat, and she a mouse in's way;
 Fir'd with the Beauty's of her tempting Face,
 He freed her from the Duties of the place:
 Nor from her Hands would any offerings take,
 But still forgave her for his Passions sake.
 Scarce had the Moon with shining threads of light,
 Wove the brown Curtains of the silent Night;
 When *Absalon* this merry amorous Blade,
 Prepares his charming She to serenade:
 Brimful of Love, and Fears he takes his way,
 To where the Carpenter, and's Mistress lay;
 Planted upon a Wall, from where the Sound
 Of Harmony, his slumbring dear might wound.
 When Cocks had crow'd, he strikes th' inuring strings,
 And in a shrillish Voice, thus softly Sings;
 Life of my Soul! look with indulgent Eyes,
 Upon a Heart worn out with constant Sighs;
 And cease my ardent passion to despise.
 These Notes the Carpenter awak'd;
 His Wife was jogg'd and ask'd what *Alison*.
 Hear'st thou not *Absalon* my sleepy dear,
 Piercing with treble Notes the Mid-night Air?

Ads replied the yawning *Alison* ;
 With all my Heart, there let the Fool play on, }
 When he is weary, sure he will be gone :
 His Soul so eager did the Dame pursue,
 That at the last he half distracted grew ;
 No sleeping Eyes by Night, or rest at day,
 But every hour in Torments laid away ;
 He combs his Hair, and dresses up with art,
 In hopes that Beautiousness may win her Heart ;
 A thousand Ways he trys her love to move,
 First offers Gold, to charm obdurate Love.
 Swears he would be her Slave, restrain'd by Shame,
 He gets a friend to tell his guilty Flame ;
 Soft mournful Airs he Sings, which did express,
 Her cold Disdain, and his Unhappiness :
 Courts her with Presents, such as Mead and Ale,
 Whose spicy taste did o'er the Juice prevail ;
 Piping hot Wafers crackling from the Flame,
 (such as he thought might please the scornful Dame) }
 Wrapt neatly up, from the fond Lover came ;
 Knowing a Gift with the fair Sex accords,
 Tho' some are won by Strokes, and some with words.
 Sometimes to shew his Skill before her Face, }
 He treads the Stage, and with a lofty Grace,
 Performs an Actors part upon the wooden space, }
 Always are unavailing in this case ;
 So much she doats on gentle *Nicholas*,
 That *Absalon* may blow the sounding horn,
 And for his painful Breath, be paid with Scorn :
 For still she laughing, scoff'd at his Request,
 And turn'd his amorous Speeches to a Jest ;
 Which makes the ancient Proverb wonderous clear, }
 That says the Lover that is always near,
 The Lady loves beyond a absent Dear. }
 And tho' this *Absolon* did towards her move,
 With tenderness of Soul, and Jealous Love ;
 Yet being remote, and distant from her sight,
 This gentle *Nicholas* stood in his Light.
 But now God speed thee well, meek *Nicholas*,
 Whilst *Absalon* in vain, sighs forth alas !

Lo it fell out upon a Saturday,
 When the old Carpenter was gone to *Osney*,
 That this same *Nicholas*, and *Alison*,
 At length were come to this Conclusion:
 That he should beat his Brains a trick to find,
 Which might deceive her Jealous Husband's Mind;
 And if their project chanc'd to hit out-right,
 She then design'd to WASTE the Joyous Night,
 Within his arms, to both their hearts delight;
 Not speaking one Word more, away he went,
 (His Head being on the subtil Project bent)
 And secretly into his Room conveys,
 Victuals and Drink, enough for two whole Days,
 And if her Spouse shou'd ask for him anon,
 He then desir'd this crafty *Alison*,
 To tell him, that she knew not where he was;
 For all the Day she saw not *Nicholas*.
 But least he might be sick, she was in fear,
 For she, nor yet her Maid could make him hear;
 Thus quiet in his Chamber *Nicholas* lay,
 All the remaining Hours of Saturday;
 And eat and drink, and read, and took his Rest,
 Till Sol next Night, descended in the West:
 And then the Carpenter (wondring where he was)
 Began to ask for gentle *Nicholas*;
 By good Saint *Thomas* my heart begins to fail,
 Least something dangerous should his Body ail;
 Pray Heavens, he died not slumbring in his Bed,
 Such sudden Fits hangs o'er each mortals head,
 This hour we are alive, the next we're dead;
 Born to the Grave, I saw a Corps to Day,
 Which but on Monday last lookt briskly gay.
 Run up (quoth he to Man) Nay, quickly haste,
 Knock at the Door, thunder both loud and fast;
 So having done, come down to me agen;
 And let me know what there your Eyes have seen,
 Up runs the servant without more ado,
 And bouncing at the door, bawls out what ho!
 How have you rested all this live-long day,
 How fares it Master *Nicholas* in your learned way;

How

But all in vain, his Ears ne'er felt the sound,
 Nor does the noise the Drum or Stirrup wound;
 Surpriz'd to hear him not return a Word,
 Finding a hole made thro' upon a board:
 Thro' which *Grimalkin* us'd to thrust his Claw,
 He peeps, and thro' it *Nicholas* plainly saw;
 Sitting with open Mouth, and Face upright,
 As if he lookt at *Cynthia's* new born light.
 Down stairs with nimble heels the servant run,
 To tell his Master how he found the Man;
 The Carpenter to bless himself began,
 Help us Saint *Frideswid* wise, none of us all
 Could e'er foretel the event that will befall:
 This abstruse study of Astronomy,
 Has plung'd this Scholar in an agony;
 I fear'd th' Event, what God would have conceal'd,
 Ought to be secret kept, and not reveal'd:
 Happy's the Man whose dull unthinking soul,
 Does ne'er with elevated fancies roul:
 And all his stock of sense can reach no higher,
 Than saying his belief with pure desire.
 Another student of Astronomy,
 That went by Night upon the stars to pry,
 To mark what signal accidents were nigh;
 By chance into a Chalk pit headlong fell,
 The stars he saw, tho' not the pit so well:
 Yet by saint *Thomas*, I am much concern'd,
 That *Nicholas*, should thus be over learn'd:
 By Christ I'll rouse him from his thinking fits,
 Perhaps it may recal his wandring Wits:
 Give me a stick that I may under pore,
 Whilst that thou *Robin* heavest up the Door:
 I'll quickly spoil his whimsical intent,
 And to his Chamber Door he hastning went.
 His servant was a back strong fellow for the nonce,
 And with his Hands unhing'd the Door at once;
 Strait with a thundering noise down goes the Door,
 And with its pond'rous falling shakes the Floor;
 Where *Nicholas* sat lifeless as a stone,

Without the heaving of a sigh or groar.
 With open mouth he upward fac'd the Air, }
 This uncouth posture made his Landlord fear,
 That he was fall'n into a deep Despair;
 Therefore within his arms he kindly took him,
 And with his utmost strength most soundly shook him,
 Whilst in a dismal Fright, he cry'd alas!
 What means these alter'd looks good *Nicholas*?
 Awake I say, and for the love of God,
 Cease to indulge this melancholy Nod;
 I'll bless thee now from sprights and Fairy's harms,
 Then mutters forth these usual mid-night Charms;
 On every corner of the house about,
 And on the threshold of the Door without;
 May Jesus Christ, and good saint *Benedight*,
 Defend this Dame from every wicked spright:
 And may the force of Pater Noster charm,
 The mid-night Hag that does our dreamings harm.
 At length a sigh rose from his pensive breast,
 And in these Words *Nicholas* his mind express;
 Alas! must this fair fabrick of the World,
 Once more be into ruin quickly hurl'd;
 The Carpenter amaz'd cry'd what say'st thou?
 Know God, what impious Thoughts we harb'ur now;
 I'll tell thee all (quoth *Nicholas*) but first
 Fetch me some drink, to quench my parching thirst;
 And then in private, you shall well be learn'd,
 In certain things, in which we're both concern'd:
 Down goes the Landlord with an akeing Heart, }
 And brought up humming ale a brimful quart,
 Of which they guzzl'd down an equal part.
 Then *Nicholas* now shut his Chamber fast,
 Close by his side the Carpenter was plac'd;
 To whom he said, Landlord, my life and dear,
 Thou shalt upon thy Faith, this moment swear;
 That thou this secret will to none betray, }
 For what I speak blows from a heavenly say,
 Which darts around my Soul's prophetick day;
 But if thou dost, thou surely art forsworn,
 And all thy Days in Madness shall be worn:

Nay Chrifft forbid that I fhould e'er reveal,
 A Secret which you charge me to conceal;
 The poor deluded Carpenter reply'd,
 And tho' I fay't my felf with boaffing Pride:
 That ought not thus to fpeak I'm fure I can,
 As well maintain a fecret as another Man;
 Speak what you please, the fame I will not tell,
 To Wife nor Child, by him that firft made Hell.
 Well then to you a truth I here impart,
 That I have found by Aftroligic Art;
 As I obferv'd the Moon's difcovering light,
 On Monday next about the middle of Night:
 I know if rain from opening Skies will pour, }
 In fuch a furious and impendous ftower, }
 The World will all lie a flouting in an hour; }
 The o'er fpreading deluge higher far will rife,
 Than that which fwel'd before red *Noah's* Eyes.
 Even all Mankind are born with fweeping Waves,
 Shall lifelefs roul along their watry Graves.
 Astonisht, *Jehn* cry'd out alas my Wife!
 Muft raging Floods deftroy her precious Life?
 The valt furprife fo deep his Spirits wound,
 That he was almoft finking to the ground;
 Is there no way to fave her in this Cafe,
 Yes a fure one, answer'd gentle *Nicholas*;
 So thou wilt ufe the Means that I have read,
 And not purfue the whims of thy own head:
 For thus faith *Solomon* who all things knew,
 Let Counfel guide thy Works and they'll be true;
 And if you'll let my Counfel now prevail,
 I'll undertake without a Maft or Sail;
 To fave her from the impending Ruin free,
 And with the fame Devife, fave thee and me.
 Haft thou not heard, how in Days of *Tore*,
Noah was fav'd, the World being drown'd before:
 Yes (quoth the Carpenter) many Years ago,
 Haft thou not heard (quoth *Nicholas*) alfo;
 The wondrous Sorrow *Noah* had, for fear
 The Flood fhould fweep away this wedded Dear:
 And how they climb'd the Ship with toifom pain,

To save 'em from the Fury of the Rain.
 With speed the fateful hour of Fate draws on,
 Therefore we ought to think what must be done;
 This grand Affair requires the swiftest hast,
 We must not dally when our utmost blast,
 Depends on the success of this important cast;
 To night provide with expeditious Care,
 Three brewing tubs, for us and for your dear:
 See that th' extant of each be very large,
 That we may sit as in a sailing Barge;
 And in the bottom such Provisions place,
 As may suffice us for a Days short space.
 Scarce shall the Morn, its orient Beams display,
 But the vast Flood, shall rowl its Waves away,
 And *Sol* shine forth upon a glorious Day;
 Let not thy Servants know what we've to do,
 For 'tis decreed that they must perish too;
 Ask me not why? for more I must not tell,
 The Gods no more will have me now reveal:
 'Tis well your self from Heaven have favour found,
 And are like *Noah* sav'd from being drown'd.
 Thy charming Wife shall also be secure,
 Make haste and what I order'd thee procure;
 And when thou hast, for her and thee and me
 Provided troughs or brewing Vessels three:
 Be sure to hang them in the roof full high,
 Lest curious Eyes should our Devices spy.
 Then having in our tubs provision laid,
 And 'mongst the rest your sharpest ax convey'd;
 To cut the Cord, that when the Clouds shall pour,
 In furious streamings, the all drowning shower;
 Quite thro' the Wall make a capacious way,
 That we may Sail upon the rainy Day;
 Thro' the wide gap being then made navigable,
 And reach the distant Plains o'er yonders Table:
 Then shalt thou swim as well, I undertake,
 As any Duck pursuing of her Drake?
 Then will I call, how fares it *Alison*? Now John
 Be cheerful for the raging Flood anon,
 Will backward roul it streams and quite begone.

Hail

Hail master *Nicholas*, you o'er joy'd will say,
 Good morrow, for I see the dawning Day,
 Its early streaks of smiling light display;
 Then shall we reign, during th' extent of Life,
 Lords of the World, like *Noah* and his Wife.
 With one thing more, I strictly charge thee here,
 That when the diskied hour of fate appears,
 In which we three our brewing Vessels board,
 That neither of us speak the smallest Word;
 But be on mental Prayer devoutly bent,
 For this is Heav'n Command, and Heaven's intent;
 Thy *Alison*, that Idol of thy Heart,
 Must in her tub from thee hang far apart;
 Least you shou'd Sin, for Sin as greatly lies,
 In the soft Glances of lascivious Eyes,
 As in those pleasures which the Soul surprise;
 To morrow Night when we are wrapt in Sleep,
 Into our kneeding troughs we'll softly creep;
 There we will sit, and with a pious Face,
 Expect the Mercy of descending Grace.
 I've told thee all, therefore now go thy way,
 The shortness of the time allows no more to say;
 When you go hence, send *Alison* thy Wife,
 Speak not a word of this upon thy Life,
 But help to save us in this woful Strife;
 Down stairs goes John, this silly bubbld *Ass*,
 And often from his Lips broke forth alas:
 Then to his Wife the secret he imparts,
 Who knew 'twas but the product of the Scholars Arts;
 Yet with concern she thought her Spouse would die,
 Therefore she earnestly began to cry;
 Alas! my Dear, pray stir your self anon,
 Help us to save, or we are dead my John;
 You know I've been a loving tender Wife,
 Then sure you'll not refuse to save my Life.
 Love's the prevailing passion of our Souls,
 With strong Imaginations its force rowls
 And even to Death the conquer'd sense controuls;
 Such deep Impressions, ruling Fancy makes,
 With apprehensive fears the Cuckold shakes;

Thought

Thought represents the flood just pouring down,
 And in the streams he views his Consort drown;
 He weeps, Laments, and makes a dismal Moan,
 Then Sighs, and from his Soul flies up a Groan :
 After his Grief was past he sought about,
 Till he had found three brewing Vessels out;
 Then to his House conveys them privately,
 And hangs them in the roof with Cords full high.
 Three ladders full of rungs he made to climb
 Up to the tubs, that then were hung sublime;
 Well stor'd with Bread and Cheese and humming Beer,
 Which for a Days Provision did appear :
 Before he put his Business in array,
 He sends his Man, and *Jane* his Maid away;
 To *London* on sham Errands of his own,
 So when the Servants from his House were gone,
 And Monday night with subtle Wings drew on,
 Without a light he shuts in haste the door,
 And all things being prepar'd by him before ;
 The ladder steep, ascending up they go,
 Whilst at a distance each hangs swinging in his trough,
 The note of Silence quickly spread around,
 And all with universal Hush were crown'd.
 The Carpenter himself devoutly pray'd,
 And now and then Ejaculations said :
 Whilst he expecting in his Vessel late,
 To still the hurrying Flood of fearful Fate :
 Worn with the Labours of the drudging Day,
 The Carpenter in Sleep substantial lay ;
 About the hour of eight or little more,
 His Soul disturb'd in Dreams, oft groaned sore.
 Soon as they found the Carpenter was fast,
 Down from their Tub, th' adulterous Couple haste,
 And without more ado those blankets prest,
 Where the old Carpenter was wont to rest :
 Thus both the Joyous Hours of time improve,
 In all the Transports of extatic Love :
 Until the Chappel Bell at Midnight rung,
 And Holy Friars their usual Anthems sung.

It chan'ed that *Abfalon* that amorous Blade,
 Who was for Love of *Alifon* quite mad)
 Went with some Friends that very Morn t' *Osney*,
 To pass in Merriment the live-long Day:
 When he was there, he ask'd a Cloisterer,
 How long 'twas since he saw the Carpenter;
 Who soft reply'd that none might over hear,
 Since Saturday I have not seen him here:
 But I believe if I'm not out he went,
 For Timber where our Abbot has him sent;
 For to yon grange his Custom is to go,
 And sometimes stays yon there a Day or two;
 Or at his Tool the Carpenter you'll find.
 This pleas'd young *Abfalon's* rejoicing Mind;
 Thought he, the wisht for Hour at length is come,
 Since Day I have not seen him near his home:
 Therefore as soon as Day withdraws its light,
 I'll be prepar'd to walk the welcome Night;
 And when the Herald of the Moon, the Cock
 Begins to crow, against the Windows will I knock;
 That stand but low upon the garden Wall
 And to my sleeping Mistress softly call,
 Declare my ardent pain, and tell her all.
 And tho' she shou'd deny the sigh'd for Bliss,
 She'll not refuse the Favour of a Kiss;
 My Mouth has itch'd all this long tedious Day,
 That's a shrew'd Sign of Kissing some will say.
 Last Night I dreamt that I was at a Feast,
 Now will I take off Sleep two Hours at least,
 And all the Night will walk with playful Breast.
 So when stout Chaunticleer had crow'd anon,
 Up rose the Jolly Lover *Abfalon*,
 And a strange Masquerading Suit puts on.
 Small perfum'd seeds that cast an odious Scent,
 Within the hollow of his Mouth were pent;
 That when he spoke, the Breath of Mid-night Air,
 Might waft their Sweetness to his cruel Fair,
 Together with the Powder from his yellow Hair.
 Soft Words he fram'd, such as he thought might move
 His scornful Charmer to consenting Love;

Thus being prepar'd for the Intriguing Deed,
 Towards the Carpenter's he roams with speed ;
 Beneath a Window, which just reacht his Breast,
 This Amorous *Absalon* took up his Rest,
 Where softly knocking, thus his Mind exprest.
 Hearst my Honey-comb dear *Alison*,
 Much sweeter than the taste of Cinamon,
 Awake, and kindly speak to *Absalon* :
 You little know the Pangs that wrack my breast,
 And rob my Hours of Quiet and of Rest ;
 For thee my Soul drops agonizing Sweat,
 For thee I mourn like tender Lambs that bleat,
 After the Milky streaming of the teat.
 No billing Turtle ever droop'd like me,
 With Love unconquer'd still I doat on thee ;
 My Food forsakes me, and I've lost my Peace,
 Go from the Window, fool your Nonsense cease ;
 Reply'd with fierce Disdain the haughty Dame,
 For now my Heart burns with another Flame,
 I love a worthier Man, or I'm to blame.
 Then let me sleep, and strait from hence begone,
 Least at your Head enrag'd I hurl a Stone ;
 Alas (quoth *Absalon*) did ever mind,
 So truly loving, such a treatment find ?
 Yet tho' you will not with my Wish accord,
 You may at least one parting Kiss afford ;
 I beg you for the Love of Christ and me.
 Will that content you then replied she.
 By Heaven it will quoth shaving *Absalon*,
 Make your mouth ready, for I'll come anon.
 Then to her Spark in Bed she said lie still
 A moments space, and you shall laugh your fill.
 Pleas'd with the grant, young *Absalon* kneels down,
 And thoughts of coming Joys possess his Crown :
 For after this to me she'll kindlier prove,
 It being the sign of her approaching Love.
 The Windows she undoes with trembling haste ;
 Haste *Absalon* here quickly, that sweet pass :
 Least watchful folk their Eyes should this way cast :

Strait *Abfalon* prepares to meet the Bliss,
 Wiping his Mouth to take the coming Kiss;
 With genuine night the Hemisphere was crown'd,
 And not a Star shot glimmering Light around.
 When she thrusts forth the snowy adverse part,
 Which Charms the Fancy, and deludes the heart;
 So he instead of kissing her fair Face,
 Cements his Lips close to the brawny place.
 The dam—d Mistake his laetive Sense declar'd,
 He knew that Womens Chins were never hair'd;
 But when he felt a thing with Hair o'erspread,
 He cry'd, what have I done? and shook his head.
 'Tis he (quoth she) and shut the Window fast,
 Away went *Abfalon* but not in haste:
 For first he heard this gentle *Nicholas*
 Laugh in his Bed at the unlucky Case:
 Then bites his Lips, which did with anger burn,
 Saying I shall anon the Wit return:
 Then strives with sand, and dust, and straw, and chips,
 To wipe the excrementish Savour from his Lips.
 And afterwards he sighing, cry'd alas!
 May I m. Hours in flaming Brinestone pass,
 If Ide not rather pour Vengeance down,
 Upon their Heads, than own their wealthy Town:
 After being baulkt, I was a Fool to stay.
 But now his love began to wear away;
 For since his Mouth had toucht her lower part,
 The thought of Rivals never vext his Heart;
 Th' unfavory Kiss had eas'd his aking Pain,
 And from his Soul he shook his gulling Chain,
 Then weeping, as a Child that's newly whipt,
 With sober pace a cross the street he skipt,
 Unto a Smiths, *John Gervale* was his Name,
 Who sharpen'd Plow Shares plyant made as Flame,
 And on the Anvil, under *Hammer's* Pow,
 Culters, and Harness fitting for the Plow.
 Soft knock'd this *Abfalon*, and gently cry'd,
 Quick, *Gervale* let thy Door be open'd wide;
 Who's there? (quoth *Gervale*) *Abfalon* the Clerk.
 What makes you blunder hither in the dark,

And rise so early 'ere the springing Morn,
Does with its light the Face of Heaven adorn;
Some new Intrigue disturbs your rambling Head,
Which makes you in a frolick leave your bed:
Now by Saint *George* you know what's in my Mind.
But *Abfalon*, being not to Mirth inclin'd,
Wou'd make no answer to a word he said:
For he had other fish to fry but pray'd
That honest *Gervale*, being much his Friend,
His red hot Culter for his Use would lend,
Something to do with it he did intend:
Gervale reply'd, 'tis yours, if it were Gold,
Or new coin'd Guineas in a purse untold;
But what's your Business with it I cannot guess.
To morrows dawn shall make your Wonder less,
Thou shalt know all (quoth *Abfalon*) my friend,
And taking up the Culter by the coolest end;
Lastly he went unto the fatal Place,
Where he before receiv'd the foul Disgrace:
He couch'd, and then he knock'd against the glass,
As he had done before, so still crys out, alas!
I warrant 'tis a thief, speak who is there?
'Tis I poor *Abfalon* thy only dear.
A curious Ring (quoth he) of purest Gold,
Engraven round, and wondrous to behold;
Which my dear dying Mother left to me,
My honey-suckle will I give to thee:
If you'll but grant me strait another Kiss.
With that the Scholar was got up to p—s:
And being plaguy Cunning, thought 'twas best,
A little more to improve the nasty Jest.
Therefore he hasting to the Window went,
And thrust his Buttocks thro' an open'd vent.
My honey dear, quoth *Abfalon*, where art?
Speak *Alison*, thou Mistress of my Heart,
At this the Scholar strait let fly a Part:
The Sudden blast broke forth almost as loud,
As bellowing thunder issuing from a Cloud.
Against the furious stroke he hardly stood;

But being ready with the flaming Steel,
 He made the Scholars Bum its fierceness feel;
 Off went the Skin, a whole Hand's breadth or more,
 The burning Torture made the Scholar roar:
 Like one distracted he began to cry,
 Help water, water, or I surely die.
 The Carpenter out of his slumbers past,
 And hearing Water, Water, cry'd so fast;
 Just then old John broke from Sleep's peaceful Chain,
 And hearing Water, Water, cry'd amain;
 Thought surely now that Noah's Flood were come,
 With its devouring Streams into the room:
 Therefore he rose, and without more ado,
 Cuts with the sharpen'd Ax, the Cord in two;
 Headlong he tumbles, brewing tubs and all,
 And in a Swound he lays occasion'd by the Fall.
 Then up start *Alison*, and *Nicholas*,
 And in the open Street bawl out alas;
 In, by and by th' affrighted Neighbours ran,
 With gaping Mouths to stare upon the Man,
 Who on the Floor, then lay half dead and wan;
 For with the Fall he chanc'd to brake his Arm,
 At his own door must lie the fatal Harm;
 And if he went to speak he was born down,
 By gentle *Nicholas*, and *Alison*:
 Who told their Neighbours, that his whirling Brain,
 Had form'd a Notion of another rain;
 More furious than the flood in Noah's Age,
 While swelling Streams flow'd nigh with boundless rage;
 That possess'd with this whim, about he sought,
 Till he to rescue them the tubs had bought;
 And having hang'd them in the roof full high,
 By them to sit with him for Company.
 The People laugh'd aloud at their odd whim,
 And held their sides, and made a Jest of him:
 But when they upward cast their Eyes, and spy'd,
 The kneeding trough with hempen Cords were ty'd;
 Let him speak Sense or Nonsense was the same,
 In modish Scarlet confirm'd his crazy Name,
 And him as mad reported flying same;

For every Scholar held with one another,
Saying 'tis plain, the Man was mad, my Brother.
Thus was his Wife in spite of all his pains,
And all the watching of his Jealous Brains;
Debauch'd by one whom he esteem'd his Friend,
And *Abſalon* has kiſt his nether end:
The Scholar too was ſcaded in the breech.
God ſave you all, for now I've done my Speech.

The Power of Gold.

ON Verſe depending. *Orpheus* urg'd his Flight
Down to *Tartarean* Shades, and dreary Night;
There with unequal Harmony he try'd,
To ſooth grim *Pluto* and regain his Bride:
Won by his Strains, the God till then unmov'd,
Pity'd the Bard, and his requeſt approv'd;
Acknowledg'd Poetry's prevailing Charms,
And gave the Fair into her Huſbands Arms.
Transported *Orpheus* haſted to convey,
His willing Conſort to the Realms of Day:
But whiſt too ſoon he caſt his longing Eyes,
Thoughtleſs upon his new recover'd Prize,
The hapleſs Dame was raviſh'd from his Sight,
Depriv'd again of *Orpheus* and the Light,
And reconvey'd to Hell and Melancholic Night.
Again his Harp the loneſom Poet ſtrung,
Again employ'd the Muſic of his Torgue;
But all in vain. Thoſe Lays which mov'd before,
Have loſt their Influence, and prevail no more.

Miſtaken *Orpheus*! Didſt thou vainly ho'd
Thy Skill ſuperiour to the pow'r of Gold?
Hadſt thou for Gold but quitted luckleſs Verſe,
Tempted his Eyes and not engag'd his Ears;
The God had ſoon revers'd his late decree,
And once more bleſs'd thee with *Euridice*.

When amorous *Jove* made *Danaë* his Care,
 And left his Heav'n to gain that earthly Fair;
 He call'd not weaker Numbers to his Aid,
 But with the yellow Metal try'd the Maid:
 She, wou'd have heard unmov'd Poetic Charms,
 Sunk pleas'd into the glittering Lover's Arms.

Numbers which once but seldom fail'd to move,
 And fire the coldest Beauty into Love;
 Strange turn of Fate! are now an empty Name,
 And cannot kindle nor preserve a Flame:
 Whilst Gold Monopolizes Female Hearts,
 And Love with this curs'd Metal tips his Darts.

'Tis Gold that makes us happy, makes us wise,
 This the defect of Wit and Form supplies:
 Let Gold your Merits plead with her you love,
 Tho' once as *Pallas* Coy, she'll kind as *Venus* prove.

'Twas this that stopt fair *Atalanta's* Pace:
 'Twas this that gave *Hippomenis* the Race:
 Had all thy Sparks, *Penelope*, with this,
 Urg'd thee to crown their Hopes with lasting Bliss;
 Thou betwixt widdow'd Sheets no Night hadst led,
 And they by turns had shar'd the wand'ers Bed:
 They try'd not Gold, or if its Force they try'd,
 The Story's False; *Penelope* comply'd.

If now a Bard in midnight Numbers moves,
 For entrance to the Nymph he dearly loves,
 Perhaps some mony'd Coxcomb, Wits despair,
 Within enjoys the mercenary Fair;
 And both combine to mock the needy Poets Care.

Were *Ovid's* self the power of Verse to prove,
 With all his soft Philosophy of Love,
 Finding no *Julia* with its Charms comply,
 He'd quit his *Art of Love*, to hug the Remedy.

Cease then Harmonious few, with Female Cares,
 To prostitute the Majesty of Verse:
 Let Wine instead of Love your Fancy raise,
 And *Venus* yield to *Bacchus* in your Lays:
 Or, if your Breast sufficient Fury warms,
 In Epic strains record great *Churchill's* Arms.

But if of Woman you vouchsafe to Write,
 Invoke none other Deity but spite:
 In injur'd Poetry's deference engage,
 And make its bold insulters feel thy Rage.
 To flatt'ry's Varnish be no more inclin'd;
 No more to Female Imperfections blind:
 Nay, where a Woman in your work might shine,
 With cutting Satyr sharpen every Line:
 Her Errors in severest Terms express,
 And paint her Vices in their proper Dress:
 Let Pride and Falshood, Avarice and Scorn
 Attend her Character, her Sex adorn:
 Let all her failings be so nicely shown,
 That she must hate the Piece she can't but own,
 Thus with the Sex a vig'rous War maintain,
 Till wealthy Ideots meet their sure Disdain,
 And long neglected Verse its antient Sway regain.

On the Battle of Blenheim

Display the Standard, let the News be shown,
 With *Salvo's* raise the Genius of the Town:
 Old *Thames*, he Corresponds, and best can tell
 What Pow'rs caus'd Imperial Danube swell,
 And turn a Purple Stream, a Sea of Blood;
 No Fields thus overflown since *Canna's* Flood!
 A Victory, says *Danubius*, so Compleat,
 Sure the ~~Hero~~ sprung from *Thamesis* the Great.

Sing, sing *Britannia's* Arms, her Shield and Spear,
 The Glories of this Weighty Conquest bear;
 Sing to the Harp, tun'd in *Theſſalon* Grove,
 That Harp, which us'd to cheer the Bird of *Jove*.
 Erect the Trophy-Pillar, raise it high,
 The Spoils wou'd mount it to the very Sky.
Europes Palladium-strikes the Giant down,
 Who wars with Heaven, must be overthrown.

Bring.

Bring, bring the Chariot, and Triumphal Crown,
 And March the Captive-Army thro' the Town;
 The Banners, Ensigns, let those Trophies fall
 Before the Standard of the Capital:
 Then Plant 'em on the Banks of *Thames*, and there
 Let 'em all grow like *Romulus's* Spear.

The Stream in *Tempe's* Valley never had,
 In *Daphne's* Reign a Nobler Laurel Shade.

An Epigram on the Prosperous Reign of Queen Elizabeth, and our present Queen Anne.

Sure Heavens unerring Voice, decreed of Old
 The fairest Sex shou'd *Europe's* Ballance hold,
 As great *Elisa's* Forces humbled *Spain*,
 So *France* now stoops, to *Ann's* Superiour Reign:
 Thus tho' proud *Jove* with Thunder fills the Sky,
 Yet in *Astrea's* Hand, the fatal Scale does lie.

On the Duke of Marlborough's Victory, at Blenheim.

THe Conquering Genius of our Isle, returns,
 Inspir'd by *Anne*, the God-like Hero burns,
 Retrieves the Fate, our Ill-led Troops had lost,
 And spreads reviving Virtue thro' the host.
 In distant Climes the wandring Foe alarms,
 And with new Thunder, *Austria's* Eagle Arms:
 The *Danube's* Banks forgetting *Cesar's* Fame,
 Shall Eccho to the sound of *Marlborough's* Name:
 The Shepherd's Pipes rejoice o'er *Gallick* Blood,
 Which with eternal Purple stain the Flood.

An Imitation of the Sixth ODE
of *Horace*, beginning, *Scriberis vario*
fortis. Apply'd to his Grace the Duke
of *Marlborough*: Suppos'd to be made
by Cap. R. S.

SHou'd *Addison's* Immortal Verse,
Thy Fame in Arms, great Prince Rehearse,
With *Anna's* lightning you'd appear,
And glitter o'er again in War:
Repeat the proud *Bavarian's* fall!
And in the *Danube* punge the *Gaul*.

'Tis not for me thy Worth to show,
Or lead *Achilles* to the Foe;
Describe Itern *Diomed* in Fight,
And put the wounded Gods to Flight:
I dare not with unequal Rage,
On such a mighty Theam engage;
Nor Sully in a Verse like mine,
Illustrious *Anna's* Praise, and I shine.

Let the laborious *Epic* straih,
In lofty Numbers sing the Man,
That bears to distant Worlds his Arms,
And frights the *German* with Alarms:
His Courage and his Conduct tell,
And on his various Virtues dwell;
In trifling Cares my humble Muse,
A less Ambitious Tract pursues,
Instead of Troops in Battle mixt,
And *Gauls* with *Brittish* Spears transfixt:
She Paints the soft Distress and Mein,
Of Dames expiring with the Spleen.

From the gay Noise affected Air,
And little Follies of the Fair;
A slender stock of Fame I raise,
And draw from others Faults, my Praise.

An Old Knight, to a Young Lady.
By Sir J. B.

MAdam, your Beauty, I confess,
May our young Gallants wound or bless,
But cannot warm my frozen Heart,
Not capable of Joy or Smart;
Cause neither Wit, nor Looks, nor Kindness can
Make young a superannuated Man.

Those Sparks that every Minute fly
From your bright Eyes do falling die,
Not kindle Flames, as heretofore,
Because Old, I can love no more:
Beauty on wither'd Hearts no Trophy gains,
For Tinder over us'd, no Fire retains.

If you'll indure to be admir'd
By an Old Dotard new inspir'd,
You may enjoy the Quintessence
Of my past Love without Expence,
For I can wait and prate, I thank my Fate,
I can do all, but no new Fire create.

F I N I S.